THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly
Founded A.D. 1728 by Benj. Franklin

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1916

Beginning a New Series: WHAT IS COMING—By H. G. Wells

66,000 SIXES FOR THE MEN WHO KNOW

WITH the establishment of a remarkable selling record in the motor car industry there arises a desire to discover and test why and how such a demand came into existence.

While it is easier to analyze causes after the event than before, this particular situation could safely have been predicted in advance—and was. The men responsible for the manufacture and sale of upward of 66,000 cars of a very distinctive type had no misgivings as they launched their plans. Within twelve months they must place these cars in the hands of the American public.

Yet they knew that the task could be accomplished readily. Their work was simple. They had only to respond to a demand.

The buyer of a Valve-in-Head Six is not a faddist. He is a thinker. He is the least emotional of motor car purchasers. He is not swayed easily. He can not be "stampeded."

He has not arrived at his decision hastily.

Men who will possess the upward of 66,000 Valve-in-Head Sixes long before the end of the 1916 season, will have thought Six and Valve-in-Head months before they become owners.

The act of purchase is an outward manifestation of a conviction.

Two vital considerations brought them to a decision.

First—the valve in the head is the one means of bringing the explosive power to bear directly upon the piston.

Secondly—the six is the extremely simple form of motor in which the power impulses overlap.

The first is power. The second is smoothness. Both are flexibility—efficiency—economy. Both are tried, tested and proved.

Sonorous phrase has had nothing to do with the upward of 66,000 sale.

The determining factor has been the hundreds of thousands of cars running easily, swiftly, dependably, at low cost—and the name Buick.

Despite our lower price we guarantee 1916 Buicks contain more drop forgings, better upholstery, better paint and finish—greater quality throughout—than any previous models. Buick cars are furnished complete to the smallest detail.

Regardless of the car you buy or the price you pay, nowhere can you get greater value.

ROADSTERS AND TOURING CARS—COUPES AND INSIDE-DRIVE SEDANS

Catalogue and detailed specifications furnished on request
Samples on exhibition in all principal cities

BUICK MOTOR COMPANY

FLINT, MICHIGAN

PIONEER BUILDERS OF VALVE-IN-HEAD MOTOR CARS

BRANCHES IN ALL PRINCIPAL CITIES—DEALERS EVERYWHERE

PAIGE

The Standard of Value and Quality

ON December 31st—at the Automobile Show in New York City—we formally introduced to the American people a new addition to the Paige line—a six-cylinder car which sells for $1050.

Right now, we might tell you that this new Paige is a startling achievement.

We might tell you about its remarkable motor—its luxurious appointments—its rich French leather upholstery—its roomy seating arrangements for five full grown passengers—its ample wheelbase and impressive European stream lines.

We might tell you about all of these features—and a great many more. But we much prefer that you shall establish them for yourself.

We want you to FIND in this car your ideal of what a five-passenger automobile really should be.

We want you to personally "discover" the car that you and your family have been waiting for and hoping for these many years.

We want you to set your expectations just as high as you possibly can. Then, examine this new Paige and see if you are obliged to make one single compromise.

We ask you to do this for YOURSELF. We shall be quite content to abide by the result.

And, now, just a few words in explanation of the success which has come to this company in such generous measure.

First and foremost, let it be understood that Paige builds not for price—but for QUALITY.

As we have repeatedly stated in our public announcements:

"It is by no means difficult to manufacture a car for a PRICE, but it is quite a different matter to produce a car of 100-point excellence and still maintain a price to the consumer that is not prohibitive."

There you have the very essence of the Paige idea.

There you have the compelling motive behind every car which has ever left this factory.

There you have the REASON for the astounding value which you will find in the new five-passenger model quite as well as the larger Fairfield "Six-46."

REMEMBER, YOU CAN ONLY GET OUT OF A PRODUCT PRECISELY WHAT THE MANUFACTURER PUTS INTO IT.

There is no substitute for basic quality. No matter whether it be a typewriter, farm tractor or automobile, service must be BUILT IN the product—not merely veneered on the surface.

Let us here, then, renew our bond of Faith with the American public.

So long as Paige cars are built, we shall unceasingly maintain our policy of building only GOOD cars—with quality our first and foremost consideration.

It is a matter of public knowledge that the cost of raw material and labor has vastly increased during the past twelve months.

Notwithstanding this fact, however, we pledge ourselves to jealously guard even the quality of every cotter pin which goes into the construction of a Paige car.

We pledge ourselves to employ only the BEST materials and only the BEST workmanship that the market affords.

So long as Paige cars are sold, we shall remain keenly sensible of our obligation to see that these cars render unfailing service and continue to merit the confidence which has been reposed in them.

On this basis, we ask you to buy a Paige—not because of its price—but because of its nameplate.

We ask you to believe in these cars as WE believe in them. We willingly accept our share of the responsibility.

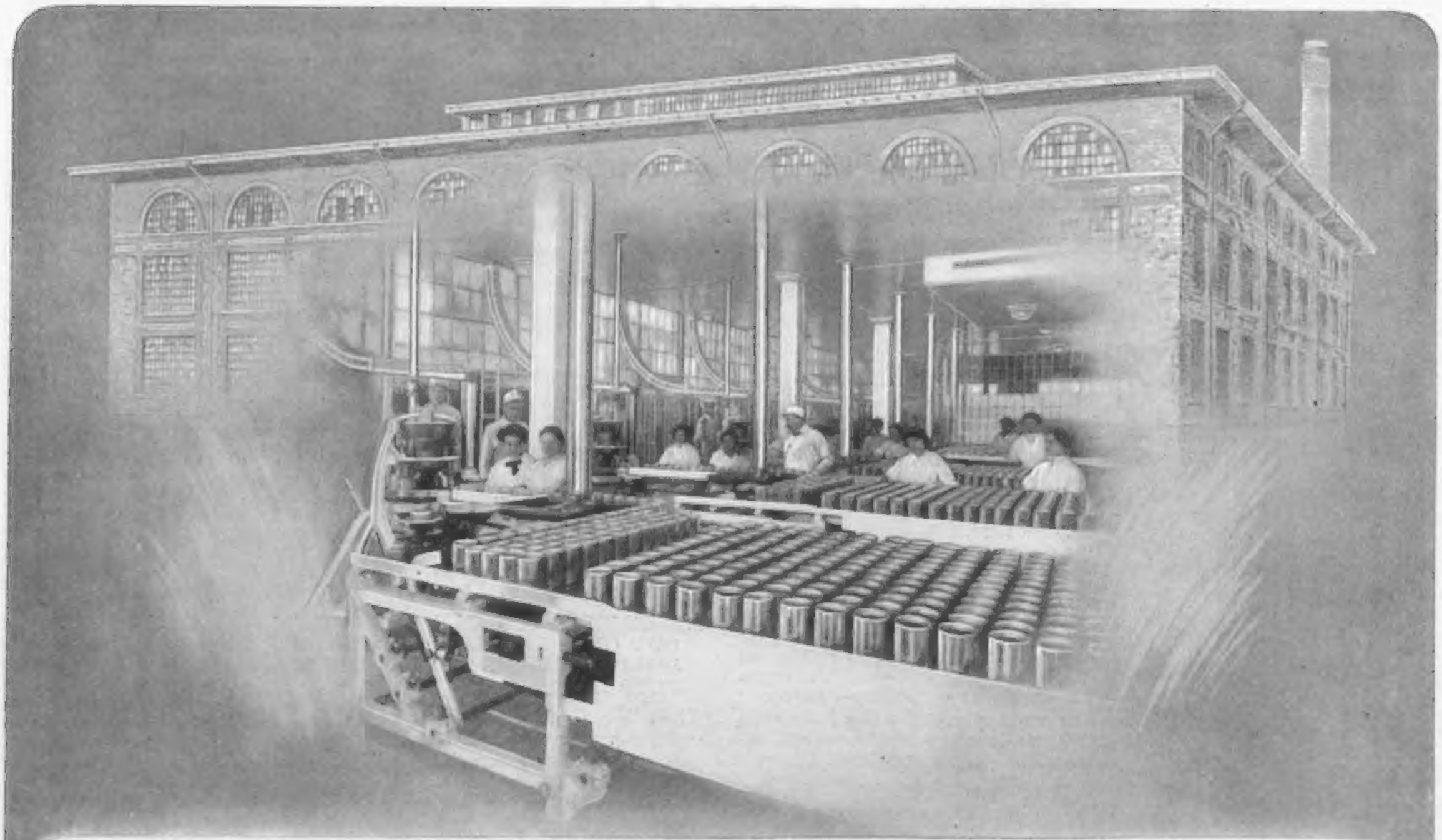
Paige-Detroit Motor Car Company

Detroit, Michigan

Fairfield "Six-46"
$1295
f. o. b. Detroit

Fleetwood "Six-38"
$1050
f. o. b. Detroit

On Exhibition at
New York Automobile Show—Space A-30
Chicago Automobile Show—Space D-6



The Crisco Factory

BRIGHT, fresh and clean as Crisco itself—this is the impression that comes with a look inside the Crisco factory. It is a wholesome sight—the glass walled, marble floored, sunlit building, with its spotless appointments, and with employees—men and women alike—dressed all in white.

It is in surroundings like these that Crisco is made—untouched by hand—even the air which enters passes through water sprays to be purified. Everything suggests those qualities of Crisco which appeal to all who demand purity, digestibility and economy. There is no substitute for Crisco as a rich food fat for cooking.

CRISCO
For Frying-For Shortening
For Cake Making

Apple Muffins

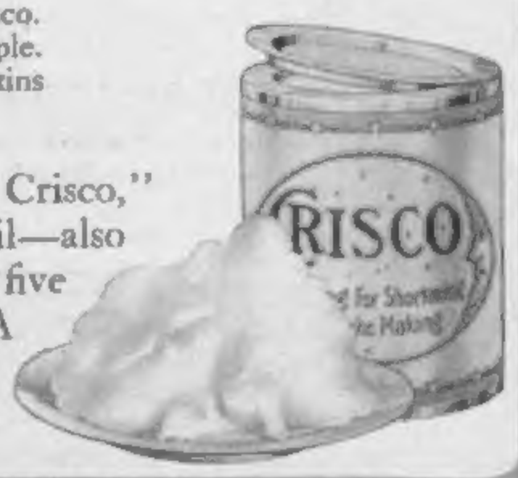
They'll fairly *melt* in your mouth. An economical winter treat when eggs are "sky high."

1 egg
1 cupful milk
¼ cup water (omit water if pastry flour is used)
2 tablespoonfuls melted Crisco
2 tablespoonfuls sugar
1 teaspoonful salt
2 cupfuls flour
3 teaspoonfuls baking powder
1 cup finely chopped apple

[Level measurements]

Separate egg and beat the yolk thoroughly. Add milk and water, then the melted Crisco. Sift together the dry ingredients and add to the liquid, together with the chopped apple. Beat thoroughly, then fold in the well-beaten white of egg. Put in Criscoed muffin tins and bake in moderate oven for thirty minutes.

Next to the delight of personally visiting the Crisco factory—just read "The Story of Crisco," included in a beautiful cloth-bound book of 615 tested recipes, by Marion Harris Neil—also a "Calendar of Dinners"—a dinner menu for every day in the year. Sent to you for five two-cent stamps. Address Dept. K-1, The Procter & Gamble Co., Cincinnati, O. A paper-bound edition without the "Calendar of Dinners" and with 250 recipes is free.



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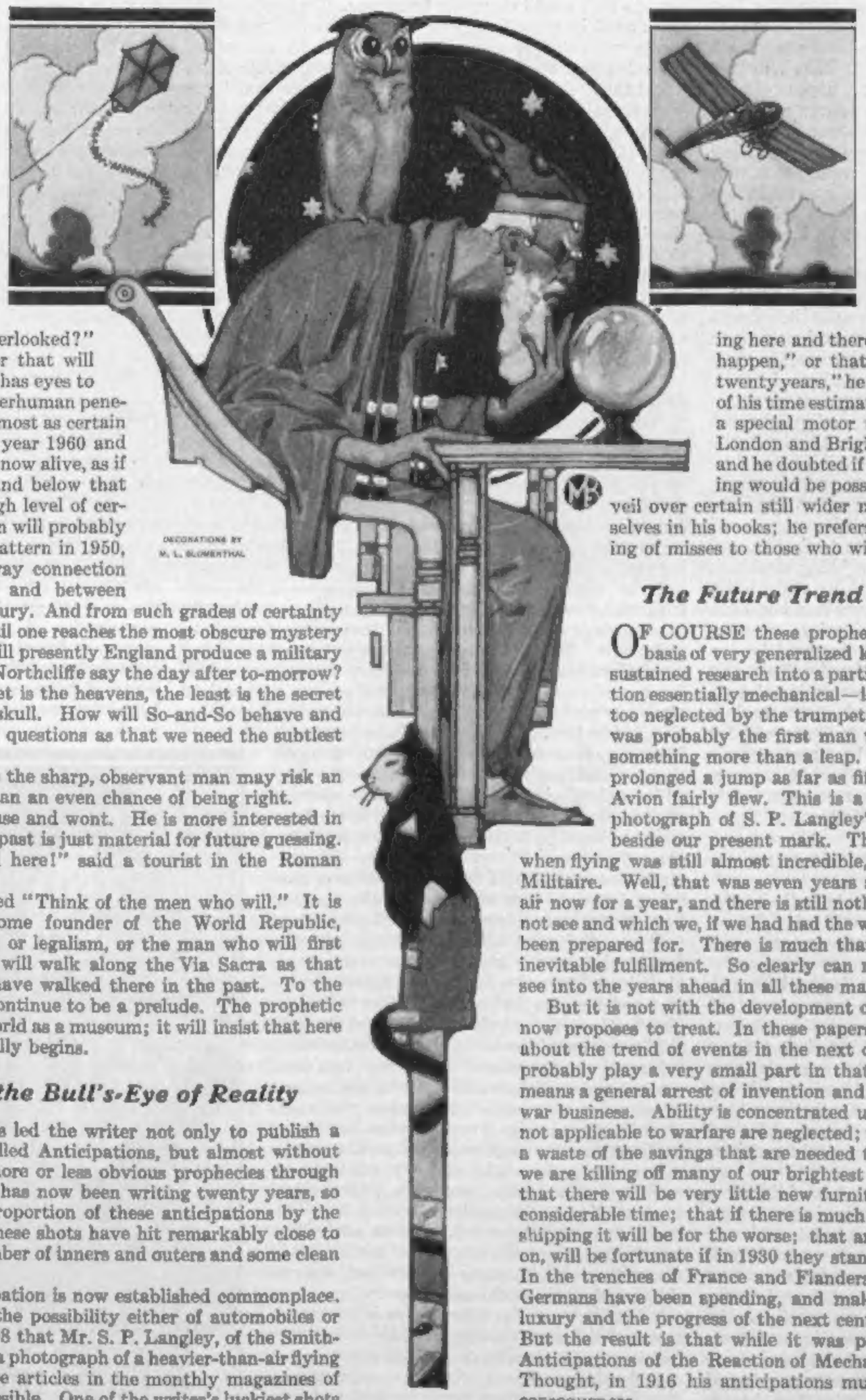
WHAT IS COMING—By H. G. Wells

ON PROPHESYING PEACE



DECORATIONS BY
M. L. BLUMENTHAL

PROPHECY may vary between being an intellectual amusement and a serious occupation, serious not only in its intentions but in its consequences. For it is the lot of prophets who frighten or disappoint to be stoned. But for some of us moderns who have been touched with the spirit of science prophesying is almost a habit of mind. Science is very largely analysis aimed at forecasting. The test of any scientific law is our verification of its anticipations. The scientific training develops the idea that whatever is going to happen is really here now—if only one could see it. And when one is taken by surprise the tendency is not to say with the untrained man, "Now who'd ha' thought it?" but "Now what was it we overlooked?"

Everything that has ever existed or that will ever exist is here now—for anyone who has eyes to see. But some of it demands eyes of superhuman penetration. Some of it is patent; we are almost as certain of next Christmas and the tides of the year 1960 and the death before 3000 A. D. of everybody now alive, as if these things had already happened. And below that level of certainty, but still at a very high level of certainty, there are such things as that men will probably be making aëroplanes of an improved pattern in 1950, or that there will be a through railway connection between Constantinople and Bombay and between Baku and Bombay in the next half century. And from such grades of certainty as this one may come down the scale until one reaches the most obscure mystery of all, the mystery of the individual. Will presently England produce a military genius, or what will Mr. Belloc or Lord Northcliffe say the day after to-morrow? The most accessible field for the prophet is the heavens, the least is the secret of the jumping cat within the human skull. How will So-and-So behave and how will the nation take it? For such questions as that we need the subtlest guesses of all.

Yet even to such questions as these the sharp, observant man may risk an answer with something rather better than an even chance of being right.

The present writer is a prophet by use and wont. He is more interested in to-morrow than he is in to-day, and the past is just material for future guessing. "Think of the men who have walked here!" said a tourist in the Roman Colosseum.

It was a Futurist mind that answered "Think of the men who will." It is surely as interesting that presently some founder of the World Republic, some obstinate opponent of militarism or legalism, or the man who will first release atomic energy for human use, will walk along the Via Sacra as that Cicero or Giordano Bruno or Shelley have walked there in the past. To the prophetic mind all history is and will continue to be a prelude. The prophetic type will steadfastly refuse to see the world as a museum; it will insist that here is a stage set for a drama that perpetually begins.

Some Prophetic Hits on the Bull's-Eye of Reality

NOW this forecasting disposition has led the writer not only to publish a book of deliberate prophesying, called Anticipations, but almost without premeditation to scatter a number of more or less obvious prophecies through his other books. From first to last he has now been writing twenty years, so that it is possible to check a certain proportion of these anticipations by the things that have happened. Some of these shots have hit remarkably close to the bull's-eye of reality, there are a number of inners and outers and some clean misses.

Much that he wrote about in anticipation is now established commonplace. There were still plenty of skeptics of the possibility either of automobiles or aëroplanes in 1894; it was not until 1898 that Mr. S. P. Langley, of the Smithsonian Institution, could send the writer a photograph of a heavier-than-air flying machine actually in the air. There were articles in the monthly magazines of those days proving that flying was impossible. One of the writer's luckiest shots was a description—in Anticipations in 1900—of trench warfare, and of a deadlock almost exactly upon the lines of the situation after the Battle of the Marne. And he was fortunate—in the same work—in his estimate of the limitations of submarines. He anticipated Sir Percy Scott by a year in his doubts of the decisive value of great battleships—see An Englishman Looks at the World—and he was sound in denying the decadence of France, in doubting—before the Russo-Japanese struggle—the greatness of the power of Russia, which was still in those days a British bogy, in making Belgium the battleground in a coming struggle between the mid-European powers and the rest of Europe, and—he believes—in foretelling a renascent Poland.

Long before Europe was familiar with the engaging personality of the German Crown Prince he represented great airships sailing over England—which country had been too unenterprising to make any—under the command of a singularly anticipatory Prince Karl, and in The World Set Free the last disturber of the peace is a certain "Balkan Fox." But in saying here and there that "before such a year so-and-so will happen," or that "so-and-so will not occur for the next twenty years," he was generally pretty widely wrong; most of his time estimates are wrong. He foretold, for example, a special motor track apart from the highroad between London and Brighton before 1910, which is still a dream, and he doubted if effective military aviation or aërial fighting would be possible before 1950. He will draw a modest veil over certain still wider misses that the idle may find for themselves in his books; he prefers to count the hits and leave the reckoning of misses to those who will find a pleasure in it.

The Future Trend of Mechanical Invention

OF COURSE these prophecies of the writer's were made upon a basis of very generalized knowledge; what can be done by a really sustained research into a particular question—especially if it is a question essentially mechanical—is shown by the work of a Frenchman all too neglected by the trumpet of fame, Clement Ader. Monsieur Ader was probably the first man to get a mechanism up into the air for something more than a leap. His Eole, as General Mensier testifies, prolonged a jump as far as fifty meters as early as 1890. In 1897 his Avion fairly flew. This is a year ahead of the date of the earliest photograph of S. P. Langley's aëropile in midair. This, however, is beside our present mark. The fact of interest here is that in 1908, when flying was still almost incredible, Monsieur Ader published his Aviation Militaire. Well, that was seven years ago, and men have been fighting in the air now for a year, and there is still nothing being done that Monsieur Ader did not see and which we, if we had had the wisdom to attend to him, might not have been prepared for. There is much that he foretells which is still awaiting its inevitable fulfillment. So clearly can men of knowledge and reasoning power see into the years ahead in all these matters of material development.

But it is not with the development of mechanical inventions that the writer now proposes to treat. In these papers he intends to hazard certain forecasts about the trend of events in the next decade or so. Mechanical novelties will probably play a very small part in that coming history. This world-wide war means a general arrest of invention and enterprise except in the direction of the war business. Ability is concentrated upon that; the types of ability that are not applicable to warfare are neglected; there is a vast destruction of capital and a waste of the savings that are needed to finance new experiments. Moreover, we are killing off many of our brightest young men. It is fairly safe to assume that there will be very little new furniture on the stage of the world for some considerable time; that if there is much difference in the roads and railways and shipping it will be for the worse; that architecture, domestic equipment, and so on, will be fortunate if in 1930 they stand where they did in the spring of 1914. In the trenches of France and Flanders and on the battlefields of Russia the Germans have been spending, and making the world spend, the comfort, the luxury and the progress of the next century. There is no accounting for tastes. But the result is that while it was possible for the writer in 1900 to write Anticipations of the Reaction of Mechanical Progress Upon Human Life and Thought, in 1916 his anticipations must belong to quite another system of consequences.

The broad, material facts before us are plain enough. It is the mental facts that have to be unraveled. It isn't now a question of "What thing—what facility—what added power—will come to hand and how will it affect our ways of living?" It is a question of "How are people going to take these obvious things—waste of the world's resources, arrest of material progress, the killing of a large moiety of the males in nearly every

European country, and universal loss and unhappiness?" We are going to deal with realities here, at once more intimate and less accessible than the effects of mechanism.

As a preliminary reconnaisance, as it were, over the region of problems we have to attack, let us consider the difficulties of a single question, which is also a vital and central question in this forecast. We shall not attempt a full answer here, because too many of the factors must remain unexamined; later, perhaps, we may be in a better position to do so. This question is the probability of the establishment of a long world peace. At the outset of the war there was a very widely felt hope among the intellectuals of the world that this war might clear up most of the outstanding international problems, and prove the last war. The writer, looking across the gulf of experience that separates us from 1914, recalls two pamphlets whose very titles are eloquent of this feeling, The War That Will End War, and The Peace of the World. Was the hope expressed in those phrases a dream? Is it already proven a dream? Or can we read between the lines of the war news, diplomatic disputations, threats and accusations, political wranglings, and stories of hardship and cruelty that now fill our papers anything that still justifies a hope that these bitter years of world sorrow are the darkness before the dawn of a better day for mankind? Let us handle this problem for a preliminary examination.

What is really being examined here is the power of human reason to prevail over passion—and certain other restraining and qualifying forces. There can be little doubt that if one could canvass all mankind and ask them whether they would rather have no war any more, the overwhelming mass of them would elect for universal peace. If it were war of the modern mechanical type that was in question, with air raids, high explosives, poison gas and submarines, there could be no doubt at all about the response. "Give peace in our time, O Lord," is more than ever the common prayer of Christendom, and the very warmakers claim to be peacemakers. The German Emperor has never faltered in his assertion that he encouraged Austria to send an impossible ultimatum to Serbia, and invaded Belgium because Germany was being attacked. The Krupp-Kaiser empire, he assures us, is no eagle, but a double-headed lamb—resisting the shearers and butchers. The apologists for war are in a hopeless minority; a certain number of German Prussians, who think war good for the soul, and the dear ladies of the London Morning Post, who think war so good for the manners of the working classes, are rare, discordant voices in the general chorus against war. If a mere unsupported and uncoördinate will for peace could realize itself, there would be peace, and an enduring peace, to-morrow. But, as a matter of fact, there is no peace coming to-morrow and no clear prospect yet of an enduring universal peace at the end of this war.

Peace Work in the Hands of Amateurs

NOW what are the obstructions and what are the antagonisms to the exploitation of this world-wide disgust with war and the world-wide desire for peace, so as to establish a world peace? Let us take them in order, and it will speedily become apparent that we are dealing here with a subtle, quantitative problem in psychology, a constant weighing of whether this force or that force is the stronger. We are dealing with influences so subtle that the accidents of some striking dramatic occurrence, for example, may turn them this way or that. We are dealing with the human will—and thereby comes a snare for the feet of the would-be impartial prophet. It is hard for any prophet not to break into exhortation after the fashion of the prophets of Israel.

Now the first difficulty in the way of establishing a world peace is that it is nobody's business in particular. Nearly all of us want a world peace—in an amateurish sort of way. But there is no specific person or persons to whom one can look for the initiatives. The world is a supersaturated solution of the will-for-peace, and there is nothing for it to crystallize upon. There is no one in all the world who is responsible for the understanding and overcoming of the difficulties involved. There are many more people and there is much more intelligence concentrated upon the manufacture of cigarettes or hairpins than there is upon the establishment of a permanent world peace. There are a few special secretaries employed by philanthropic Americans, and that is about all. There has been no provision made even for the emolument of these gentlemen when universal peace is attained; presumably they would lose their jobs. Nearly everybody wants peace; nearly everybody would be glad to wave a white flag with a dove on it now—provided no unfair use was made of such a demonstration by the enemy—but there is practically nobody thinking out the arrangements needed and nobody making nearly as much propaganda for the instruction of the world in the things needful as is made in selling any popular make of automobile. We have all got our particular business to attend to. And things are not got by just wanting them; things are got by getting them and rejecting whatever precludes our getting them.

That is the first great difficulty—that the formal peace movement is quite amateurish. It is so amateurish that the bulk of people do not even realize the very first implication of the peace of the world. It has not succeeded in bringing this home to them. If there is to be a permanent peace of the world it is clear that there must be some permanent means of settling disputes between powers and nations that would otherwise be at war. That means that there must be some head power, some point of reference, a supreme court of some kind, a universally recognized executive over and above the separate governments of the world that exist to-day. That does not mean that those governments have to disappear, that nationality has to be given up, or anything so drastic as that. But it does mean that all those governments have to surrender almost as much of their sovereignty as the constituent sovereign states which make up the United States of America have surrendered to the Federal Government. If their unification is to be anything more than a formality they will have to delegate a control of their interstate relations to an extent for which few minds are prepared at present. It is really quite idle to dream of a warless world in which states are still absolutely free to annoy one another with tariffs, with the blocking and squeezing of trade routes, with the ill-treatment of immigrants and traveling strangers, and between which there is no means of settling boundary disputes.

Moreover, as between the United States of the world and the United States of America, there is this further complication of the world position—that almost all the great states of Europe are in possession, firstly, of highly developed territories of alien language and race, such as Egypt; and, secondly, of barbaric and less developed territories, such as Nigeria or Madagascar. There will be nothing stable about a world settlement that does not destroy in these "possessions" the national preference of the countries that "own them" and that does not prepare for the immediate or eventual accession of these subject people to state rank. But thousands of intelligent people in those great European countries who believe themselves ardent for a world peace will be staggered at any proposal to place any part of "our Empire" under a world administration, on the footing of a United States territory. Until they cease to be staggered by anything of the sort, their aspirations for a permanent peace will remain disconnected from the main current of their lives. And that current will flow, sluggishly or rapidly, toward war. For essentially these "possessions" are like tariffs, like the strategic occupation of neutral countries or like secret treaties; they are forms of the conflict between nations to oust and prevail over other nations. Going on with such things and yet deprecating war is really not an attempt to abolish conflict—it is an attempt to retain conflict and limit its intensity; it is like trying to play hockey on the understanding that the ball shall never travel faster than eight miles an hour.

Now it not only stands in our way to a permanent peace of the world that the great mass of men are not prepared for even the most obvious implications of such an idea, but there is also a second invincible difficulty—that there is nowhere in the world anybody, any type of men, any organization, any idea, any nucleus or germ that could possibly develop into the necessary overgovernment. We are asking for something out of the air, out of nothingness, that will necessarily array against itself the resistance of all those who are in control, or interested in the control, of the affairs of sovereign states of the world as they are at present; the resistance of a gigantic network of government organizations, interests, privileges, assumptions. Against this a headless, vague aspiration, however universal, is likely to make small headway. Of course it is possible to suggest that The Hague Tribunal is conceivably the germ of such an overriding direction and supreme court as the peace of the world demands, but in reality The Hague Tribunal is a mere legal, automatic machine. It does nothing unless you set it in motion. It has no initiative. It does not even protest against the most obvious outrages upon that phantom of a world-conscience—international law.

Pacificists, in their search for some definite starting point about which the immense predisposition for peace may crystallize, have suggested the Pope and various religious organizations as a possible basis for the organization of peace. But there would be no appeal from such a beginning to the non-Christian majority of mankind, and the suggestion itself indicates a profound ignorance of the nature of the Christian churches. With the exception of the Quakers and a few Russian sects, no Christian sect or church has ever repudiated war; most have gone out of the way to sanction it and bless it, and it is altogether too rashly assumed by people whose sentimentality outruns their knowledge that Christianity is essentially an attempt to carry out the personal teachings of Christ. It is nothing of the sort, and no church authority will support that idea. Christianity—more particularly after the ascendancy of the Trinitarian doctrine was established—was and is a theological religion; it is the religion that triumphed over Arianism, Manichæism, Gnosticism, and the like; it is based not on Christ but on its creeds; Christ indeed is not even its symbol; on the contrary, the chosen symbol of Christianity is the cross to which Christ was nailed and on which he died. It was very largely a religion of the legions. It was the warrior Theodosius who, more than any other single man, imposed it upon Europe. There is no reason, therefore, either in precedent or profession, for expecting any plain lead from the churches in this tremendous task of organizing and making effective the widespread desire of the world for peace. And even were this the case, it is doubtful if we should find in the divines and dignitaries of the Vatican, of the Russian and British official churches, or of any other of the multitudinous Christian sects, the power and energy, the knowledge and ability, or even the good will needed to negotiate so vast a thing as the creation of a world authority.

Great Men Too Busy to End War

ONE other possible starting point has been suggested. It is no great feat for a naïve imagination to suppose the President of the Swiss Confederation or the President of the United States—for these two systems are both of them exemplary and encouraging instances of the possibility of the pacific synthesis of independent states—taking a propagandist course and proposing extensions of their own systems to the suffering belligerents. But nothing of the sort occurs. And when you come to look into the circumstances of these two presidents you will discover that neither of them is any more free than anybody else to embark upon the task of creating a state-overriding, war-preventing organization of the world. He has been created by a system and he is bound to a system; his concern is with the interests of the people of Switzerland or of the United States of America. President Wilson, for example, is quite sufficiently occupied by the affairs of the White House, by the clash of political parties, by interferences with American overseas trade and the security of American citizens. He has no more time to give to projects for the fundamental reconstruction of international relationships than has any recruit drilling in England or any captain on an ocean liner or any engineer in charge of a going engine.

We are, indeed, all busy with the things that come to hand every day. We are all anxious for a permanent world peace, but we are all up to the neck in things that will not leave us any time to attend to this world peace that nearly every sane man desires. Meanwhile, a small minority of people who trade upon contention—militarists, ambitious kings and statesmen, war contractors, loan-mongers, sensational journalists—follow up their interests and start and sustain war. There is the paradoxical reality of this question. Our first inquiry lands us into the elucidation of this deadlock. Nearly everybody desires a world peace, and yet there is not apparent anywhere any men free and able and willing to establish it, while on the other

(Concluded on Page 38)

IF I WERE BOSS

By SINCLAIR LEWIS

ILLUSTRATED BY J. J. GOULD

I: Youth Can

CHARLEY McCLURE had been a traveling salesman long enough to know how to get goods on the shelves, but not long enough to know how the office helped the merchant to get them off again, and he was sure that the whole office force was in a conspiracy against him.

To Charley McClure business was an adventure, and a salesman following up new prospects was more inspiring than all of the old crusaders put together. So he told his best girl, Agnes, in the quick-talking confidences of youth, when he was in from the road, and they sat on the high stoop of Agnes' home on a side street in Brooklyn, planning to conquer the world. He told her that he'd rather be a hustler than a belted earl. Agnes giggled and said: "So would I, if the earl's papa belted him often." Then they laughed very much and kissed each other and went for a walk. This was back in 1890, when there were no movies for them to attend.

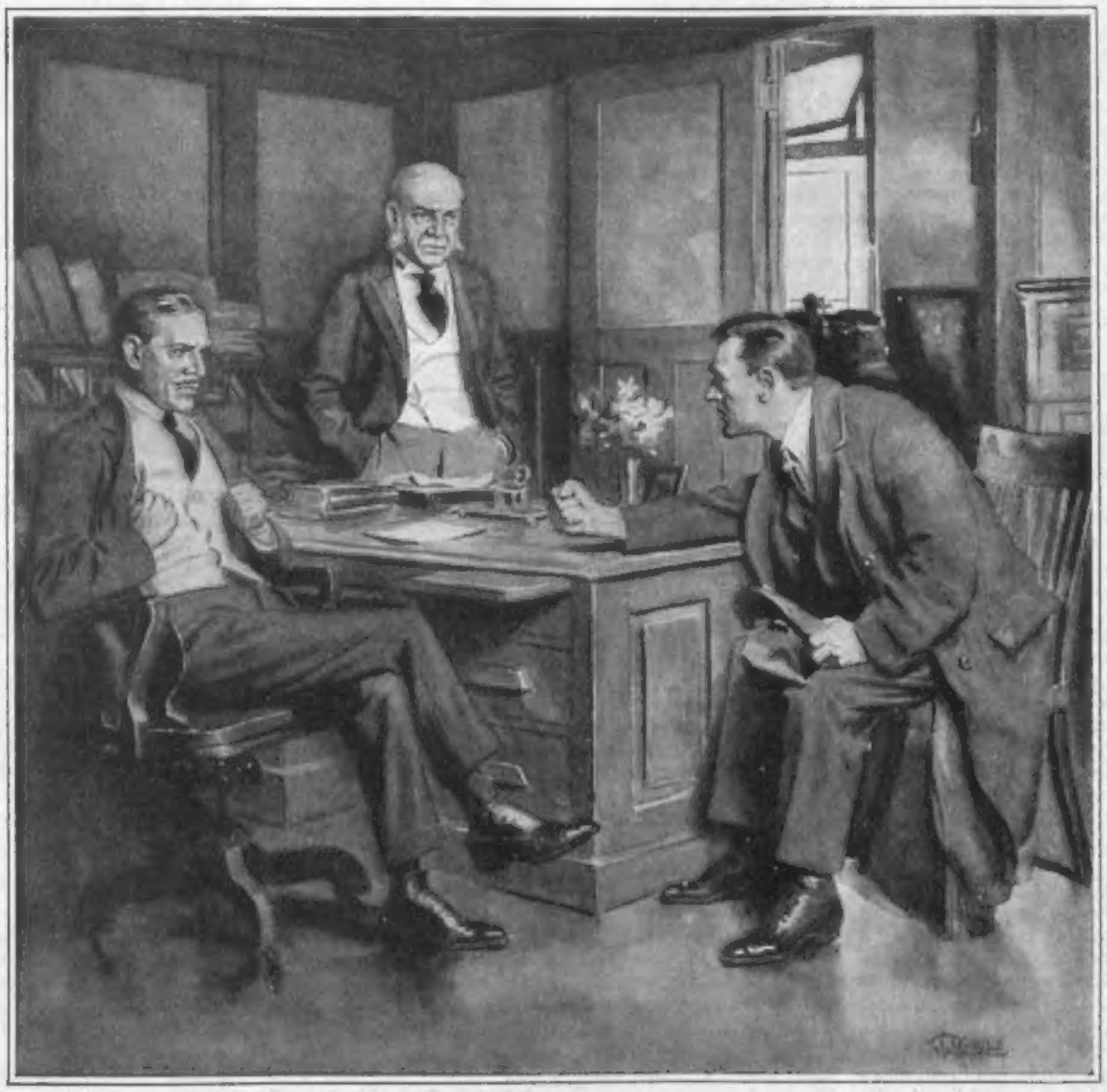
Charley McClure had always been in the ranks—messenger boy before the day of telephones, clerk, city salesman for a glassware importing company, traveling salesman for an art-novelty company, and now, at the age of thirty, salesman for The Greene & Slosson Book Company. His territory was all of the Middle West—that is, all of it except the towns where there were any accounts worth getting. He was used to the dollar-and-a-half commercial hotels, where you wiped the knives and forks on your napkin before using them. He made an average of two towns a day, and most of the towns consisted of red grain elevators, saloons, churches and farm-machinery agencies. He traveled by smoker, caboose, buggy and even by handcar.

The Greene & Slosson Book Company's line consisted of blood-and-thunder juveniles, the Cutey Series for young children, the Sweetix and Sue Series for girls, and a rather jagged line of games and paper dolls. The Greene-Slosson paper doll, with three costumes printed in four colors, retailed at five cents.

The chin-whisker contingent in country stores "guessed" and "reckoned" that "they wa'n't no demand for them paper things, and if they was, they'd get them from the jobber next time they wrote him." But Charley McClure labored with them like a music teacher, and on his second trip he increased sales seventeen per cent. Then in the middle of the trip the office took away from him the only fat towns in his territory—Madison, Eau Claire, Des Moines, Davenport, Duluth and Winona—and gave all of them to the wily second salesman, Tom Snider, usually known as Little Thomas.

Consequently Charley McClure arrived in New York with a desire to tell everybody, from the porters at the Grand Central Station to the firm themselves, that he had been given a raw deal. He thought seriously of getting some one to write up this injustice for a trade paper. Let the firm writhe, and realize what a wrong they had done the best young salesman in the business! Who, he pugnaciously asked himself, had taken up the Greene-Slosson game Gollywolly when everybody had said it would be a failure, and started its popularity? Why, he had!

Charley's plans for revenge by publicity, which had seemed highly feasible while he sat grouching on the train from Chicago to New York, suddenly became ridiculous when he caught a surface car at the Grand Central and, hanging by a strap, glanced about and realized how many other abused young men there are in New York. When he reported back at the office he compromised by looking savagely at Little Thomas Snider.



"I Know What They Can Do. It's as Safe to Let 'Em Have Credit as to Buy Government Bonds"

"Hello, Charley, you been making a record," said Little Thomas, apparently under the impression that Charley's savage look was a chatty greeting.

There was something about the office that robbed Charley of his fine youthful frenzy. All of them, even Little Thomas, who was just back from Cleveland, acted as though nobody in the world ever did anything but poke down to the office at eight-thirty, glue his face to a desk and stick there all day. Facing the bored calm of old S. R. Rice, the sales-manager—who sold only to the bigger stores in New York, Philadelphia and Boston—and the placid immobility of the clerks and office women and bookkeepers, it was impossible for Charley to keep up his dynamic fury. Sitting in the salesmen's room, with its six stodgy desks, and the familiar tattered calendar over Rice's desk, and the sample room unchanging beyond, he could not believe that he had been hiking from one-story, false-front stores to red frame stations just a few days before.

He fled over to Brooklyn and kissed Agnes, his sweetheart, violently on her straight, anxious lips and her high, prim forehead, and told her all his troubles. She agreed with him that the firm and the sales-manager and the other salesmen were all jealous of him. But Agnes' patient eyes grew teary and she begged him not to risk losing his job. She was already making curtains for the little house they hoped to have in Jersey.

He promised that he would not antagonize the office. "But," he declared, "if I ever got to be boss I'd chum up to the young fellows and find out what they wanted. I wouldn't do all this big-brass-hat business about discipline and all that stuff, the way the firm and Simmy Rice do. I'd just lay my cards down on the table, and be one of the boys, and work with them. I suppose Simmy Rice thinks I'd take advantage of him if he acted like a regular human being instead of a sales-manager. I'd trust a fellow if I was sales-manager."

"I'm sure you would—or if you were in the firm, dear!" Agnes thrilled. "Oh, it will be wonderful when you're the boss!" she cried. She took his cheeks in her two hands and in his eyes read glory. Her angular body throbbed with happiness.

Next day, when Charley was getting ready to make the rounds of some of the smaller city shops which he sold while he was in New York, Little Thomas Snider remarked: "Say, son, what seems to be the trouble? Strikes me I behold a little peevishness on the rosy young cheeks. Le's go out and have a drink."

"Oh, I got to get up to Goldfarb's and show 'em Gollywolly."

"Well, listen to our prize scholar! Rats; you've got time for a drink."

Little Thomas, who was as round and cheerful as a child's painted rubber ball, took him to the bar of the Magnificent and told him several stories about lady buyers. While they leaned against the marble bar and Charley thought about seizing his sample case and hustling up to Goldfarb's, Little Thomas demanded: "Now tell us what's the trouble, Charley."

"Well, gosh, you ought to know—grabbing Des Moines and all the real cities I had in my territory! Look here, I was just nine miles from Des Moines, covering towns by buggy, and you sail into Des Moines and pick up all the fat orders and light your cigar and skip on to Omaha. Nice chance I got to make a record! I'll tell you right now"—Charley was getting excited—"there's got to be a change in routing. If you fellows think I'm going to get stuck with all the rube towns and not have any velvet at all, you're mistaken. I won't stand it, even if I am junior salesman."

"Tut, tut, whoa-up, hold your horses, son! You've got the wrong view entirely. Look here, you've been with us long enough now so's it's time you got on to office politics. You want to get out with us fellows more and learn the inside dope. Simmy Rice is the meanest sales-manager in the business. If the firm knew how he just deliberately goes out of his way to prevent our making sales he'd last about two minutes. I could have sold Gollywolly and I could have sold the new Cutey book—why, I could have sold ten thousand Gollywolly to the jobbers in Chicago, and hundreds and five-hundreds all along the line, this last trip—but how could I sell any without samples? That's what I says to Rice when I gets back. 'Of course,' I says, 'if you're too busy to get me advance samples, two weeks after the manufacturing department gets 'em to you,' I says, 'why, you can't expect me to sell more than ten billion of 'em, can you? If you'd send me something to show I'd show it all right,' I says, 'but I can't just go to sleep and dream what the darn things are like, can I?' Then Simmy Rice claimed he'd sent me advance descriptive matter. 'Aw, descriptive matter me eye!' I says—oh, I talked right up to him. 'They won't buy descriptions,' I says. Then he said he'd sold 'em to New York and Boston and Philadelphia on descriptions. 'Well,' I says, 'if you can work miracles, all right,' I says, 'but don't expect me to. I ain't a faith-healer; I'm a drummer,' I says."

Every selling concern has a salesman who is debonair, well-dressed, noisy, and a devil with the ladies; clever and convincing, but also lazy and careless, and full of fine, new, plausible excuses for his failures. Such was Little Thomas. And most offices have salesmen who are serious and conscientious, more easily taken in, but making up for it by driving industry. Such was Charley McClure. Charley had heard the other salesmen curse S. R. Rice, the sales-manager, but not till now, when he himself had a grievance, had he taken part in their conspiracy against the rules, the fault-finding, the unfriendliness, the slackness of Rice. Little Thomas explained to him—while they had another drink, and the Goldfarb store's pressing need of that highly educational game, Gollywolly, was forgotten—that Rice had been selling personally only to New York; but that, in his wild conceit, he had taken on the jobbers and department stores and chief shops of Boston and Philadelphia for

his personal territory. This had cut out the best territory of Little Thomas, and a general readjustment had been necessary, in which Charley had lost his chief cities.

"I tell you," Little Thomas made oration, partly to Charley and partly to a cynical bartender with a banneret of hair plastered on his red bald skull, "if I were sales-manager I'd be satisfied to stick in the office and give the young fellows a chance. But we'll fix Rice yet, you bet! Let me tell you, once Slosson gets on to what Simmy Rice is putting over on him, Simmy will last about long enough to pick out his own gallows in a nice sunny spot. Greene is an old dreamer, but Slosson—yea, he's sleepy like a fox in a chicken yard. I was saying to Slosson just the other day—oh, I talked right up to him—and I said ——"

Little Thomas had, it seemed, said a great many wise things to an impressive number of people, and most of his sayings had been frightfully satiric descriptions of S. R. Rice. Charley and he had another drink, and gleefully decided that Gollywolly was much too good a game to let Goldfarb see at all; so they had dinner together and went to a show without reporting back to the office.

Next morning Rice was severe to both of them. It was the first time that Charley had ever been blamed for drinking, and a personal hatred for Rice harrowed him as the sales-manager's acrid voice, carrying over the glass-and-wood semipartition, heralded to the entire office: "About one more of this sort of caper from you two, and you get hauled up on the carpet, and not by me neither, but by the firm, see? Now I mean it!" The office girls giggled at Charley all day, and with every giggle he hated Rice the more. He, who normally did not take a drink oftener than once a month, to be blamed by Rice, who had his nip of Scotch regularly at four P. M.!

While Little Thomas went roundly and cheerfully and colorfully on his way, drinking and eating and singing and dancing and talking violently about the sales-manager—and never getting beyond mere talking—Charley McClure worked and brooded. It seemed hard that Rice should have three thousand dollars for merely sitting at his desk and reading reports, while he had only twelve hundred dollars, and the patient Agnes was still deprived of the cottage for which she yearned. Little Thomas' talking seemed to relieve his grievance; Charley turned his grievance into energy.

Charley hadn't much imagination or diplomacy, but he could do three things—walk, and pull goods out of his sample case, and be honest. So shop after shop in Brooklyn and Harlem and the newly developing district of the Bronx saw the light in regard to the Greene-Slosson games and books and paper dolls. Thus Charley expended most of the force of his hatred. But he did talk too. One does in offices. As he became more and more an insider in office intrigues, he found it satisfying to join in the impromptu indignation meetings that were always assembling in the sample room or in the safe privacy of the packing room. Because S. R. Rice was unpopular, whatever he did was regarded as bad-tempered or foolish or unnecessary.

Little Thomas, having submitted a plan to get the Cutey Series moving by sending them out on consignment more widely, a plan which he regarded as touched with original genius, and having been received by Rice with sarcastic remarks on dealers' credit, came bouncing into the sample room where Charley McClure was arranging stock, and muttered cautiously:

"Now what do you think the old yahoo's latest is? I tell you I ain't going to stand it much longer. I've taken just about all I'm going to off Simmy Rice. Here I go to him with a plan that would boom the Cuteys, and do I get thanked? I do not. I get kicked—because Rice didn't think of it himself! I tell you what this office needs is a new sales-manager. If I ever get to be boss you can bet your bottom dollar if a man comes to me with an original plan I'll take him out and buy him a drink and listen to him—that's what I'll do. Don't tell anybody—this is a dead secret—but the Kansas City Novelty Den are crazy to get me to manage their retail department, and one more slap from Simmy and I'll take them up."

At such conferences several salesmen would gather, and each would say impressively: "The trouble with this office is ——" And each would, as though he were revealing a revolutionary secret, announce that he was thinking of taking a new job directly. You really wouldn't have expected to find anybody left in the office except Greene, Slosson and Rice next morning. But they differed radically as to what was "the trouble with the office"; and somehow they never took those new jobs. By and by they cheerfully packed their sample cases and started out on the road for The Greene & Slosson Company.

Charley felt that he, and he only, really knew what was the trouble with the office. It needed new routing, so that a bright young man might have a chance. But he enjoyed the conferences enormously, and he studied every aspect of Rice, from his religion and his ready-made ties to his unwilling manner of saying "Good morning." Charley was learning an important rule of human affairs—that hatred of the same person unites people more than does love. He would not normally have felt any vast fellowship with that cheerful liar, Mr. Little Thomas Snider, but when they went out to lunch, and Little Thomas sympathized with Charley's statement that he would be chummy with the boys if he were boss, then Charley's heart swelled with glad pride at knowing such a cultured, handsome, understanding personage as Little Thomas.

During the evening talks of Charley and Agnes, on the high stoop or over a game of Gollywolly in her father's sitting room, the rebellion against the sales-manager gave them an exciting new topic of conversation, just when the various brands of weather had been pretty thoroughly discussed, and even the plans for the cottage in Jersey had assumed a certain sameness. When Agnes was petulant, when her high, pale, gentle forehead was wrinkled and she doubted whether S. R. Rice was veritably the only and original Father of Evil, then Charley triumphantly quoted to her the opinions of the other salesmen.

Charley was not a great thinker. He never realized that he and his fellow rebels were merely echoing millions of underdogs everywhere; that lieutenants discussing their colonel, internes berating the chief surgeon, and section gangs cursing the boss were all complaining: "Don't tell anybody I said it, but what we need ——" and "If I were boss ——" But he did learn, during the time he was back in New York, that the salesmen's conspiracy was not the only one in the office.

The stenographers and the clerks talked constantly about the office manager, a jolly gentleman as unlike Rice as possible. And Charley learned that Rice had his own little private conspiracy. He ran into Rice dining alone, and they both put on cordial out-of-office manners. It was hard for Charley to identify this kindly, worried, tired man with Simmy the Fiend. After a drink, possibly two drinks, Rice burst out and talked about Slosson exactly as Little Thomas talked about Rice.

Slosson was the junior member of the firm, a youngish man, very busy, not very cordial. Said Rice: "If I were Slosson I'd try to act as though somebody besides myself was a human being." Rice evidently believed that, with his mistaken theories of quick business expansion, Slosson was going to ruin his partner, who belonged to the old school. Rice shook his large, grizzled head and growled: "I tell you, McClure, you young fellows want to stick to Greene's methods. What our office needs is to keep away from Slosson's smart-Aleck notions. It's either him or me some day, I can see that. Or I might say, it's either him or Greene."

Charley afterward thought of Rice as an old watchdog, a little bewildered, gruffly staunch, guarding Greene's interests; and he felt for him a pitying fondness. But next morning in the office Rice acted as though he were afraid that he had talked too much at dinner. He was more glum than ever; and the result was that Charley hated him anew. He was outraged that Rice expected him to take an advantage.

Two weeks later Charley went out on the road again. While he was on the trip several good towns were given back to him without explanation. He worked them thoroughly, but he had never been so discontented. He watched every communication from the office for mistakes, and once when samples of new stock from the office were overdue he went round saying to himself: "Rice has got to go!"

To the gripmen who made the grocery stores in a small district every fortnight or thirty days, when they complained of the tedium of their constant rounds, he growled: "Yes, but you ought to try working so far from the office that you've got to depend on a double-distilled jackass of a sales-manager for your samples, and then you don't get 'em and the office calls you down for not showing what you haven't got. You fellows are lucky, even if you do keep making the same burgs all the time. You can get into the office every seven minutes and scrap it out with the old man. Besides, you can get home and see—your folks. Gosh, I wonder how my little girl's getting on back in little old N. Y."

Every night, at golden-oak hotel writing desks ornate with glass-covered mosaic advertisements of the local bus-line and El Slicko cigars, Charley wrote to Agnes that he was struggling against Rice's envy, but needed her dear help to keep going.

Sometimes he was sorry for Rice. "Poor old boy," he said; "trying to stop the wheels of progress!"

When he got back to New York he found the office interested in a new game, Golluf, a form of parlor golf. Charley had learned to play golf from Agnes' Scotch father. He saw in Golluf the possibilities of a new ping-pong or croquinole craze, and he became its loudest advocate in the office.

Old Rice, with worried lines on his bull-pup face, told him that he was a fool, that golf was a sport for the wealthy few and that a game related to it would never succeed. Charley retorted that the aristocratic reputation of golf made it all the more tempting to good democrats, and that anyway—"all that aside"—Golluf was going to be a world-beater.

The Golluf war was fought over desks, but it was as full of bitterness and threats as a battle. Charley took a Golluf set over to Agnes' house, and all evening they played it, with shrieks that filled the sitting room, while occasionally Charley remarked sarcastically: "And that's the game that Simmy Rice says won't succeed!"

Whenever he tried to stir up Rice and Little Thomas to enthusiasm like his own, they turned on him like big boys shutting up a small brother. They ridiculed him and kidded him and twisted what he said and dismissed the subject.

Charley was so righteously angry that when he met Slosson of the firm in the elevator he burst out: "Say, Mr. Slosson, some of the—some people don't seem to think much of Golluf, but, by heck! I think I can make it go. D—d—do the firm think it will go?"

The Harvard eyebrows of Slosson lifted and seemed to remark: "We wouldn't have taken it on if we hadn't thought it was a good commercial proposition." Mr. Ellery J. Slosson had often been heard to say that, and his beautifully trained eyebrows seemed to express the sentiment heartily. But now he merely stared at Charley over the heads of the messenger boys and buyers from other floors, all packed in the slow old elevator of 1891. As they left the elevator, however, Slosson said quickly:

"Go ahead, McClure; I'm back of you. If anybody fails to give you any help you need, just let me know. And say, McClure, you've been doing good work. Keep it up. I won't forget it. G'-day."

That encouragement bolstered up Charley in the Golluf fight—which meant the fight against the conservatism of S. R. Rice. He was like a flame eating into kindling. If he was not very tolerant, not very kindly, it must yet be granted that he was chronically overworking; while the minute the whistle blew Rice forgot all about his job, murmured: "Well, call it a day's work," put on his fedora and

They Differed Radically as to What Was "the Trouble With the Office"; But Somehow They Never Took Those New Jobs

went home. Charley hustled all day showing Golluf to city buyers, stayed at the office till six-thirty to write up his orders, and arrived at Agnes' house so cryingly tired that he would lay his cheek on the fresh coolness of her linen skirt and wail: "Girly, I'm done up! You got to read to me to-night. I wish we had the little house so I could just gallop round the floor and bawl like I was a small boy. Oh, I've got to buck up. Here, let's—let's have a game of Golluf!"

Charley caught himself waking in his furnished room at five in the morning, and lying awake to worry—sure sign of overwork. He visualized the office, the stores, the buyers, his order lists, saw the word "Golluf" written on the darkness, tossed and sighed in his narrow wooden cot. He couldn't stay abed after six, and he was first man at the office, first out on his rounds.

It is not overwhelmingly a surprise that he was uncharitable to S. R. Rice. Every day he was less respectful, more frankly hostile. He insisted that Rice ought to learn to play Golluf. "Poo-poo!" grunted the sales-manager. "You run along and play your little games with Thomas or the office boys. Golluf is never going to go, my boy. Be better for you—and a whole lot better for this firm—if you had sense enough to put all this energy into one of our staple lines! Learn to proportion your energy right."

Rice even declared that the name "Golluf" was too much like "Gollywolly," the leading Greene-Slosson game.

"Did you ever make that objection when the firm was first considering taking on Golluf?" demanded Charley, angrily hitching his chair nearer to the sales-manager's desk in the corner of the salesmen's room.

"No, I didn't. What's the use? They had their minds all made up," said Rice, and he examined a letter on his desk and tried to look as busy as possible, evidently wishing that this pest would go away. "Anything else?" he demanded.

"Yes, there is. You got to get Slosson to advertise Golluf—and not just in the trade papers either. A real advertising campaign. I tell you advertising is going to be the biggest selling factor in every line more and more now." Apparently Charley McClure was beginning to learn how the office moves goods off shelves. He went on: "You got to get Slosson to use ad space in the newspapers and magazines and everywhere."

"You Mean You Wouldn't Overlook a Man Smoking One Cigar?"

"Advertising! What next! You're going crazy! Why don't you ask me to ask Slosson to go out and throw his money in the East River! It might be worth while to advertise the Cutey books—but Golluf! You better give Golluf a rest. If you'd like to know, I'll tell you a good doctor for folks that go bughouse on fads. Golluf! Son, if you'd stick to Gollywolly ——"

"Oh, drop the joshing! Will you ask Slosson about the ads or shall I?"

"Oh, I'll ask him, but it's all darn foolishness."

Charley rose, puffed out his chest, looked down triumphantly on the sales-manager's bald head. He was young. And he was winning.

For Golluf was really going. Though it was very late on the market for the coming holiday season, and though Greene and Rice and Little Thomas agreed that Golluf was no better a selling proposition than Umtawawa or Squeetizzy—and tried to prove their contention by that safe, sane and time-hallowed method of sardonically remarking that Charley McClure was young and enthusiastic—yet Golluf was succeeding. People in general shouldn't have done so, according to Rice, but they really did take to Golluf. In October there had been a Golluf party in Flatbush, as reported in the Flatbush social notes in the Brooklyn papers.

Charley went out on the road again, a passionate warrior, with a sample of that great game Golluf instead of a sword. And trouble began immediately. Rice had mixed up his route badly. Still worse was the fact that when they did advertise Golluf, just as an experiment, in the Iowa-Wisconsin-Illinois-Indiana-Ohio territory, Rice failed to let Charley know that the advertising would appear, and it was too late for him to use it as a talking point with his customers. Yet, Charley furiously reminded himself, it was he who had made the firm advertise.

His sorrows were forgotten in the big Plate-Glass Drugstores deal. Charley had for years known the Iowa salesman of the Great Lakes Wholesale Drug Company, an ingenious, energetic, thoroughly honest genius. He learned in a chance conversation that this salesman, with a Chicago registered pharmacist-chemist and a North Dakota capitalist, was opening a chain of fifty drugstores, the Plate-Glass stores, in one grand splurge on November first. On the hunch he skipped three towns, hurried to their office in Davenport, and made himself as much a part of their establishment as the supplies cupboard. From his own experiences as messenger boy he suggested improvements in their delivery systems. While his own office was telegraphing to find his whereabouts, he nonchalantly loafed and, though they had just time enough to get them into the drugstores for Christmas, he got an order for one hundred thousand sets of Golluf, at a wholesale price of ten cents a set, the clear profit for his firm being nearly four thousand dollars. The drug people promised to write confirmation of the order that same night, and Charley telegraphed the office to O. K. the discount, make quick credit investigation of the new firm, and pack and ship immediately. Then he went gamboling on his way, and in the smoker looked pityingly at the drummers who boasted of large orders.

But he felt in a gamboling frame of mind for exactly four days. At the end of that time a telegram, chasing him from town to town, caught him at St. Hilary, Minnesota, one evening just after he had spread out his goods in the smelly, cement-walled basement sample room. He was hustling about in his shirt-sleeves, despite the damp coldness, when the telegram was brought in. He opened it cheerfully. Surely it contained congratulations from the office.

It was from the Plate-Glass Drug Company, and read:

Your office says cannot have credit as arranged on golluf can you fix this see good business in it holidays, little time, wire.

The time was seven-thirty. At eight Charley was on a train to Minneapolis. Forty-three hours afterward—forty-three hours when he did not sleep, but stared grimly at the plush of the car seats in front of him or at the swaying dark roof of his berth—he landed at the Grand Central in New York. He was no longer the ardent young crusader. He had aged. His youth was dried out of him as blotting paper dries ink. And he was merciless.

Quietly, matter-of-factly, he tramped to a car through the gray cloudy light, with slush underfoot from an early flurry of snow. He paid no attention to the city, which he had always rediscovered upon each return. He stalked through the Greene-Slosson office and into the private room of the firm.

There, in a cloud-colored early twilight that sifted into the room till he could scarcely see the polished surfaces of the two desks or make out Slosson's suave, shrewd face and the gray side-whiskers of old Greene, Charley fought out his battle for credit—for money credit as a symbol of the spiritual credit which his youth frenziedly demanded. All shyness of the firm, all feeling that these were the chiefs, sacred, different from ordinary men, was gone. He talked quietly but demandingly.

Greene admitted that Rice had told the bookkeeper, who was also credit man for the firm, to examine with extra care the credit of the Plate-Glass Drug Company. During Slosson's absence Rice had consulted Greene about the whole affair, for this order for Golluf was the largest single order the firm had ever received, except one or two orders from the jobbers. The mercantile agencies had reported that, though the Plate-Glass people were doubtless very worthy young men, and though they were hypnotizing the pharmaceutical and toilet-article firms into granting big credit, yet their rating, based on actual visible assets, would be about zero, with six ciphers and a bankruptcy declaration after the zero.

While outside the window yellow lights slowly began to give golden tones to the unutterable sadness of the gray twilight, and Greene nervously lighted a gas bracket lamp, Charley fought the old fight of salesman versus credit, which is also the fight of faith versus research—a contest ancient long before a selling system was invented.

"These credit men make me sick," Charley snarled. "The traveler is right there on the ground; he sees just what a store is and who's running it. And then he decides it's safe and works his head off selling 'em a good bill. And the credit man sticks here in New York and looks into a darn big black book and thinks he knows all about it."

"Yes, yes, but you must remember any number of occasions when the credit man's word wasn't taken and concerns failed. We made special inquiry of the mercantile agencies, and even wired the Plate-Glass people to give them a chance to make their own report," said Greene wearily, glancing at Slosson for approval.

"Oh, the deuce!" Charley snapped. "I tell you there's some things you can't put down in a rating—nerve and hustle and ideas—and I know the Plate-Glass boys. All the time Rice was sitting here being a John J. Wisenheimer I was getting acquainted with 'em. I know what they can do. It's as safe to let 'em have credit as to buy Government bonds." While Greene shakily protested and Charley charged on him, the youngish Slosson silently tilted back in his chair and frowned. Gravely he listened to Charley's impassioned personal attack on S. R. Rice.

"It's Golluf he's fighting, not the Plate-Glass credit," Charley declared. "He's been against Golluf from the first. He said it wouldn't succeed, and now—I hate to say it, but I do believe that old devil is willing to try to stop the sale of Golluf to save his own face and prove he was right. Now just take the question of these ads ——"

When all of Charley's troubles were told Slosson said abruptly:

"Greene, I've been looking into Plate-Glass credit a little myself. We'll give them all the credit they want, and we might thank McClure for opening up the account. McClure, we'll give you a bonus on this order. Now get back on your route and hustle. You did right to come in, and good luck! As you go out, would you mind asking Mr. Rice to step in, if it's convenient—if he's still there—it's after closing time. Thank you very much, McClure."

Charley went into the main office. It was dark, mysterious, startlingly quiet in contrast to the agitated life that had filled it all day. Over the semipartition of the salesmen's room shone one light. Charley went slowly into that room. Rice wouldn't be there, he hoped; surely he couldn't be there. Ordinarily he left at five.

But Rice was there. He looked up nervously. He did not comment on Charley's presence in New York, except to say: "Oh, hello! Saw you coming into the office ——"

"Mr. Slosson wants to see you," hesitated Charley.

"All right."

Before he rose Rice looked curiously about his desk and up at the tattered calendar above it. It had been a gorgeous calendar once, presented to Rice with the obsequious compliments of the Antismash Trunk Company. It was like a glance of farewell. Rice seemed old under the single gaslight. He rose heavily. His thick shoulders drooped. His face was outlined against the darkness. He went painfully out of the salesmen's room into the silence and creeping shadows beyond.

Charley rang the bell at Agnes' house two months later, and waited for her so impatiently that he danced a jig all over the small stoop. When she opened the door he seized her shoulders and whirled her round till she was panting and her hair flew out in little tufts. Her pale face flushed and her eyes grew excited.

"Oh, what is it—have you got a raise?" she kept crying.

"Come and sit on my knee and I'll tell you."

"Oh, that's so common!"

"All right, if you won't sit on my knee I won't tell you."

"All right, then I won't marry you."

"All right, then I'll marry your cousin."

(Continued on Page 36)

COMMON SENSE ABOUT PREPAREDNESS—By WILL IRWIN

Some Observations of a Mere Civilian

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Battery D, Sixth Artillery, U. S. A., at Fort Brown, Texas

ONE trouble with our American muckraking is that we usually begin it entirely too late in the game. No one had a word to say against Standard Oil until the company had dug itself into the solid earth and could afford to laugh at criticism. We go to extremes very easily, we Americans. When we start a new movement—start anything new—we play the game clear through, accepting everything. Then, years and years later perhaps, we proceed to find that we have accepted a lot of dross along with the gold; and, to carry on the figure, we try to smelt out the dross after the gold has been coined.

Now we are debating a policy which may mean before we are finished a complete change in our national character. We are taking stock to prepare ourselves against the possibility of modern war. By the time this comes to print the halls of Congress will be ringing with orations on the beauties of peace or the stern necessities of valor. Now very few sensible Americans, especially among those who have seen the European struggle face to face, doubt that we should make some preparation, and probably a very extensive preparation, against invasion. I asked an eminent Englishman last spring how he thought this war was coming out, and what he thought was going to follow. "My dear sir," he said, "your guess is as my guess, and both our guesses are as good as my butler's guess." No one knows what way the cat is going to jump. There is reason to think that the European peoples may be so thoroughly disgusted with fighting that they will never try it again while anyone lives who remembers Armageddon.

There is reason, nearly as good, to believe that the victor may have the habit of fighting and may stand ready to adopt any military adventure that will pay the crushing cost of the European war. We are very rich, very tempting, and at present almost defenseless. The risks of unpreparedness, it would seem in common sense, are too great to take. We must get ready some kind of national defense. But the dangers along this road are so many that we might as well start our muckraking in the very beginning.

The Favorite Fallacy of Militarism

TO BEGIN with, what do we intend to do? At present, simply to defend and secure our own. Not one American in a thousand wants anything more than that. "Defense, not conquest," is the reasonable demand of the American people. Here, I think, is encountered the first danger in our new defensive program. To raise armies, to gain appropriations for navies, munitions and equipment, we must create popular enthusiasm. And there is always the chance that we shall create enthusiasm not for defense, but for war itself—that we shall set up in our land that religion of valor which is the philosophy of hell. Once start an enthusiastic people like the Americans in any direction, and there is no telling where they will stop. Already there is a good deal of false doctrine abroad. We have been hearing that people grow "soft through peace."

Anyone who has followed the European war with his mind, not his emotions, must know that this is not only untrue, but ridiculously untrue. Not for centuries has Western Europe experienced such an era of peace as that which came between the War of 1870 and the Great War of 1914. The armies of France and Germany knew only a little, a very little border warfare in their colonies. Not one Frenchman or German in ten thousand had ever faced a bullet. England, fifteen years ago, fought one fairly considerable Colonial war, and that was all. Theoretically, the armies which mobilized in 1914 were armies of molly-coddles, because the races had not been hardened by war. But as a cold matter of fact, they went in from the first gun with a desperate valor which as far exceeds the valor of old wars as the machine-gun exceeds the rifle or the rifle the crossbow.

The Charge of the Light Brigade has been considered for many years a record feat of arms. Out by the Vosges, where the desperate fighting has gone almost unrecorded, the "raw" French and German troops have played forlorn hope after forlorn hope. Daily some command or other exceeded that feat of the Light Brigade; and no one took the trouble to record it, because desperate valor has grown so common. Was there ever a more glorious lost charge in history than that of the Prussian Guard before Ypres on November 15th, 1914? Only the Germans know how many men they lost, and the Germans are not telling. But when the British guns finished their work that night the observation officers traced eight ranks of Germans lying dead. In those massed charges of theirs the Germans used to send in the first two ranks as doomed men—they were expected to die that the other ranks might reach the trench. And no man faltered. As for the English, they are too brave—honest Germans admit that. Who has sung the Grenadiers at Ypres—they who emerged but seventy strong out of thirteen hundred? Or the Canadians, who had not known war for a century, at Second Ypres? Or a certain unnamed French *Regiment Marchant*, which went to war three thousand strong and has drafted fifteen thousand men to fill the gaps? No, all records have been broken by these people, who have grown "soft through peace" for forty-four years. I think myself, after what I have seen, that the human race stores valor in peace to spend it in war, just as a Siwash Indian saves money and goods to throw them away on one grand potlatch.

Orientalists tell us that the trouble with the Chinese mind is this: Because a thing looks so, to the Chinaman it is so. The Cantonese, for example, paints eyes on his boat, and believes, therefore, that the boat can see. Now this idea about the softening tendency of peace is Chinese thinking. A man who doesn't exercise grows soft; therefore, a race that doesn't make war grows soft. Decidedly, this is not so; the Great War in Europe proves it.

There is another piece of Chinese thinking that has gained some currency. It is the idea that war is the "survival of the fittest." This primitive school of thought proceeds on these lines: "Animals, like tigers and bears and wild dogs, fight; the weaker goes to the wall, the stronger survives. That is the survival of the fittest among animals. War is a fight between men; therefore, war is the survival of the fittest." Perhaps I scarcely need to waste space in proving this a fallacy. Modern war, which selects from the young manhood of a country all the best specimens and sends them out to die, which rejects the weak, the defective, the diseased, and leaves them to breed, is a reverse process of selection. It is the survival of the unfittest. Everyone in Europe is thinking of that fact, and is wondering what will become of the European stocks, now that they are waging war on this unprecedented scale—now that four or five millions of their young men, most of whom have not yet bred children, are gone from the breed.

How War Reverses Evolution

OF ALL the European peoples the admirable French seem best to have kept their heads. They are making war as valiantly as the best, and with even more intelligence than valor. But they know what war means. Ask almost any Frenchman, soldier or civilian, what France is fighting for, and he will say: "The end of war, Monsieur. We do not want our children to go through this thing. We think we can abolish war when we crush the national menace to our north." They know better than to believe that war "hardens peoples" or is the "survival of the fittest."

A strong school of anthropologists holds that the average man of white stocks was just as able an individual when he first appeared in history as his descendants of to-day. Evolution, they think, has come to a halt in man. If this be so—and no one can prove it—I wonder whether war is not the answer. Whatever Nature has done in the matter of survival of the fittest, perhaps man has undone in war, which, as it grew organized, tended ever to drain the best young males out of the blood, until the performance came to a climax in 1914.

Now most of our political leaders seem to think that a certain amount of buncombe must be mixed with any propaganda in order to make it go down. Usually the buncombe is harmless enough; just a few pretty illusions which the sun of experience dispels. But this is dangerous buncombe. Let the religion of valor once take hold, and defensive preparedness may easily become aggressive preparedness. From thoughts of war for defense, our somewhat mercurial people could easily be stampeded by the idea of conquest—all the more easily because it is a new thing, and there is no zeal like that of the newly converted. If we are going to prepare, let us in heaven's name do it with reason and with our eyes open.

Now enters self-interest. Most of us Americans believe that among the modern European peoples the Germans had gone furthest with the "religion of valor." They appealed to us as a people a little mad over war. But who worked up the madness? Very largely the people who held

a stake in war. The Krupp works contributed a great deal to this debauch of civilization. It is on record that before the war the Krupps were spending $200,000 a year on "press"—spreading the religion of valor, so that all European peoples should pay more and get more for arms. And that was only one symptom of a general disease. A whole group of people in Germany, who gradually gained control, got their prosperity, their standing, their honor in the community through the institution of a standing army. Led by an inside group and by a War-Lord Monarch, they educated a whole people in the religion of valor, so that when the guns began even the Socialists, professed antagonists of war, stampeded to the army. These insiders were not insincere; I do not accuse them of that. Self-interest works mighty changes in human character and principles. Novelists, time out of mind, have had their laugh at the radical who inherits property and becomes forthwith a conservative. No, they believe it all—that races grow contemptibly soft through peace, that war hardens nations and is a "biological necessity," that to die young on the battlefield is highly enlightened and honorable. They are proving their sincerity by dying themselves in thousands, by giving their sons to die.

So with us. Everyone knows that we have been making millions and millions in munitions since the European struggle broke out. The war in Europe will end some day, but the factories transformed into arsenals will remain, with all their expensive equipment. Now what if the munitionmakers, when they cease to supply Europe, can continue profits by arming the United States? And many of the gentlemen who have made or increased fortunes in munitions are among our most insistent and most sincere advocates of general armament. Bless their souls, they believe it all, now—as eighteen months ago most of them believed that this talk about army efficiency was nonsense. There is probably nothing in the charge that the defense leagues are financed by munitionmakers. But there is at least the beginning of a munitions lobby.

The Gallant Canadians at Second Ypres

THESE people are just as sincere as the directors of Krupp's or the Brandenburgers of Prussia. They will show their sincerity, if the test ever comes, by sending their sons to die behind their own guns. But their very sincerity makes them dangerous. Munitions are a mighty perilous commodity—the cocaine trade is not half so perilous. And, such being the case, the ideal way, it would seem to a mere citizen of the world, would be government manufacture. This might be more expensive than private manufacture; doubtless at first it would be. But the security is worth the expense. Else some day we may be stampeded into an avoidable or unjust war—against Mexico, for example—by men who believe that we harden our souls by slaughter and do not realize themselves that the basis of their doctrine is self-interest. All this is not "peace-at-any-price" doctrine. We must prepare, I suppose; though we may never need our preparation. The risk of unpreparedness is too great. But preparedness in the wrong spirit is just as dangerous.

Most of the present agitation centers round the army; and this is sensible. We have already a fleet ranked from fourth to second among the navies of the world. Though it has probably a great many flaws, it is quite a simple matter to increase it at the will of the people and the Government. The army is quite another matter. The little British force which held the left of the Allied line at the retreat from the Belgian border is mentioned, often, as insignificant in this war of great numbers. Yet, as the best we could do, we could muster no more trained troops than that to resist a sudden invasion. Perhaps it is as well. Warfare has changed in the past two years as it had not changed for a century before; and we have so much the less antiquated machinery and method to scrap. In West Point, with its thorough and businesslike training, we have a fine nucleus for an efficient new army; and sometimes I think that is all we have—except a nation that has known no war for a generation, and is therefore hard and strong.

Almost a new start—if our military experts can be made to see it that way. The soldier clan, however, is everywhere conservative; war brings a kind of vermiform appendix in the body politic. The European officers have been close up against competition of the fiercest kind. Whenever Germany introduced an improvement, France, in peril of invasion any month, was forced to follow; and wherever France introduced an improvement, Germany followed. Here, however, there has been no such competition. I may be mistaken, but I think that the average officer in the American Army tends to view the present army scheme as the only feasible scheme, just because it is the thing he has known all his life.

There is, for example, the important question of discipline. The Canadian troops are very largely Westerners, and indistinguishable, except for their uniforms, from our own Western cattlemen and miners. When they first appeared in England the Little British held up their hands in horror at the Canadian "lack of discipline." These Colonials were familiar with their officers—personally familiar. Officers and privates were caught drinking together at bars, and reprimanded therefor. They were careless about salutes. It was commonly, although perhaps erroneously, reported that they were kept from the line for fear they would ruin discipline among the native troops. However, a few brigades of them got to the line at last; and two weeks later, while they were still "raw troops," fate called upon them to plug a broken line after the gas attack at Second Ypres. What they did, what magnificent efficiency and valor they showed, the world knows. Their main body went into action twelve thousand strong. They emerged six thousand strong. They saved the day. The only criticism the Little British had to offer was that they were too brave.

"They've made amends for their lack of discipline," said a rather hidebound British captain one day in Boulogne. I was about to take him up when a staff officer of wide experience and observation answered for me.

"They do have discipline," he said, "only we haven't seen it because it isn't our kind. Every nation must work out its own system, and your system won't suit the other fellow. Do you suppose we could make a go of it on French lines? And what would a Frenchman do under our system? Most likely tell his officer to go to—Berlin. They have discipline, I tell you, but not our kind."

There was a sermon for us—every nation must find its own characteristic way with its troops. The German has been bred to a love of absolute authority. It is right and reasonable to act without question and on the instant. It is good to "respect the uniform." There is, to the German, a patriotic thrill in making way for a group of officers as they stride down the sidewalk. The German system, in short, fits the German character.

Just so British methods fit the British character. The idea of class is inherent with most Englishmen. The middle-class Briton has a way of saying that the class system is broken. It is for him, perhaps, but with the upper class and the lower it still keeps its force. Now it has been taken as axiomatic that the British Army must be officered only by gentlemen—in the English sense of the word. Lower-class privates, as a general rule, will follow none other. They want a gentleman for a leader, and they expect him to live up to the canons of his class. Should he grow too familiar with them, then he is no gentleman, and unfit for leadership. It has many subtleties, this class system. For example, the officer must lead, he must take his risks with the men. It is true that the class system is breaking down a little under the terrible pressure of Armageddon. Men of all classes are coming up from the ranks and are getting obeyed. But what I have just described is probably still the general rule.

French Discipline a Triumph of Democracy

THE French method is totally different. We have a great deal to learn from the French about democracy. For all that they still have a monarchist party and a few unrecognized and unprivileged titles, they are probably the finest flower of democracy the world ever saw. And in France there is no social gulf between man and officer. To-night, if one should drop into the cafés of the French towns held by the Reserve, he would find officers drinking sour wine and playing dominoes with private soldiers. Nothing in rules or custom prevents the French captain from asking one of his privates to dinner. The officer is a kind of shift boss, whom the men follow in action because he has been chosen to lead, and it is all for the Republic. "A private soldier," said an American officer recently, "must obey instantly and without thinking." That is not the theory of the French Army. The private is encouraged to think. Before action the colonel gets the general plan of battle along with his own orders. He passes it on to the company officers. The company officer calls his men about him. "Now, *mes enfants*," he says, "such and such is what our corps is going to do to-day. Thus and so is our part." Then he explains in detail. "Keep your heads, my children," he finishes; "remember—and think. *Allons—pour la Patrie!*"

Promotion, in wartime, goes absolutely on a basis of merit. No one asks what Jean was in civil life. There is but one question: Can Jean command? I know of butchers, small clerks, vintners and carpenters who entered this war as privates and have already risen as high as the rank of captain or even of major.

This system would be impossible with the Germans, but it works with the French as none other would. Not that they have no formal discipline. Read the rules printed in that little army record book which every Frenchman carries as a passport, and you find the words "punishment—death" staring at you from section after section. But they need no race of superior beings to hold them to the job. "*La Patrie*"—that is enough.

The French and the Germans are admittedly the big leaguers of this army game. The British may get into their class in time, for the British human material is fine, but that time has not yet arrived. Given an equal number of Frenchmen and Germans, with equal equipment and resources, and it would be hard to pick a winner. Each of these nations has worked out its discipline on lines suited to the national character. With the Germans it is a triumph of autocracy and bureaucracy; with the French it is a great triumph of democracy.

Now our army system, in so far as discipline is concerned, has been studied from the British and Germans rather than from the French. It seems to my superficial civilian viewpoint that it approaches nearest to the British. No one needs to be told of the social gulf that separates our

(Continued on Page 32)

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United States Regulars, Cavalry and Artillery, on Parade

THE CAMERA MAN

By James B. Connolly

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER

I Waved Him and His Bright Red Shirt Together Across the Track

I'D TRIED being a cowman in Arizona, an oil driller in Oklahoma and a bull-fighter in Mexico, and then I got a touch of homesickness and back home I went to stay with my folks awhile, even if I had to take to the rear end of a trolley car for a living.

And that's just what I had to do; and I'd killed six months—the last two or three of 'em pretty dull—as a trolley-car conductor in Brooklyn, when a friend of mine tips me off to give the moving-picture game over in Jersey a whirl. And I did.

They were making one of those everlasting serial features, the kind where the heroine fills in ten hours a day climbing out of express trains on to overhead bridges, and in and out of sewers, and falling out of balloons, and being thrown off the rear end of ferryboats. The contract called for at least one exciting episode every week, and we were giving it and stringing it out as long as the public would stand for it.

I got five dollars every day I worked. I was mostly a villain, trying to steal the plans of some fort, which plans the hero was always leaving round in bureau drawers, loose handbags and roll-top desks. An Italian or a Frenchman I was, with a change now and then to a Russian spy. I know that lately the fashions in villains are changing, and they're now running more to Germans, or maybe Turks or Bulgarians; but that's the way it was then. And I used to wear a long, curly mustache and a swarthy complexion, when it wasn't the whiskers of a grand duke; and I spent most of my time stealing round corners of barns and outhouses, when it wasn't a magnificently upholstered drawing room, taking long strides with my knees bent almost to the ground and my head turned back over one shoulder.

Every once in a while I'd have to do a sprint to escape the hero, not forgetting to stop at intervals for the director's count. "Now!" the director would yell. "Won-na, two-oo, thre-ee, fo-o-ur—all right—beat it!" Every ten yards or so I'd have to do that, to let the camera man get me while I registered hate, fear, contempt and other low brands of villainy. If I was a little more wall-eyed and maybe not such a homely guy, and a little plumper, the director said I might have worked up to be a hero; but as it was I had to stick to the villain parts and take a beating every time the hero caught up to me, which was once every two reels—two reels a week being what we were releasing then.

There was a camera man there—a good fellow that I had time to be chummy with on the days we didn't work—and one day, the pair of us loafing under the roof of an ante-bellum veranda just outside Bayonne, the same being beside a precipice over which the hero was going to throw me as soon as it stopped raining and the sun came out light enough for a picture, he says:

"I got a chance to go down to one of those tropic countries to get revolution pictures, but I ain't goina go. I been engaged to be married for three months now, an' me 'n' the girl's tired waitin' an' we've bought our furniture, an' soon's this foolish stuff winds up—an' it looks like it will soon, the way the houses are fallin' off—I'm goina take a month off, an' me 'n' the girl we're goina go 'n' get married, an' maybe we'll stay away more'n a month if our money holds out. An' if I do, why don't you go down there 'stead o' me? You know enough about the work—unless you'd rather stay bein' a villain up here?"

I was getting sort of tired about that time of being beat up regularly by a hero that I could have stood on his head if they'd only for about ten seconds forget what the plot was; and we went up to talk it over with the old man, and he says: "M-m, I dunno"; and he looks at me again and sighs and says: "After all, I suppose the main thing on that job is to have your noive with you. All right, I can get you transportation on a warship to as far as a place called Porto Bello. From there you c'n make your way up the coast to a place called Sancruz, and by the time you're there I'll have foither orders for you."

And the old man wrote to Washington, I suppose, for the next thing he passes me a document to go over to the Brooklyn Navy Yard and report aboard a battleship. And I do; and I get a stateroom all to myself; and one rainy afternoon we steamed out of the Brooklyn Navy Yard with standing room only on the dock for the men, women and babies, cheering and crying and weeping, my own mother among 'em, and waving handkerchiefs and umbrellas and babies' legs, and our ship's band larruping out The Girl I Left Behind Me.

A whale of a battleship she was, so long and wide you'd need a motor cycle to be getting round on her deck, and she had a bow on her like the Flatiron Building. I did my eating with a bunch of officers in a room running the whole width of the ship, with a gun sticking out each end from what I'd call a window but they called a sponson. I used to draw a chair up, and it didn't matter which way the wind blew or whether it blew at all, that big ship rushing through the water used to make a fine breeze coming through that sponson. I'd never been a sea trip before, and I'd sit there and let it blow over me, me bein' the only one aboard who didn't have to work, and look out on the blue sea and sky, with the flying fishes I used to read about jumping out of the water in bunches. We had what we thought was a pretty big steam yacht in our serial movie feature, but this kind of cruising made that look like roughneck work, and I said to myself: "If ever I find forty million dollars in precious gems on some desert isle, same as our movie hero did once, I'm going to build myself one of these battleships with sponsons all over it and go yachting in her."

At night the officers used to draw up their chairs on the quarter-deck, brace their feet on the lowest rail and let the moon and stars have a look at 'em; and whoever wanted to could lean over the rail and watch the ship shove the sea in white-hot waves from her sides as she went rushing by. But mostly we sat there and listened to the band till a lot of bells struck and the band folded up their camp stools and their music sheets and disappeared somewheres. And then they'd get to talking of a lot of international and other important subjects, and when they did I'd leave them to hunt up a fellow about seven decks downstairs, with two red bent stripes on one sleeve, and he'd slip me the baseball scores by wireless.

But no good thing ever lasts. We came after a week of steaming to a place where there was a breakwater and some docks, a low sandy beach and a lot of low-built red, blue and cream colored walls and roofs back of them. Porto Bello on the Hot Coast they said it was. And "hot coast" was right. With the first breath of that wind from the shore I went down and had a shower bath, and about the time we were ready to drop anchor among a lot of other battleships and cruisers and bumboats and tugboats and torpedo things I had another.

I see where that iron battleship wasn't going to be any Far Rockaway beach cottage to sleep in nights on that coast; so I have another shower bath and pack my camera and make for the beach in the first boat I can get; and I'm hardly there when a friendly-looking *hombre* that I'd slipped a quarter to for answering a couple of civil questions kind of hints to me that there'll be something doing to all foreigners soon, and maybe I'd better get under cover. And I do. I tuck away with a bunch of easy-going-looking fellows in a little fruit schooner that I see tied up to a long pier; and while I'm there, playing a game where you have to hold up fingers while another fellow rolls a pair of dice, the idea being to have the fingers and dice spots add up thirteen, I see some boatloads of our bluejackets and marines being towed ashore. And they form on the beach and start to march, and as they do so—Zing-o! something's doing. Of course I hurry up to get into it.

There's a good spot right near, where a naval officer is kneeling on one knee behind a lot of bluejackets and marines who are stretched out on their stomachs picking off snipers tucked away in odd places among the buildings along the water front.

The officer turns round and says "What you got there?" till he sees me have it all set up and beginning to grind away making pictures. "Get outer here or they'll blow you to hell!" he yells then. And I says: "No, no, they'll know I'm only a camera man; they won't harm me." And while I'm grinding away I keep my eyes going and I'm able to point out to him snipers here and there—one behind a lattice, another behind some rugs hanging out to air on a balcony and one behind a chimney—tapping him on the shoulder when he wasn't hearing me tell him, but not forgetting to grind away on my camera all the time.

While they're lying there doing that, one of our gunboats in the harbor is wiping away two or three buildings off the building plans with five-inch shells, and the rifle shooting so steady it's like machine-gun crackling. Eighteen of our fellows were killed and sixty or seventy shot up. I don't know how many spigs were killed—maybe two or three hundred.

"You're a lucky man," said the naval officer to me; and I said: "I sure am! Here I am—my first chance outside, and fifteen hundred feet of good fight action to ship back to the old man already!"

I still had to get to Sancruz, which is a couple of hundred miles up the coast, and no steamers there for two weeks; so I chartered the little fruit schooner I'd already been aboard of—her crew were a good-natured sort of gang—and besides I figured, after I'd repaired my camera where two bullets went through her, to make some sea pictures on the way. On the second day in her we bumped head on into one of those northers they talk about down there.

It came down the coast with a voice like a soul escaped from hell, and the fruit schooner was about forty feet long and three feet high, and I could have punched my fists through her sails anywhere. That norther breathed on us, and whip-p-per-ree! when it passed on our sails looked like a fine young Monday morning's wash hanging out on the line, only brown instead of white. Aboard the big battleship I thought the ocean was a great place, but on this little fruiter I says "I dunno." I guess I missed the high, wide deck of the battleship and the bow like the Flatiron Building. We dived up and down and sideways, me having a job on my hands to heave what I'd eaten for three days over the side without being washed over myself after it; and the boat all this time driving out into the wide Gulf somewheres. And then the wind slewed another way and we came bowling back to where we can see a fine beach, but a fine line of high rollers between us and the beach. We get closer and closer, till the one who must 've been the captain—he having the most to say and the least to do—calls to let go the anchor. But the anchor didn't hold us. We keep going for the shore, and we all have another look at the high rollers, and I take and wrap my camera in four thicknesses of scraps of sails, with a note inside explaining how I'd done my best, and will whoever finds the camera ship it with the note, express collect, to address herewith.

We strike bottom, and when we do I go overboard on a little raft made of planks from her hold. Only one of the others wanted to go with me. We got along pretty well till I see one big roller that's sure to capsize us. I grab my camera and heave it on top of my head, and lo and behold you! when my feet hit bottom I'm only up to my waist. But surf! I got tired of being knocked down, but beat my way up to the high beach with my camera still with me. I'm all right, only I've got a feeling that I'd like to lie down and take a nap; but looking back, I see the fellow who'd followed me is not yet safe, so I have to go out and haul him inshore—and that before I have time to haul the canvas off my camera and dry it out. By and by the surf lets down a little and they all come safe ashore.

So that's all right. We walk on to where we see a few sailboats in a little place, and the captain says that I can charter one of them to take me to Sancruz. I said not, I didn't want to risk losing my camera again, and so, after dividing a few pesos among them, I left them and struck inland through solid sandhills, and by and by came to a railroad, where I meet a man riding along on a thin little burro with a fat baby asleep in his arms. The baby had on a bright red shirt and nothing else. He told me the railroad ran to Sancruz, but it was forty miles farther on.

He wouldn't take two pesos to let me put the camera on his burro—he didn't want to wake the baby, he said; so I plugged along behind him till I heard a train coming. I took a look back at the train. I'd been dragging that camera by a strap to my shoulder for five hours then. "Jeepers!" I think. "I'll look fine carrying this load the rest of the way to Sancruz!" I dropped the box and grabbed the baby and waved him and his bright red shirt together across the track. The train went whuh-iss-ss!—and stopped.

I handed the baby back to the old man and rolled a cigarette while I'm waiting for the conductor to come rushing up and ask what's the matter. When he does I ask him for a light. I thought he'd eat me first, but after a while he cools off, and by the time I pass him the makes he says "*Gracias, señor,*" and rolls a cigarette for himself. And pretty soon he says yes, he didn't see why I can't take that train to Sancruz. And I do—after slipping the old spig two pesos for the loan of the baby.

The train reaches Sancruz, which it seems is in charge of the military, and I go straight to the cable office, and there's a word there from the old man telling me to go into the interior and make pictures of the President-General Mendez and his outfit. I go down to the station to buy a ticket, and when I do the station agent asks me for my pass. When I can't show it he refers me to military headquarters. I go over there, and an officer with varnished leggin's and a cambric handkerchief up his sleeve asks me if I'm an American, and I ask him if I look like anything else. And he tells me then that I won't be allowed to leave Sancruz to visit the army of Mendez.

I ask him why not; and he tells me that it ought to be enough for me that he says so, to which I answer that his air of authority is complete, but I was one of those unfortunate *hombres* who liked to hear a little more logic in an argument, and so would he kindly add a little detail? Then he says it is dangerous and I might get shot, and there might be complications. And I said I was a fairly healthy subject and I'd risk the complications, and he said that that would be about enough from me, and he beckons to a couple of sentinels with bayonets fixed to their rifles, and so I picked up my camera and quit him.

Five or six men, mostly young Americans they looked to be, were waiting for me when I came out of headquarters. One of them tells me his name was Piper and that they were American war correspondents—he asks me what my trouble was. And I tell them, and ask Piper what's to hinder me—besides the orders of a military staff—from getting out of Sancruz to see Mendez.

He told me a row of sentries with loaded rifles a hundred feet apart and a barbed-wire fence just outside the city. "A tough game to beat," he adds on.

"It's got to be a tough game," I says, "if a man can't beat it after he stops and thinks it over."

He asked me why I didn't take a steamer to Chapico, farther up the coast, and there get a train to Valina's army. "He's the revolutionary general opposing Mendez," he says, "and he seems to be in right—you can get all the good pictures you please about him and send them on. I'm going to make for up Valina's way in the morning. Why don't you come along?"

"The old man didn't mention Valina," I says. "It's the Mendez outfit he wants me to get to. Maybe I'll see you all again, maybe I won't. Either way, *adiós*," and left them, and with my camera on my shoulder headed for the outposts of the city.

Piper was right about the sentries—they were a hundred feet apart. But a hundred feet is a hundred feet, and it becomes two hundred feet when a couple of 'em meet at the ends of their posts and have a word or two to forget the lonesomeness of a moderately dark night. And a five-foot, barbed-wire fence is not so high for a man of my build to vault.

With my box to my shoulder I cut through a few miles of sandhills and round to the railroad track. But I still had a couple of hundred miles of a mountainous country to go to Mendez, and it would take too long to walk it. But if I tried to get aboard a passenger train I'd be thrown off, maybe put under arrest and my camera taken away. So I built a fire on the track just before the night freight came puffing up the grade, and when the train crew got off to put it out, I climbed onto a flat car in the rear shadows and tucked myself and my camera in among a lot of American reaping machines, and went to sleep. Next morning a train hand with a put-out lantern comes along and we get to chatting. I could always remember a little of the language from the old days in Mexico, and every hour in the country was bringing it back fast to me, and after a little chat we roll a few cigarettes together. By and by he invites me into the caboose and makes me a cup of coffee; and there I stay till next morning, when he tells me it's my place to get off. The President-General himself was in Capital City, five hours farther on, but his army headquarters were then in a mining town on a branch road twenty miles away.

I drove out there, and the first thing I noticed over to one side of the plaza after I get there is the sign EL MURPHY over a *cantina*. "Murphy?" I say, and gave the driver the word to hold up while I have a peek. And the first man I see leaning against the farther end of the bar is Murphy Guerrero, who used to be the other half of the trolley crew with me back in Brooklyn. Murphy's mother was an Irish girl before she married Guerrero, who used to be a courier and porter carrying packs and messages over the hill trails in this same country till he was discovered by an American circus man and brought to the United States and made into a champion six-day runner in Madison Square Garden and wherever else the gate money was good. When he grew a little too stiff in the knees for that work he settled down to run a fruit-stand not far from the Erie Basin over in Brooklyn. Murphy favored his mother's people in looks and build, but he had some Guerrero inheritances too. He was the only man I ever met within the precinct limits of Brooklyn who could roll a cigarette with one hand while he talked with the other. And he was rolling one now, in a negligee shirt and a homelike air, and having a word with what looked like a few dozen El O'Briens and El Sullivans and El Gallaghers also leaning in negligee shirts and homelike airs against the bar.

Three standing jumps landed me into the middle of the *cantina*.

"What ever brought you down to this country?" I ask Murph, even before I ask him to have a drink.

"Oh-h," says Murph, "I got tired steering that trolley car after you jumped to the movies, and shipped for steward on what I thought was a banana boat tied up to a dock in Brooklyn one day. And maybe she was—coming north. But going south this time she had a couple of holdsful of boxes of rifles and cartridges—marked 'Handle With Care, Glass'—for this President-General Mendez party, and one of our gunboats steams up to us as we came to anchor in some port down on the coast here, and says we mustn't land 'em—I don't know why.

By Way of a Rope Made of Sheets and Coverlets We Lowered Murph and Then His Wife to the Street

"And we lay there two weeks, and I got tired of walking days barefooted on a red-hot deck and sleeping nights next to a smokestack with steam up. Besides, I was cabin steward on her, and she carried a first officer who must 'a' thought he was ordering round a regular, well-trained, house-broken servant when he spoke to me. So I threw a double portion of a tapioca pudding at him one day at lunch—and let the plate go with it—and then took a running high dive over the rail, and when I come up there was a spig rowing round in a green and yellow painted boat cruising round for trade, and I showed him an American dollar to speed him up; for by that time the first officer had combed the pudding and crockery out of his eyes and ears and his torpedo beard and his collar and necktie and his blue coat with the brass buttons, and was on deck with a contraband rifle. But he knew more about freighting rifles than shooting them. I counted eight times he didn't even hit the boat.

"I got ashore and beat my way up here, and of course I had to make a living the first thing; and there's a silver mine across the arroyo with a couple of hundred Americans working there, and I points out to the proprietor of this *cantina* here, when he was complaining to me one day of poor business, that what he needed to do was to stick a good American name over the door and ketch the American miners when they came up thirsty from the bowels of the earth on hot days. And one of the most popular American names ever, I tell him, was of course my own—Murphy—as he could see for himself by cocking up his ear when they called the roll of the mine on pay day. And he agrees to give me a quarter of the profits for the loan of my name, and me to stand round and pass a little house gossip with the exiles. And now," winds up Murph, "what you doin' here yourself?" And I tell him.

"And now you're here, what you goin' to do next?"

And I tell him—"to see some fighting and get some pictures of it."

"Fighting?" says Murph pensively. "Fighting? I'm tempted to go with you. Fighting?" he says, after rolling another cigarette. "I will go with you." And he takes his hat off a nail, wakes up his boss, who is having his afternoon siesta, to explain the situation to him, says *adiós* all round and walks out with me.

"Any baggage?" I ask.

"Sure," he says, "in a money belt under my inside shirt."

And we present ourselves at the front, me wondering if somebody would want to shoot me or what; but nobody minded me except to ask what was in the brown box, and when they found out wanting me to take their pictures. We're told to help ourselves anywhere along the firing line. And we do, Murphy with the rifle of the last man shot dead and me with my camera, the pair of us bunking nights in an old freight car on a spur track, and having our meals cooked by a slim lad who drifted in on us the second day to say that his father and mother had both been killed and would we let him work for us for his meals. He was a brown-eyed boy, with a pair of too-big khaki trousers and a long, loose linen coat to his knees, and one of those high straw hats which everybody was wearing round there and which he never took off. He pointed out his grandmother to us one day, an old crone with an old goat of a white horse in front of a sort of a gypsy wagon in which she used to cook sweetmeats for the soldiers.

"Will we?" says Murph, and "Of course," I said. "We'll have him for our dog-robber."

"A dog-robber?" asks Murph; and I explain how in the army the man the colonel picked out to rustle his grub and tidy up his tent and shine his shoes and maybe shave him is called his dog-robber.

"Sure," says Murph, "we'll have a dog-robber too," and tells the kid, who thanks Murph instead of me.

And looking at him, with the most beautiful brown eyes I ever saw in a human of any kind or age, I couldn't help thinking that if he had a sister anywhere she could have stood for a Madonna picture.

Happy days we had then, Murph doing his share of shooting from the trenches and me making pictures of whatever looked good in the bright sun, and in the late afternoon coming back to our little caboose, where Murph would tinkle on a mandolin and sing, while we both would let our feet hang down outside the freight-car door and watch a ripe yellow squash of a sun sink below a row of mountains that used to splash up more different colors than old Pop Dadmun's row of paint pails when he was working overtime on a fancy backdrop in our movie studio. They were a jamboree of color, those mountains in the evening; and our dog-robber would be inside washing the tin cups and saucers and singing some sad little low tune.

"I don't see where any general has anything on us," Murph would say, "with our moderate hours of labor and our *muchacho* of a dog-robber to cook and clean up after our day's work is done," and he'd plunk away some more on his mandolin, with his face maybe looking soulful up at a shining moon; and our dog-robber, with maybe his day's work done by now, sitting on the butt of a sleeper on the railroad track below us and looking up at Murphy. When the night grew old and Murph stopped, he'd hook up his long coat and go off to his grandmother in the gypsy wagon and the ancient white horse; but always he was back in the morning to make coffee for us.

It was certainly the happy life, with the mortality in the trenches no higher than what anybody would naturally expect—Murph got two little bullets into him, but they soon came out; and then a letter reached me from the old man, saying he'd placed five hundred dollars bonus to my credit for the fight pictures I'd shipped from Porto Bello, but the revolutionary leader Valina seemed to be having the call in the papers lately up home, and for me to get round and get to work on him and his army.

I wrote the old man to hand the five hundred over to my mother and parted with Murphy and took the train to a place where there was a water tank, a windmill and a *cantina*, and up the track a gang of section hands throwing rock off a string of flat cars. Naturally I headed for the shade and refreshment of the *cantina*, and there I found a man in a mustard-colored suit with a green box by his side drinking first a hooker of gin and then a bottle of beer. He'd shoot the gin down with a rush, but let the beer follow more leisurely. It was a hot day and he had three of that combination, me shaking the dust and wiping the sweat off me, before he takes time to turn round and look at me.

When he does, by way of opening up a conversation that would get us somewhere without too much waste of time, I said: "You can't do it, Bill—drink gin and beer like that—not and stay healthy."

"Healthy!" he yells. "Wot yuh talkin' about? For nine years I been doin' it, and look at me!" He was six feet high with a wide back. "Ain't I healthy? Better have one yourself." And I did—without the gin. And after one on me I asked him what he had in the green box that he seemed so afraid somebody would steal from him.

He chuckled. "You'd never guess," he said.

But I guessed what it was the first time after he opened up the box for me to see. One time in the movies I had to take the heroine—me being the villain as usual—and slam her into an empty locomotive boiler that happened to be rolling round on a desolate waste on the edge of the Atlantic Ocean. And then I go off a little ways and gloat while the tide comes up and begins to fill the boiler.

While I'm off to one side gloating, along comes the hero in a taxicab and a pair of mouse-colored button boots. He plasters one ear up against the boiler and hears her piteous cries. It is as he suspected—she is drowning! "Help!" she is calling. The hero rushes off, and in one minute and ten seconds is back with a little machine in a box. Where he gets it the plot didn't tell—it probably fell out of a balloon. All he needs is a pint or so of gasoline to start the little dynamo in it, and he gets that out of the taxi tank; and then, right before the eyes of the audience, he starts her up again and begins to cut a big circle out of the top of the boiler. Inside the water is rising to the heroine's waist, to her chest, to her neck, to her chin. But z-z-z is buzzing meanwhile the very latest invention of science, the magic plate-cutter with the white flame, and away comes a round circle of the boiler—in one minute and fifty seconds, while you're looking at him, mind—and the hero's strong arm reaches down into the boiler and, just as the salt tide is about to gurgle down the heroine's throat, pulls her out. S-s-s, foiled again! I glare from the distance, registering waves of hate and loathing and fear o'er my villainous, black-mustached countenance in a close-up that will be tinted green for the screen, I hear the director say when the camera man stops to bite off a chew of tobacco.

So I tell my friend what it is he has in the little green box, and he has to admit I'm right, and then he says: "But I'll bet you a gin and beer yuh'll never guess what I'm goin' to do with it."

I don't try, and he has a gin and beer anyway, and tells me that he's a New York burglar by trade, and he'd done a little job one night and was bringing the proceeds home in a green bag, like he was a lawyer or something, when he was seized with a terrible thirst; and it was a hot night with nothing in the flat where he'd been working but one of those big upside-down bottles of spring water in the back hall, and he gets out of the taxi for a little gin and beer, when he hears steps hurrying after him; and more steps; and he goes through an alley and over a fence and through a yard and out another alley—by this time he'd dropped the lawyer's bag with the bowls and plates rattling inside—and he keeps on going till he came to a dock where they were loading a steamer, and he slips aboard her and down some flights of stairs into the darkest corner he could find inside of her.

And he fell asleep there, and when he woke up a lot of sewing machines and motor cycles in crates and salt fish in bales were promising to roll down on top of him. He never knew just how long he lay there, eating salt fish and trying to think up a good lie for how he came to be there, before he crawled up on deck. For he knew he'd have to go up on deck sometime—he couldn't keep on eating salt fish forever. He was never much good on making up lies. When he did get up he told the captain he must 'a' been walking in his sleep and fell down into the ship, and the captain looked at him just once and said: "Take him down and set him passing coal!" And they did—away down near the

(Continued on Page 41)

Lo and Behold You! When My Feet Hit Bottom I'm Only Up to My Waist

SHOOTING OFF THE SOLID

How the Copper Miner Takes a Fall Out of Pluto

By RICHARD MATTHEWS HALLET

These are Ponderous, Knotty Men, Whose Chests and Cheeks are Gaunt, Whose Eyes are Puckered

BEFORE ever a man is a copper miner he is a rustler. A rustler is a miner without a job, or, more simply, a man without a job. Those of you who have had occasion to see departed souls driven through the shades of Tartarus like dead leaves will understand the marvelous fitness of the word "rustling" to the condition and circumstances of the rustler.

He is a man in the yellow leaf. He is humble and respectable. He shaves daily and wears clean clothes. He is a family man for choice. He must get a job within the week. He haunts the mouth or "collar" of the mine shaft at stated periods, a pipe in his mouth, a question in his eye. He is a little slow, a little furtive in his gait, amiable to his fellow rustlers and apologetic in the presence of men having jobs. There is among rustlers a deep recognition of the chances and mischances of life and of the slender thread on which all human enterprise is hung. Rustlers save their insolence, swallow their contempt, husband their devil-may-care against a better day. Confidence returns only with the job.

There is a gap, vast as moonlit space, between the man who works and the man who applies for work. In its relation to these two conditions a job is like infinite riches—everything is conceded to the man who has it.

I affirm this in the certain knowledge of it. I have been a rustler, that grub, and I have unfolded into the copper miner, that butterfly whose wings are dusted with infusorial earth.

One morning, in a deep cañon between two copper camps, a whole company of these shaven rustlers at my back, I met a grim phalanx of equal size, equally close shaven. We sat on bowlders and conferred.

Those of our faction were going from A to B. Our friends were coming from B to A. We assured them that A was hopeless, a town barred to white men by Mexicans and Bohunks, and what would shortly become of good Americans we didn't know.

Who are the good Americans?

They answered sadly that rustling in B was no better than dancing on your grave.

A Job on the Twelfth Level

WE LOOKED at one another thoughtfully. Then those of our faction rose up and fared on toward B, and the pilgrims from B kept on toward A.

Many men, many mines.

And so, despite the immense fund of energy which had to be expended to get through that cañon—a bowlder there was as big as a house and as smooth as a shoulder—there was no relative change in the balance of unemployment, as you see. One tide crawled over the back of another, that was all. Or the thing was like an exchange of prisoners by warring hopes.

However, in B I got a job, and that night I cast a shadow for the first time in weeks. For to the jobless a job is the substance of things hoped for.

I got credit at a boarding house.

Next morning it was cold for Arizona. Still, I was cheerful. Morning comes hardest on the rustler. Yes, the moment is drear when the ragged hills, sharp as teeth of crocodiles, begin to show against a whitening sky, and you hear the hobnails in your neighbor's boots scraping on the floor and water pouring in the pitcher. Superior man, that. There is a reason for recalling him to life. The whistle at the smelter speaks to him like a fond landlady to a lazy tenant. The sound is both affectionate and bullying. He is going to his job.

So was I.

Through my window I stole a look at the smelter stack. It loomed large. This stack was two hundred feet high. I had been assigned to the twelfth level of the mine. There is a distance of a hundred feet between each level. In my mind's eye I piled six of these stacks one on top of the other, and so had a glimmering sense of how deep the twelfth level lay. However, the alternative was rustling.

In the dry room men were changing into mining gear, sitting together on long benches; by each man's side a cord, part of a tackle rigged from the ceiling which enabled him to hoist his bundle of clothing into the upper air. The roof of this place seemed to be made up of the soles of innumerable shoes, called on high, beautiful corduroys and purple ties. All Bohunks affect fine plumage.

These miners were earnest, squat, sluggish, smoky-eyed giants, fibrous as coconuts on the body. They wore plasters—side plasters, chest plasters, back plasters, all cut into a thousand shapes, like fancy. The purpose of a plaster is to draw pain.

I suddenly remembered that thirty-six per cent of the fatalities in metal mining are due to falls of rock. There are many sore heads in a mine. A rock the size of your fist dropping on the cranial arch from a height of, say, ten feet will ring in your ears like new money on a barroom floor.

These men appeared to have been pinched and pulled by a sort of tweezers; they had been nipped, mashed, smote full sore in ways unknown to me. Their bodies exhibited vivid green-and-yellow-gerrymandered territory.

They were sluggish. Perhaps the depth or the weight of the rock takes the elasticity out of them. At a certain distance down, the rock itself, passing the limit of elasticity, will fly in pieces like an overdriven flywheel. It would be strange then if this depth did not affect the human animal. A miner wakes up in the morning as stiff as an old boot, dried mud and all. He is hardy; but a sort of virus, like the virus of old age, has invaded his blood and clogged his joints. He has not the slick, well-oiled, long and supple muscles of the athlete who has his place in the sun. These are ponderous, knotty men, whose chests and cheeks are gaunt, whose eyes are puckered. They move slowly, as if stunned by the shock of repeated explosions. The body above the thigh shows heavier development than that below. They have no spring.

These men were of many nations. Cornishmen, Italians, Austrians and Serbians were most frequent, with a sprinkling of lucky Swedes. Dressed in blue jumpers, arabesqued with smears of porphyry, they clustered about the headgear at the top of the shaft, filling their lamps with carbide. This headgear, a massive steel frame, takes the weight of the cages and ore carriers, or skips. It is called the gallows frame. On the first morning of your employment this name sounds ominous and chill.

Your eye is attracted by the steel wire rope, which, running in a head sheave six feet in diameter, lets down the men in cages. Looking through a window in the hoisting shed you see this rope wriggling and coiling down on the surface of a vast drum. In proportion to its job the rope looks like the floating filament of a spider's web.

The mouth of the shaft itself is lost in the maze of the gallows frame, but you know that it is there—one of many pores sunk in the earth's skin to sweat out riches.

The Cage That Even Miners Dread

YOU see the rope spinning and swaying slightly. It is slicked in grease. It appears as smooth as a bar of iron. It is two thousand feet long. This rope fascinates. It must not have one flaw or shadow of a flaw in any single foot of that two thousand or fraction thereof. Cheer for this rope! The men look at it with distrust. It is inspected, yes—but by mortals. Is the same consideration given to each foot in the two thousand? To each inch in the foot? Does the eye never flag, the brain never cease its watchfulness?

From their own experience the men know better. They know that at times they are more careful than at other times. Zeal has its tides. This is merely to say that the life of man is affected by the stars.

The men are afraid of the cage. The thing by which all hangs is too oppressively visible in its operation. When you are shot up in the elevators of a Woolworth Building you have a sense of engineering infallibility. You tell your neighbor that this burnished cubicle, lined with copper plates, is being hoisted on a continuous rod of steel rising out of the bowels of the earth. It is being shot up on a column of water like a crystal ball in a shooting gallery. It is being blown up on a mighty cushion of air. All is mysterious—but infallible.

Not so with a mining cage. This affair is stripped for action. It has not one unnecessary part. It is a contrivance of three decks, each of which is calculated to receive nine men. The top deck is covered by a sheet-iron bonnet or roof as a protection against falls of foreign bodies down the shaft. Above this bonnet is the king bolt; embracing that, the shackle—the queen shackle, I suppose. Above this royal couple the rope itself, thickening toward the shackle, at which point the hoisting strain is most severely felt.

Below all this, on the steel beams of the cage, two ugly steel dogs are seen, held back by heavy springs. Should the rope part, it is the duty and tendency of these dogs,

released from the spring, to clutch the wooden guidepost which runs from top to bottom of the shaft.

Good. But these dogs are not infallible. A state law requires that they shall be tested once a month. They usually work—usually. And thereby hangs a cage. Better cheer for the rope.

When you step into the cage, therefore, it is not unnatural to reflect that you have a pit under you—a column of air six by four by two thousand.

Lights out.

Like shot falling in a shot tower, like a lark with folded wings and fluttering heart, we dropped away from the gallows frame. Twenty-seven silently breathing bodies all facing one way in blackness. Hot moist air puffing up from below. Warm water splashing down from above. The cage rattled against the guides.

"We must all be church members here this morning," said my partner, Oscar, one of the lucky Swedes. "No noise at all."

Not the slightest. We merely waited, sank, fell away, shot down into original night, into a pit full of reeking earth fumes. It was like falling into the dark backward, it was like unreeling a dead-and-done-for eternity.

We flashed past a whitewashed stone cavern, all agog with action. It sprang out with the vividness of a thing seen in a lightning flash—a glittering cell in which great cogs were turning, waters were steaming, hammers were swinging—and was gone.

The Ground Swell of the Lower Levels

FOR the fraction of a second faint light streamed on the numberless timbers of the shaft, on a million nuts and hanging hooks, on beams and cross beams, on the dark, wet lagging or sheathing which keeps the ground from swelling into the shaft. Blackness again.

Another cavern. Another. Another. These were the stations on the successive levels. At last, when it seemed as if specific gravity itself could do no more for us, suddenly we stopped in midblackness, dancing on the air. At each rebound my mind reverted with singular earnestness to the dogs I had seen above my head.

"A man's stomach do bound about in 'ere," said a Cornishman.

We were at the twelfth level. This station contained a sump, a deep stone pit or reservoir, to the right. This sump foamed and steamed under an outpouring of waters which the pumps were bringing from the lower levels. After the shaft this cool and spacious cavern came as a relief. Its height was reassuring. The roof was timbered; the sides whitewashed. Many little ore cars were jammed in together on my left, ready to be overturned into the great ore bins which underhung this level. Already it was possible to hear the ore skips thundering in the shaft, bearing the ore aloft at the rate of a thousand tons a day. Finely divided among this thousand tons were scattered fifty tons of copper.

Most Usually Fatal Accidents are Caused by Individual Carelessness

We were not long in the station. The flow of men from the cage forced us along into the main extraction drift, a tunnel ten feet high. Lamps began to flash. The men sat, two by two, on a line of trucks hauled by a motor. Mules in this mine were in the discard.

This extraction drift ran parallel to the vein of ore, which it tapped at intervals by means of drifts running out perpendicular to it. From top to bottom of the mine this method of fastening on the ore was repeated.

We roared along, lights tossing, into the heart of the mountain.

What were the seven cities of Troy in comparison with this? Here were nineteen stone cities, one above another, each with its lighting plant, its traction system, its horde of red-smeared goblin citizens, moving mysteriously, with lamps uplifted, through vast tunnels, up natural stone stairways full of monstrous glooms and running shadows. Here and there the black rock-proof case of a mine telephone hung like another Pandora's box, charged with forbidden secrets. Cold, green, mermaidish water ran in a swift current at the right of the tracks.

At first the tunnel was untimbered. The rock wall was cool and glittering wet. As we advanced we came into steamy corridors smelling of hot pine, where square sets had been set up—great yellow pillars of Oregon pine ten by ten. Two posts and a cap across the roof constitute a set. It seems incredible that mere timbers should hold up this stupendous weight. In places triangular pediments, solid with wood, had been sledged in over the cap. The posts were all aligned as neatly as columns in a hotel lobby. Planks were wedged behind these posts, like the slats of a box-car—a sort of limber sheathing or lagging, to warn by bulging of the stealthy pressure of "creeping" ground behind. For at this depth there are mysterious undulations in the rock, an impulse communicated from joint to joint, from block to block, from level to level, as imperceptible, as irresistible as the ocean ground swell.

It is literally a ground swell which is to be feared in metal mining. The lagging gives notice of its approach. Heavy timbers give no notice. They crack, they break off short, they are bitten off at the hitch. I have seen ten inches of pine fiber compressed into an inch and a half by pressure of ground. A mountain of copper is something more than a mere cider press.

But, standing in these drafty corridors, I felt neither oppression nor that terror of the subterranean which I had anticipated. In the shaft a feeling of depth is conveyed by the heat, the dark, the fall. But in the drifts and levels you are not appalled by any thought of depth. While you have light, at least, the four walls of the rock stand away from you. A free current of air is running; this is turned and controlled by huge wooden doors set at intervals in the levels. The workmanlike curve of the fretted arch over you is a reassurance. The timbers give the illusion of the underpinning of some building. These apertures, drifts, shafts, borings, have been deliberately won from the dumb solid. They are breathing spaces, perfectly habitable. They do not weigh upon a man.

As we moved on the rails sparks trailed from the wire overhead. This wire is a danger to the unwary. A workman found carrying a steel tool on his shoulder will be discharged. The tip of his tool might touch the wire.

The mine is full of dangers. Its walls are splashed with signs, numbers, black arrows pointing to first-aid boxes; the cross within the circle, hieroglyphs traced on rock planes by flame tip, the miner's sketching pencil. All the symbols of a fraternizing eternity abound. The mine reminds you at every point that danger stalks you there like a beast in ambush. This danger is of every kind—from falls of ore, cave-ins, premature blasts; from explosions of misfires; from the terrible blasts of air which run through a mine on the occasion of a great cave-in and shatter men against the walls of the drifts. Again, from electricity, from fire, from flood, as when ancient workings or subterranean water courses are broken into. Not to mention the various hoisting accidents that may happen in the shaft.

Every hundred feet along the wall of the drift appeared a streak of whitewash marking the division between blocks. These blocks are mathematical pillars that rise from the lowest level of the mine and make it possible to give you easily the address of a given working place. It would be a blind labyrinth else.

The lucky Swede and I had been assigned to block thirty on the twelfth level. The stope at block thirty descended on the left of the track at a sharp angle. I halted on the brink. The stope was in the form of a vast slide ending in nothingness or chaos. The roof, a ragged arch joining the hanging wall, was untimbered; the whole gigantic cavity was untimbered. I was surprised to see it hang together, from moment to moment, without timber. Near the top great fissures in the rock traversed it, spreading out like cracks in broken glass.

A Miner Wakes Up in the Morning as Stiff as an Old Boot

This maelstrom in the stone, its vortex lost in shadow, appeared yawning like an open throat. I was struck dumb on the very rim of that ominous declivity. It seemed to me as if this rift was a sort of heartless ruin caused by a landslip or by some disaster unforeseen.

It was a terrible glory hole, in short.

It was nothing more nor less than a stope, or miners' working place—a quite ordinary cavity to the miner. This was the vein itself. The two walls, the hanging and foot wall, of gray diabase, ran down into the gloom as smooth as the interior of a strong box out of which all treasure had been lifted.

By this time the mine had fallen strangely silent. There was no sound but a minute drip of waters. We were alone at this mysterious crossroad. At our feet, spreading down in a vast fan, was the soft slide of waste which they were pouring in, as a dentist fills a nerve channel after taking out the nerve.

The lucky Swede began to plunge down over this waste, holding his light aloft. At intervals in the hanging wall giant spikes had been driven. Ropes hung from these spikes, intended to help the miner quickly out of the stope after he had "spit" his fuses. At the bottom of the slide a sinister black crack or crevice was to be seen.

Like a Trunk Balanced on a Toothpick

WHAT should this portend? Overhanging this crack a ponderous block of stone, supported at one corner by a short pillar of Oregon pine. I stood aghast. The lights had dwindled; this eerie rock chamber had a dreamlike, an astral look.

We were not, then, at the bottom. We had the further duty of slipping through this crack. The pine stull wedged in there looked horribly inadequate to the task. It had the air of a toothpick holding up one corner of a monstrous trunk.

Nor was this the worst. For as soon as I had come quite up with the pillar I saw that this toothpick fell short of the threatening stone by a full two inches. The ground under it had shrunk away; and Oscar explained to me with a chuckle that he had come up through the chute yesterday hand over hand for two hundred feet on a rope which was looped about the base of this absurd pillar—he and one other. "We laughed like hell," he said, "when we saw how it was."

He was an old-timer, Oscar.

This monolith, then, hung in its place solely by grace of its affinity with the surrounding rock. From the depths of this crevice came an angry hiss. Air was escaping from an air hose, and in a moment as we thrust our bodies downward into blackness both our lamps were blown.

The profound darkness took me by the throat. This black dark had a weight which had been lacking to the rock. I had the desolated feeling of a child missing its mother's hand in a city street. It took my breath. This loss of light seemed irretrievable; the solid stope was broken up. I heard mutterings and rumblings; a slight convulsive shudder ran through the rock, as if a shift of subterranean scenery were taking place.

(Continued on Page 28)

OUT-MANEUVERING MAMMA

By Elizabeth Frazer

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

THERE was no doubt about it, Rosanne was the offender. In jilting Peter Whitney exactly two days before the wedding ceremony, with the final wedding presents pouring in and the florists already turning the house into a potted-plant jungle, she behaved neither with the cool, practical judgment of that very astute little social general, her mother, nor yet with the honor and fine, gentle courtesy that marked the everyday conduct of her father, James Hazen, and rendered him, although by far the richest man of the thriving factory town of Riverdale, its most genuinely popular citizen also. Rosanne behaved, in short, exactly like herself—like the lovely, vivacious, arbitrary and spoiled darling of indulgent parents that she was.

On the morning of her determination to be free she rose, blithe as a lark, dressed carefully for riding in a habit that Peter particularly liked, and powdered her nose and firm little chin so as to look pale and interesting, for the dramatic instinct was strong in Rosanne and she could not resist playing up to a rôle, even on this most solemn occasion. During the watches of the night, lying with wakeful eyelids, she had stage-set the scene rather neatly so as to settle things when she and Peter were having a morning gallop together, arguing that a man, even a very earnest and serious man like Peter, who never laughed as much as she could wish, could not be stormy or heartbroken or passionate or much of anything while going at a good, lively clip in the face of a stiff west wind that tore the words out of his mouth. She would simply rein in at some convenient spot on the road and state her case plainly, gravely. She would enunciate one, two, three solid and insurmountable reasons why it could never, never be; after which they would break into a brisk, friendly canter and the tiresome business would be done.

Still she felt queerly dismayed and panicky all over, like a small boy who has eaten stolen green apples and is just beginning to experience pangs of remorse, and as she descended to the breakfast room she broke into a song in order to steady her twitching nerves.

"Morning, mamma," she said gayly, bending to salute the cool, maternal cheek. But mamma, that lively, imperious old worldling, was deep in the caterer's report of the wedding breakfast and did not even glance up.

Rosanne passed round the table to her father, a plump, well-groomed, witty-looking little man with a fine, chiseled nose and above it alert, warm blue eyes. He laid aside his paper at the unexpected visitor—usually Rosanne did not get down before luncheon—and regarded her with undisguised delight. And she was well worth regarding. Despite her dramatic attempts at paleness she looked as fresh and sweet as a rose tree when the morning dew is on it. The riding habit that Peter admired was of palest fawn, with a long, loose coat of severe masculine cut, and beautiful lacquered boots—the very pink of perfection of boots—which clasped her pretty arched feet with charming snugness, and then shot up formally stiff burnished tubes, straight to the edge of her knickerbockers. Thus equipped, with her lustrous gold hair wound in a curly twist round her small, shapely head and her dusky, violet eyes a still duskier tint from secret emotion, she looked not so much like a girl as a boy, a lithe, clean-cut, dramatically handsome youth—say Adonis, off on a cross-country jaunt with Venus.

"Hello, old dear," she said, and saluted her father with the crop. Then she seated herself upon his knee, kissed lightly first one cheek and then the other, brushed an imaginary speck of dust from his coat collar, and refastened his tie with many admonitory pats and pulls and twitches of her little white hands, while Hazen dutifully held up his chin, looking down on her with a bright, contented eye.

It was a well-known domestic fact that, inside certain limits, Rosanne could twist her father round her slender fingers. Whenever Mrs. Hazen, the social drum major, betook herself off to New York on a shopping campaign the two conspirators left behind were wont to indulge in all sorts of roistering good times, disporting themselves gayly at the movies, at the theater, in common or garden toilets, and at jovial little late suppers *à deux* at Roffrano's, at which their relative would have turned up a scornful nose. Accordingly as Rosanne sat upon his knee, smoothing his tie, she was really burning to impart to him the news and enlist him on her side in the tug of war she felt was impending.

"For Two, Three Days Now I Have Watched and Waited, Hoping for a Word With You ——"

"Papa," she began in a voice that trembled slightly.

But Hazen at that particular instant had picked up the paper and was frowning over the stock report.

"Eh?" he queried absently.

The negligent tones decided Rosanne. She slid off his knee very quietly and drifted round to the extra place that had just been laid for her. The fugitive impulse toward confession had departed.

After breakfast she dispatched a brief note by messenger, and at ten o'clock Peter Whitney, an estimable, somewhat heavy-jawed young gentleman, rode up on his big, rangy gray mare, found Rosanne fidgeting on Firefly before the gate, and the two of them cantered down the sunny street together.

It was high meridian when she returned, swung down, threw the reins to the gardener who was clipping the hedge, and ran quickly past him into the house. She was white and looked excited. The firm and friendly little speech explaining why it could never, never be had not turned out exactly as she had rehearsed it. In the house she found her mother in a great, flowered chair in the morning room with the memoranda of the day's appointments spread out on the table before her.

"Mother dear," began Rosanne. She came forward slowly. "I—I have something to say to you."

"Not now, not now, child; I'm busy." And Mrs. Hazen waved an impatient hand. "That wretched, blundering editor printed the wrong ——" She paused to look up the number of the blundering editor on a card which hung on the wall by her side.

Rosanne watched the moving lips a moment in silence, and then said firmly:

"It's no good calling him up now. Listen, mother: I'm not going to marry Peter Whitney. Look!"

She held up before her mother's startled gaze a slim, ringless hand.

Mrs. Hazen gave a great start, recovered herself and cried out sharply: "Nonsense!" She stared into the girl's pale face and gasped again even more sharply: "Nonsense! What do you mean, you romantic child?"

"It's true," affirmed Rosanne softly. "There's no nonsense about it. We had it out together this morning and I gave him back his ring. I—I don't love him," she added simply.

At the word Mrs. Hazen's smooth, massaged brow contracted as if she had suddenly bitten into an unripe persimmon.

"Love!" she burst out with asperity. "Of course you will love him, silly child, after you are married—as much as is proper. I suppose," she continued with grim sarcasm, "that you mean romantic love. But let me tell you, my dear, marriage is not a romantic business, whatever the novelists may say. And if you feel a solid esteem for Peter ——"

"Ah, but I do," exclaimed Rosanne with trembling lip. "That's just the trouble. Solid esteem is exactly what I feel for Peter."

"Well, then?" said Mrs. Hazen crisply.

"But, mother, he bores me. Peter bores me to distraction! There's no bubble in him, no sparkle or gayety. I know what he's going to say before he says it and what he's going to think before he thinks it. After we've been together a while I feel flat and stuffy and depressed, as if I had been riding in a tunnel. When I'm away from him I think over all his goodness and worth and get into quite a fine glow—and then along comes Peter himself and spreads a dull, gray blanket across the whole world. I can weep with Peter, but I cannot laugh with him."

Mrs. Hazen controlled herself with a strong effort. Her fine brown eyes had a hard stare.

"Sit down," she said coldly. "Don't fidget and prance about like that. Now see if you can be rational for ten minutes. You can't throw over Peter without serious reasons. He's good and honorable."

"You don't love a man just because he's good," muttered the girl rebelliously. "That's what's the matter with Peter—he's a regular self-starter in goodness. It makes him dull."

"Don't be flippant," reproved Mrs. Hazen in a majestic, steam-roller fashion. "It's coarse. Certainly one loves a man because he's good! What other reason is there for loving? I love your father because he's good."

Rosanne gave a short, hard laugh.

"Poor papa!" she murmured under her breath. "But anybody in her right senses would love papa. Besides, he's not good—I mean," she added hastily, "not the same kind of good that Peter is. Not the slow, plodding, solid, stolid good. And then papa has a bubble."

"I don't know what you mean by 'a bubble,'" retorted Mrs. Hazen with biting sarcasm. "I married your father because he was good. And Peter ——"

"Oh, bother Peter!" cried Rosanne petulantly. "He's—torpedoed." She added with sudden irritation: "His tie is always riding up."

Mrs. Hazen gasped.

"You're throwing him over because his tie rides up?"

Rosanne nodded, half laughing, mischief sparkling in her gay, come-hither eyes. "Call it that," she assented.

Mrs. Hazen regarded her broodingly. Severe, hard-headed, ambitious, she had ruled her amiable, fun-loving husband and child with a rod of iron, shepherding them diligently along the proper social paths, and heretofore they had given her no trouble. If only Rosanne, she reflected bitterly, had postponed her quarrel with Peter's goodness until the day after instead of the day before the wedding! Then Peter himself would have had to settle the bill. But to patch up a difference—a difference based on ties and bubbles and heaven knew what romantic absurdities—and to patch it up, moreover, within twenty-four hours, with Rosanne refusing to see Peter again and Peter very likely refusing to see Rosanne—that, as Hamlet said, was the question. But Mrs. Hazen did not intend to dodge it as did the noble prince. She put up her handkerchief to her eyes to wipe away an imaginary tear of grief while she thought rapidly what course to pursue. Rosanne had a tender heart, like her father. Tears had always been an effective weapon with her father. Mrs. Hazen firmly decided on tears.

The next instant the girl's startled eyes beheld her mother's carefully coifed iron-gray head go down into her plump, jeweled white hand, and she began to sob plaintive, choking sobs into her handkerchief. Rosanne bent her pliant young brows in dark suspicion.

"Devils!" she muttered softly under her breath—a graceful idiom she had learned from her papa. And it was

It Was a Well-Known Fact That, Inside Certain Limits, Rosanne Could Twist Her Father Round Her Slender Fingers

at this critical period that that crisp, casual gentleman himself appeared at the open door, whistling genially.

"Hello, Bub ——" he began jovially. He glimpsed the tableau of immobile grief, his eyes rounded, his jaw dropped, and he finished weakly: "Why, Bertha!" in some alarm.

Mrs. Hazen continued to weep into her handkerchief. Hazen looked from Rosanne to her mother, and back again to the girl.

"What's up?" he demanded in low tones.

"I've broken my engagement with Peter," explained Rosanne, speaking as gently as she could. "Mother's unhappy about it."

"Broken with Peter?" echoed Hazen, staring. "God bless us—at this hour!" He sat down, mopping his brow with a very troubled expression. "What did you do that for?"

Mrs. Hazen's handkerchief came down suddenly, revealing glittering, hard, dry eyes.

"Because he's not romantic," she replied with bitter distinctness.

"Not romantic?" repeated Hazen in bewilderment. "Whoever said he was?"

"Because he has no bubble," continued mamma implacably.

"What—no bubble? Well, that's right. Peter hasn't much Seltzer in his composition." Hazen was beginning to see light. A hilarious beam lurked in the glance he turned on his daughter. "What else?"

"His tie rides up!"

"Eh, what? His tie ——"

But here Mr. Hazen, until now somewhat daunted by his wife's fine, diamond-edge scorn, burst into a ringing peal of laughter, rose, and encircling Rosanne's waist gave it a tender, jolly little squeeze.

"Lovers' quarrel, eh?" he elucidated. "Well, if it's nothing worse than his tie riding up—though, mind, that's a devilish serious offense—why, we'll buy him one of those patent clips so his tie won't ride up any more. And, in the meantime, we'll fix him up with one of mine. Come, dear," he finished more gravely, "make it up. Peter's a good old scout. Don't keep him kneeling at the mourning bench."

Rosanne slipped out from the encircling arm and faced him steadily. Her eyes were starry with resolution.

"It's all settled," she said. "I'm not going to marry Peter!"

"But you can't leave a man in the lurch that way. It's dishonorable. You can't be dishonorable, Bubbles. Jim Hazen's girl can't be dishonorable."

Rosanne pushed back the hair from her temples with both hands. She looked a little wild, but she stuck resolutely to her guns.

"I'm not going to marry Peter!"

"But dammit, you must," roared Hazen, suddenly going very red as the lid blew off his temper. "I can't sit day after day in the same office with a man my daughter has jilted. What—what in purgatory would we talk about? The weather? And with the final papers of partnership signed up last week. No, no, Bubbles, it's too late to go back on your word now. You've got to be a gentleman. You've got to follow through."

Again he took her hand and attempted to draw her to him; but Rosanne, after the briefest reproachful look at him from eyes that were purple-black with emotion, withdrew herself and repeated monotonously her little litany:

"I'm not going to marry Peter!"

For a brief space Hazen was vigorously unprintable; in fact, he was sorely disturbed. Peter was a good fellow. Quite aside from being the most affluent young man in town—and, *ergo*, mamma's distinguished candidate—Peter was, in his own way, distinctly a good fellow. A bit toplofty and overserious, to be sure, but good, good. That was the adjective for Peter. And Rosanne's conduct was dishonorable. No doubt about that. Still, if she didn't care for his particular brand of goodness —— He stole an anxious glance at her. She was white, very white, with faint violet rings under her eyes, and her mouth had the pathetic downward droop of a grieving child. Hazen felt an odd, sharp pang at his heart. He turned on his wife.

"Go!" he said in an abrupt undertone. "Go. I'll speak with her—see what can be done."

And Mrs. Hazen, the titular despot, was glad for once to leave affairs in his hands.

Half an hour later Hazen let himself guiltily out of the house, walked to the corner, and boarded a car in great and genuine perturbation of spirit. Needless to say, Rosanne had accomplished the finger-winding process in exactly two blinks of her pretty, swimming blue eyes.

It was midnight. The clock in the brightly lit library chimed measuredly twelve brief strokes, and at the same instant the red ember in the grate sifted down with a tiny, clinking sound. Hazen bent to light a fresh cigarette at a coal. He looked white and tired, and he had ample right to look both. An hour ago the indomitable wife of his bosom had retired in a state bordering perilously near to hysteria. Meantime, the *status quo* remained unchanged. It was still Mrs. Hazen's fixed and immutable resolve to go forward with the wedding, and it was Rosanne's equally fixed and immutable resolve to retire from it; and papa was the battleground over which the two belligerents fought. Hence his jaded expression, the present late vigil and the loss of his beauty sleep. Before she left Mrs. Hazen had wrung from him a promise that there should be absolutely no scandal, no hateful talk or publicity, and he had wearily agreed, though how this was to be effected unless the young rebel locked in her own room upstairs should pull down her flag, he did not clearly see. He smoked patiently one cigarette after another.

Presently soft, padding footfalls were heard outside on the staircase and a board squeaked loudly. Hazen sat up and rubbed his eyes. He had fallen into a momentary doze. The door opened cautiously and Rosanne popped a rumpled golden head inside.

"Coast clear?" she demanded in a sibilant whisper.

Hazen nodded curtly. He intended to be firm—judicious and stern and firm.

Rosanne entered noiselessly, held up a rosy forefinger to enjoin secrecy, bent listening a moment at the crack of the door, then smiled and closed it behind her. She had slipped into a dressing gown of dull blue brocade that was girdled in at the waist by a cord and stood out stiffly. Beneath it her slim, bare ankles gleamed whitely above pomponned slippers. Her hair, parted boyishly on one side, hung down to her waist, a thick lustrous cable. She leaned against the door, smiling faintly.

"Well, captain, are you keeping guard by your camp fire alone? What's the password to-night?"

"Hell to pay and nothing to pay with," said Hazen soberly. "Sh-ah!" as Rosanne's soft giggle rippled out. He cast an alarmed look toward the door.

"She's asleep," the girl soothed him. "Poor dear, did she row you dreadfully?" She laughed and began to chant with gay eyes under her breath:

"At midnight, in her papa-guarded tent,
The Turk lay dreaming of the hour
When Rosanne, her knee in suppliance bent ——"

"You little scamp," growled papa tenderly. He extended his arms.

After that there was what might be properly termed an armistice. Rosanne, with her bright head tucked against her father's shoulder, one arm wound tightly round his neck for moral support, her slippers kicked off and her bare, rosy feet extended to the coals, occupied a snug half of the parental easy-chair and unfolded frankly all the subterranean doubts and fears that had led up to the day's explosion.

"And so," she wound up finally, "I think that even if it is dishonorable, as you say ——"

"I do!" said papa very firmly.

"Still, I think in this particular instance ——"

But Hazen was staring into the coals with heavy, lackluster gaze, and did not appear to hear.

"Rosanne," he said at last in tones so grave that she jumped with surprise, "I have decided to disinter something for your sake, and before I begin I want you to promise never to mention it again—to keep it a secret forever, even from yourself."

"Cross my heart," she pledged blithely.

"When I was a young man, a silly, foolish, romantic and volatile youngster ——"

"Like somebody else not a million miles away. Ahem!"

"I found myself one night in the same predicament in which you now are—precisely the same. I was to marry somebody in the morning, and I didn't want to. I didn't want to!" His chest rose in a deep breath. "By Gad, that was a night."

"Oh!" gasped Rosanne in round, blue-eyed awe. "And so—what did you do?"

"Married her. Kept a stiff upper lip and married her in the morning." He was silent a long minute. "And a dear, faithful wife she's been to me all these years," he finished.

"Oh, papa, it was *mamma!*" Rosanne fell upon him, ruffled his hair, hugged him tempestuously. "I think it's *delightful* of you to say that! I think it was perfectly *adorable* of you not to jilt poor mamma. She would feel that sort of thing so keenly. And then, of course, I'm glad purely on my own selfish account." She kissed him purely on her own selfish account. "But, papa dearest, don't you see, in my case it's—it's altogether different." She nodded at him seriously.

"How?" asked papa very dryly.

"Why, mamma was a lady. You can't disappoint a lady. I see that perfectly."

"So, I fancy, do I. The shoe, in short, is on the other foot. It's dishonorable for a gentleman to disappoint a lady, but it's not dishonorable for a lady to disappoint a gentleman, eh?"

"Certainly not," retorted Rosanne stoutly. "I think it was courteous and dear of you to put it through with mamma, and I kiss you for it"—she did—"seeing that I am here, so to speak, by reason of your courtesy. But in the case of Peter it's quite, quite different. It seems to me much more honorable to be dishonorable, than to be honorable by being dishonorable. And so," she finished gayly, "the dishonors have it. Aye, aye. Carried. 'Tis a vote!"

"Coast Clear?"

Hazen gave a sigh—was it of relief that she had determined not to be so honorable as her father?

"Well, then," he said, "that's settled. Now, what's next upon the ticket? We're in a precious tight box, my dear. I've given my solemn word to your mother there shall be no scandal."

"Seems to me," she murmured slyly, "that somebody's batting on both sides of the game."

Mr. Hazen ignored the insinuation.

"We must plan something," he continued thoughtfully. "But what? Your mother must be shielded. Peter must be shielded. And the dear old public must never get on to the game. That's the three-cornered riddle. Now—what's the answer?"

"I've got the answer," responded Rosanne demurely, but her eyes were shining like stars.

"The hell you have!" cried Hazen most unparentally. He had been a cowboy in the free, untrammeled days of his youth before he met Mrs. Hazen, and some of the fainter epithets of his profession still stuck like cockleburs in his vocabulary. "Well, out with it. Let's hear."

So Rosanne, curled up like a Turk in the deep leather chair, with her toes tucked under her for warmth, talked rapidly for ten minutes, while Hazen listened in earnest, frowning attention, pulling at a dead cigarette.

"It might work," he admitted dubiously at the close. "I don't know that I ought to spare the time. I own it's a big temptation."

He met her eye, reddened consciously, and they both laughed out together.

"You doggoned little conspirator!" he said in some excitement. "How did you hatch that plot?"

Rosanne skipped out of her chair.

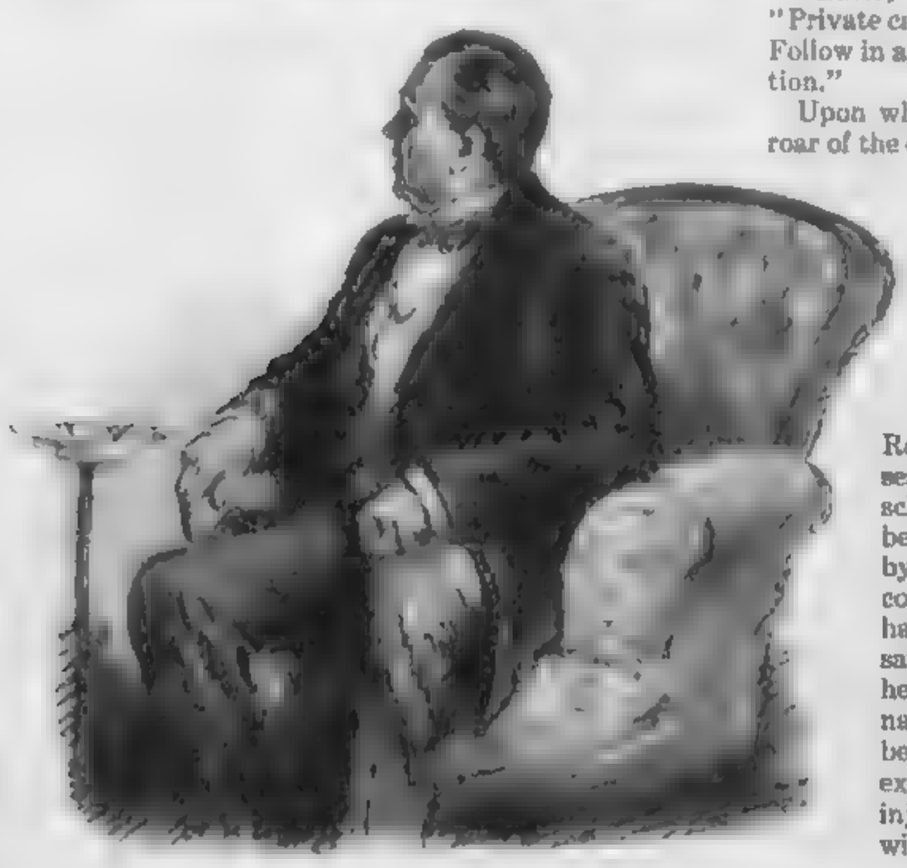
"Oh, dearest," she cried, "won't it be joyous! You know it's exactly what you've wished to do all your life. First, you were a poor, lanky, lean little cowboy with nothing but your beautiful temper. Then you married mamma, and ever since you've had your nose to the grindstone busily acquiring cash and caste. Now you've got them—a bank and a factory and a lovely daughter! You've earned a holiday, and I'm going to make you take it!" And she threw up her slipper into the air, caught it and cried "Hooray! Hooray for the Cannibal Isles!" in such gay, reckless accents that papa clapped a warning hand over her mouth and darted an alarmed look at the door.

After that the two conspirators fell to work upon the plan in earnest and, amid gusts of suppressed laughter, revised, cut, polished, checked, added and subtracted, until at last it shone like the very masterpiece of strategy that it was, with never a flaw that could be discovered. At two o'clock, weary but gay, the two intriguers stole arm in arm upstairs. At her door Rosanne rewarded him for his firmness by a final hug and kiss; they parted, and then papa, whose honor in every direction was deeply involved, sat up the rest of the night still tinkering on the weak points of the plot.

The following morning, just as the limited bound for New York pulled into Riverdale, there came far down the street the drone of a motor, the wail of a siren, and then a powerful olive-drab automobile shot into view, raced furiously along the covered causeway, and brought up panting beside the platform at the exact instant that the brakeman raised his hand to signal the engineer for departure.

"One minute, my man!" bawled an excited voice. "Hold that train!"

And Hazen, hatless, encrimsoned and wildly disheveled, with beads of perspiration pouring down his cheeks, broke



"By the Lord Harry, it's the Australian! He's Going to Dive!"

ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

swiftly from the car, and with the assistance of his junior partner, Peter Whitney, who was driving, he lifted down a limp, muffled figure from the front seat and bore her tenderly across the shining network of tracks. Behind him stalked a frigid and mute little lady, double veils down—presumably Mrs. Hazen.

"'Way there!" cried the brakeman gruffly to the press of curious idlers. "Stand back. Give the lady air. Stateroom, sir?" he queried respectfully.

Hazen nodded, breathing heavily. His burden groaned feebly in his arms. The crowd nodded sympathetically to each other. Suddenly a reporter, come to note the daily arrivals, materialized opportunely on the scene. He gaped briefly at the throng, glimpsed the flushed town magnate struggling at its core, and came flying.

"What's the trouble, Mr. Hazen?" he questioned eagerly. "Is that your daughter?"

Hazen nodded hurriedly and mounted the train steps at a run. The reporter tripped hard behind. Something like a suppressed gurgle came from the burden in Hazen's arms.

"Accident?" persisted the alert gatherer of news.

"Thrown! Thrown from her mare!" Hazen flung distractedly over his shoulder. "Rushing her through to New York."

"Badly injured?"

"My Gad, man, don't pester me now!" cried Hazen savagely. He plunged into the cool twilight of the car. A minute later he reappeared in the vestibule and swung himself down the steps.

"Good-by, Peter," he said with breaking voice. "Take care of her, my boy."

"I will, sir," promised Peter stolidly. They wrung each other's hands.

"What? You're not going?" cried the reporter.

"Later," mumbled Hazen, mopping his dripping brow. "Private car. . . . Little business to transact here. . . . Follow in an hour. . . . Catch them at Wadham Junction."

Upon which the belated signal was given, and with a roar of the exhaust and a churning of wheels the great steel leviathan went thundering on its way, leaving Hazen with a scant sixty minutes' margin to wind up his affairs, sow telegrams broadcast, and explain the episode to a very persistent leech of the public who was sticking fast to his elbow.

According to the Evening Courier, which detailed the affair in full, it was altogether the most thrilling event of the year. Miss Rosanne Hazen, one of the prettiest buds of the season, whose marriage to Mr. Peter Whitney was scheduled for the following noon, had suddenly been thrown from her mare Firefly and dragged by that vicious brute some distance along a lonely country road. There her father, whose business had led him most providentially along the self-same route, had found her unconscious and lifted her into his car. Fortunately, a physician—whose name had not as yet been ascertained—chanced to be passing the spot at that particular time. He examined the young woman and pronounced her injuries grave. Whereupon Mr. Hazen, acting with characteristic decision, had immediately rushed his daughter, together with her mother and fiancé, through to New York, where they would be met by the famous specialist, Doctor Murray, and taken direct to his hospital. Mr. Hazen himself had delayed only long enough to get his affairs in shape for what might prove a protracted absence, after which he had followed in his private car, and Mr. Whitney, who had accompanied his fiancé as far as Wadham Junction, returned home to resume charge of the firm's business.

From later bulletins appearing in The Courier the fact was established that Miss Rosanne's heart seemed oddly affected, and it was the judgment of the great Murray that a sea trip was advisable to restore that delicate organ. Accordingly the Hazens were taking their daughter on a six months' cruise in the South Seas. Rumor had it that at the end of this period Mr. Whitney would join them at Honolulu, at which romantic spot the deferred ceremony would take place. And in this case rumor, artfully instigated by Mrs. Hazen herself, was tolerably correct. For so much of a concession she had demanded as the price of silence—and won. Rosanne, indeed, gave way readily, and her mother grimly bided her time. Thus the first round of the combat was pulled off, with honors easy on both sides.

II

TABLEAU: Figure a pleasant, fresh-scrubbed promenade deck, shaded by gay red-and-green striped awnings, on a large, comfortable Pacific Mail liner. Passengers are lounging in Shanghai cane *chaises longues* or strolling languidly about in linens and pongees, for the heat is torrid. Outside stretches a dazzling jade-green expanse, sleek, unruffled, glimmering and glinting under a noonday sun.

Broad off the starboard bow, barely distinguishable by a faint smudge on the horizon rim, lie the Friendly Isles, where dwell, according to the first officer, affable man-eating natives; and in the limpid waters all about them, upon the same authority, dwell affable man-eating sharks.

Rosanne, to whom the above information had been imparted, was charmed by the delightful coincidence, and speculated upon it with vivacity to her father, who was leaning over the rail at her side and watching pensively the steady jigging movements of a great, black, triangular fin that for two days had been following the ship, about a hundred yards to the rear, with sinister pertinacity.

"Man-eaters on land. Man-eaters in the sea. If there were man-eaters in the air we'd be goners, papa!"

"Mosquitoes?" offered Hazen lazily, still following the machinelike precision of the fin.

Rosanne's pretty laugh rippled out, a bright cascade of silvery notes. At the sound a young man farther down the rail flung her a quick look, as of anger, and walked brusquely away. Rosanne noted the movement with heightened color. For over a week now his morose, defiant, dark eye had been bent upon her at intervals in scornful disdain of her gayety. As a retort, Rosanne had donned her brightest gowns and passed and repassed in a whirlwind of frivolous merriment. He made no friends, she observed, but kept austerely to himself, dining for the most part alone in his stateroom. For the past three days he had watched her with an increasing narrowness and intensity.

"Who is he?" she asked her father casually.

"Who's who?"

"The Knight of the Woeful Countenance leaning over the rail?"

"Name's Innesley—Australian."

"Why does he always walk by his lone, like Kipling's cat?"

"Maybe somebody jilted him," suggested papa slyly.

"Pooh! Nonsense! Is—is he a gentleman?"

"Yes," came the prompt reply. "What's better, he's a man. Broad gauge, lots of sand."

"He wears such funny clothes," protested the girl. "That cricket cap! Those gray flannel shirts and old tweeds!"

"And did you notice?—his tie rides up," said Hazen solemnly. He shied a bit of coral at the rhythmical black fin.

Rosanne blushed, shot an eyeflash at the stranger, found herself the object of a dark, secret scrutiny, blushed deeper still, and hurriedly glanced away.

"Come, papa," she said crossly, "let's walk. You're hypnotized by that shark."

"He's after some one on board," affirmed Hazen. "I'd like to know who the beggar's picked."

He turned reluctantly from the rail, and the next instant, as if in response to his idle query, came a single, piercing scream. Followed hoarse calls, the thunder of feet across the deck and a wild clamor of shouts:

"Man overboard! Man overboard!"

Rosanne's check blanched. Instinctively, not knowing what she did, she pivoted like lightning and cast a swift, searching glance down the rail. It encountered a smile, bright as a sword-flash, from the stranger; for the space of a falling star their eyes locked; they plumbed each other with a long, deep look. With an effort, Rosanne plucked her gaze away. She felt suddenly shocked, breathless, glowing, and her heart, that alleged infirm organ, was beating with extraordinary rapidity.

"Oh, papa, somebody's overboard!" she cried a moment later with great originality.

"What did I tell you?" commented Hazen grimly. He was hanging far out over the rail. "It's one of the crew," he added.

The sailor's round, black head could be seen bobbing like a melon in the frothy white wake, momentarily farther and farther astern. Upon the lower deck the crew were swinging out a boat, but something was amiss with the tackle, and it dangled, disabled, halfway down the ship's side.

"Does the shark see him yet?" breathed Rosanne.

"Not yet," said Hazen, biting hard upon his cigarette. "Not yet. Ah ——!" For even as he spoke the black, machinelike, moving fin was seen abruptly to alter its course. The sailor, as if subtly aware, cast one agonized glance over his shoulder and frantically renewed his efforts. The black, jigging wedge came inexorably on. Rosanne clutched her father's shoulder convulsively.

"Oh, papa! Papa!" she sobbed under her breath. "Help him. Oh, please help him!" She covered her face with her hands.

Hazen's cigarette, bitten in two, fell unheeded into the sea. His face was pale and set. Suddenly he gripped the girl's hand.

"Look!" he cried. "By the Lord Harry, it's the Australian! He's going to dive!"

Rosanne's eyes flew wide open like a spring and her gaze plunged in the direction her father indicated. With a gasp she beheld her secret antagonist in his shirt and trousers, barefooted, his keen, dark face steady and watchful, as he stood poised on the top rail, slim, taut as a young winged Mercury, warily biding his time.

A rippling breath like that which presses down a field of grain passed over the passengers huddled at the ship's side. Rosanne's throat froze; her breath seemed to pass from her body, leaving only her straining eyes alive.

"A knife! See, he has a knife!" babbled Hazen, who was pale as a ghost. "I've heard of things like that. But, by Gad, he's taking a chance!"

Once again the man appeared to calculate the distance, with coolness, yet with consummate care. For a space he waited, immobile, staring ahead without so much as the flicker of an eyelash. Finally, gathering himself on tiptoe, he sprang, flashed in a wide parabola like a black arrow launched from a bow, clove the surface of the water—and was lost to view.

"He tried to measure the dive so as to come up under the brute," muttered Hazen to Rosanne. "If he fails—overshoots ——"

He ceased, for before his staring eyes the jigging black fin had suddenly wavered, then vanished, and a gleaming white belly appeared as the huge fish turned over on its side to strike. A breath later it sank altogether and a wide disastrous crimson dyed the tide. A gasp of horror went up from the ship. The next minute, before the watchers could draw their caught breaths, the diver's sleek head and glistening shoulder emerged, as he swam with sure overhand stroke toward the heavily laboring seaman. A ragged cheer rang out over the water; passengers turned and shook each other fervently by the hand. By this time the crew had succeeded in lowering the boat, and inside ten minutes rescuer and rescued were safe again on deck. Rosanne, who apparently had been holding her breath since the diver appeared on the rail, suddenly leaned back against her father's breast, gave a spent sigh and crumbled off into a dead faint. Mamma said it was because the child was still yearning in her heart for Peter.

Late that afternoon, when the sea was redly purple and the declining sun had begun to paint broad gold bars like the sticks of a huge fan against the western sky, Rosanne, watching her chance, sought the diver and found him, as usual, alone. She had come with a flag of truce, determined to end this silly, voiceless struggle between them. He did not turn at her approach, but stared stiffly in front of him.

"Good evening," she began almost shyly. Suddenly she found her purpose unexpectedly difficult.

"Good evening," he returned with polite indifference.

Rosanne persisted, though her cheeks were burning uncomfortably.

"I—I wish to thank you ——"

"What for?" he queried bluntly.

"Why, for your fine, brave, splendid ——"

"Oh?" he cut in, and his voice was like an icy douche. "Oh!" he said again, this time with a downward inflection. He turned fully now and appraised her with a cool, speculative eye. "Yes, I daresay that's the sort of thing most women fall for. It's spectacular." He threw a fine edge of sarcasm into the final word.

Rosanne winced.

"It was fine!" she defended with spirit.

"No, only foolhardy," he emended. "Did I give a hang for that sailor? No. Probably he's a chump not worth his salt.

(Continued on Page 46)

UNEASY MONEY

XVI

By Pelham Grenville Wodehouse

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD

IN THE interesting land of India, where snakes abound and scorpions are common objects of the wayside, a native who has had the misfortune to be bitten by one of the latter pursues an admirably common-sense plan. He does not stop to lament, nor does he hang about analyzing his emotions. He runs and runs and runs, and keeps on running until he has worked the poison out of his system. Not until then does he attempt introspection.

Lord Dawlish, though ignorant of this fact, pursued almost identically the same policy. He did not run on leaving Lady Wetherby's house, but he took a very long and very rapid walk, than which in times of stress there are few things of greater medicinal value to the human mind. To increase the similarity, he was conscious of a curious sense of being poisoned. He felt stifled—in want of air.

Bill was a simple young man and he had a simple code of ethics. Above all things he prized and admired and demanded from his friends the quality of straightness. It was his one demand. He had never actually had a criminal friend, but he was quite capable of intimacy with even a criminal, provided only that there was something spacious about his brand of crime and that it did not involve anything mean or underhand. It was the fact that Mr. Breitstein, whom Claire had wished him to insinuate into his club, though acquitted of actual crime, had been proved guilty of meanness and treachery, that had so prejudiced Bill against him. The worst accusation that he could bring against a man was that he was not square, that he had not played the game.

Claire had not been square. It was that, more than the shock of surprise at Lady Wetherby's news, that had sent him striding along the State Road at the rate of five miles an hour, staring before him with unseeing eyes. She had fooled him. She had lied to him. A sudden recollection of their last interview brought a dull flush to Bill's face and accelerated his speed. He felt physically ill.

It was not immediately that he had arrived at even this sketchy outline of his feelings. For perhaps a mile he walked as the scorpion-stung natives run—blindly, wildly, with nothing in his mind but a desire to walk faster and faster, to walk as no man had ever walked before. And then—one does not wish to be unduly realistic, but the fact is too important to be ignored—he began to perspire. And hard upon that unrefined but wonder-working flow came a certain healing of spirit. Dimly at first, but every moment more clearly, he found it possible to think.

In a man of Bill's temperament there are so many qualities wounded by a blow such as he had received that it is hardly surprising that his emotions, when he began to examine them, were mixed. Now one, now another, of his wounds presented itself to his notice. And then individual wounds would become difficult to distinguish in the mass of injuries. Spiritually he was in the position of a man who has been hit simultaneously in a number of sensitive spots by a variety of hard and hurtful things. He was as little able, during the early stages of his meditations, to say where he was hurt most as a man who had been stabbed in the back, bitten in the ankle, hit in the eye, smitten with a blackjack and kicked on the shin in the same moment of time. All that such a man would be able to say with certainty would be that unpleasant things had happened to him; and that was all that Bill was able to say.

Little by little, walking swiftly the while, he began to make a rough inventory. He sorted out his injuries, catalogued them. It was perhaps his self-esteem that had suffered least of all, for he was by nature modest. He had a saving humility, valuable in a crisis of this sort.

But he had looked up to Claire. He had thought her straight. And all the time that she had been saying those things to him that night of their last meeting she had been engaged to another man, a fat, bald, doddering, senile fool, whose only merit was his money. Scarcely a fair description of Mr. Pickering, but in a man in Bill's position a little bias is excusable.

Bill walked on. He felt as if he could walk forever. Automobiles whirred past, honking peevishly, but he heeded them not. Dogs trotted out to exchange civilities, but he ignored them. The poison in his blood drove him on.

And then quite suddenly and unexpectedly the fever passed. Almost in mid-stride he became another man, a heated, sane man, keenly aware of a very vivid thirst and a desire to sit down and rest before attempting the ten miles of cement road that lay between him and home. Half an hour at a roadhouse completed the cure. It was a weary but clear-headed Bill who trudged back through the gathering dusk.

He found himself thinking of Claire as of someone he had known long ago, someone who had never touched his life. She seemed so far away that he wondered how she could ever have affected him for pain or pleasure. He looked at her across a chasm. This is the real difference between love and infatuation, that infatuation can be slain cleanly with a single blow. In the hour of clear vision which had come to him Bill saw that he had never loved Claire. It was her beauty that had held him, that and the appeal which her circumstances had made to his pity. Their minds had not run smoothly together. Always there had been something that jarred, a subtle antagonism. And she was crooked.

Almost unconsciously his mind began to build up an image of the ideal girl, the girl he would have liked Claire to be, the girl who would conform to all that he demanded of woman. She would be brave. He realized now that, even though it had moved his pity, Claire's querulousness had offended something in him.

He had made allowances for her, but the ideal girl would have had no need of allowances. The ideal girl would be plucky, cheerfully valiant, a fighter. She would not admit the existence of hard luck.

She would be honest. Here, too, she would have no need of allowances. No temptation would be strong enough to make her do a mean act or think a mean thought, for her courage would give her strength, and her strength would make her proof against temptation. She would be kind. That was because she would also be extremely intelligent, and, being extremely intelligent, would have need of kindness to enable her to bear with a not very intelligent man like himself. For the rest, she would be small and alert and pretty and—fair-haired—and brown-eyed—and she would keep a bee farm and her name would be Elizabeth Boyd.

Having arrived with a sense of mild astonishment at this conclusion, Bill found, also to his surprise, that he had walked ten miles without knowing it and that he was turning in at the farm gate. Somebody came down the drive, and he saw that it was Elizabeth.

She hurried to meet him, small and shadowy in the uncertain light. James, the cat, stalked rheumatically at her side. She came up to Bill, and he saw that her face wore an anxious look. He gazed at her with a curious feeling that it was a very long time since he had seen her last.

"Where have you been?" she said, her voice troubled. "I couldn't think what had become of you."

"I went for a walk."

"But you've been gone hours and hours."

"I went to a place called Morrisville."

"Morrisville!" Elizabeth's eyes opened wide. "Have you walked twenty miles?"

"Why, I—I believe I have."

It was the first time he had been really conscious of it. Elizabeth looked at him in consternation. Perhaps it was the association in her mind of unexpected walks with the newly born activities of the repentant Nutty that gave her the feeling that there must be some mental upheaval on a large scale back of this sudden ebullition of long-distance pedestrianism. She remembered that the thought had come to her once or twice during the past week that all was not well with her visitor, and that he had seemed downcast and out of spirits.

She hesitated.

"Is anything the matter, Mr. Chalmers?"

"No," said Bill decidedly. He would have found a difficulty in making that answer with any ring of conviction earlier in the day, but now it was different. There was nothing whatever the matter with him now. He had never felt happier.

"You're sure?"

"Absolutely. I feel fine."

"I thought—I've been thinking for some days—that you might be in trouble of some sort."

Bill swiftly added another to that list of qualities which he had been framing on his homeward journey. That girl of his would be angelically sympathetic.

"It's awfully good of you," he said, "but honestly I feel like—— I feel great."

The little troubled look passed from Elizabeth's face. Her eyes twinkled.

"You're really feeling happy?"

"Tremendously."

"Then let me damp you. We're in an awful fix!"

"What! In what way?"

"About the monkey."

"Has he escaped?"

"That's the trouble—he hasn't."

"I don't understand."

"Come and sit down and I'll tell you. It's a shame to keep you standing after your walk."

They made their way to the massive stone seat which Mr. Flack, the landlord, had bought at a sale and dumped in a moment of exuberance on the farm grounds.

"This is the most hideous thing on earth," said Elizabeth casually, "but it will do to sit on. Now tell me: why did you go to Lady Wetherby's this afternoon?"

It was all so remote, it seemed so long ago that he had wanted to find an excuse for meeting Claire again, that for a moment Bill hesitated in actual perplexity, and before he could speak Elizabeth had answered the question for him.

"I suppose you went out of kindness of heart to relieve the poor lady's mind," she said. "But you certainly did the wrong thing. You started something!"

"I didn't tell her the animal was here."

"What did you tell her?"

"I said I had seen it, don't you know."

"That was enough."

"I'm awfully sorry."

"Oh, we shall pull through all right, but we must act at once. We must be swift and resolute. We must saddle our chargers and up and away, and all that sort of thing. Show a flash of speed," she explained kindly, at the sight of Bill's bewildered face.

"But what has happened?"

"The press is on our trail. I've been interviewing reporters all the afternoon."

"Reporters!"

"Millions of them. The place is alive with them. Keen, hatchet-faced young men, and every one of them was the man who really unraveled some murder mystery or other, though the police got the credit for it. They told me so."

"But, I say, how on earth – "

"—— did they get here? I suppose Lady Wetherby invited them."

"But why?"

"She wants the advertisement, of course. I know it doesn't sound sensational—a lost monkey: but when it's a celebrity's lost monkey it makes a difference. Suppose King George had lost a monkey: wouldn't your London newspapers give it a good deal of space? Especially if it had thrown eggs at one of the ladies in waiting and bitten the Duke of Norfolk in the leg? That's what our visitor has been doing apparently. At least he threw eggs at the scullery maid and bit a millionaire. It's practically the same thing. At any rate, there it is. The newspaper men are here, and they seem to regard this farm as their center of operations. I had the greatest difficulty in inducing them to go home to their well-earned dinners. They wanted to camp out on the place. As it is, there may still be some of them round, hiding in the grass with notebooks, and telling one another in whispers that they were the men who really solved the murder mystery. What shall we do?"

Bill had no suggestions.

"You realize our position? I wonder if we could be arrested for kidnaping. The monkey is far more human than most of the millionaire children who get kidnaped. It's an awful fix. Did you know that Lady Wetherby is going to offer a reward for the animal?"

"No, really?"

"Five hundred dollars!"

"Surely not!"

"She is. I suppose she feels she can charge it up to necessary expenses for publicity and still be ahead of the game, taking into account the advertising she's going to get."

"She said nothing about that when I saw her."

"No, because it won't be offered until to-morrow or the day after. One of the newspaper men told me that. The idea is, of course, to make the thing exciting just when it would otherwise be dying as a news item. Cumulative interest. It's a good scheme, too, but it makes it very awkward for me. I don't want to be in the position of keeping a monkey locked up with the idea of waiting until somebody starts a bull market in monkeys. I consider that that sort of thing would stain the spotless escutcheon of the Boyds. It would be a low trick for that old-established family to play. Not but what poor, dear Nutty would do it like a shot," she concluded meditatively.

Bill was impressed.

"It does make it awkward, what?"

"It makes it more than awkward, what! Take another aspect of the situation. The night before last my precious Nutty, while ruining his constitution with the demon rum, thought he saw a monkey that wasn't there and instantly resolved to lead a new and better life. He hates walking, but he has now begun to do his five miles a day. He loathes cold baths, but he now wallows in them. I don't know his views on Indian clubs, but I should think that he has a strong prejudice against them, too, but now you can't go near him without taking a chance of being brained. Are all these good things to stop as quickly as they began? If I know Nutty, he would drop them exactly one minute after he heard that it was a real monkey he saw that night. And how are we to prevent his hearing? By a merciful miracle he was out taking his walk when the newspapermen began to infest the place to-day, but that might not happen another time. What conclusion does all this suggest to you, Mr. Chalmers?"

"We ought to get rid of the animal."

"We certainly ought. We must take it as near Lady Wetherby's house as we can manage with safety, and then trust to its homing instincts."

"We'd better do it to-night."

"This very minute. But don't you bother to come. You must be tired out, poor thing."

"I never felt less tired," said Bill stoutly.

Elizabeth looked at him in silence for a moment.

"You're rather splendid, you know, Mr. Chalmers. You make a great partner for an adventure of this kind. You're nice and solid."

The outhouse lay in the neighborhood of the hives, a gaunt, wooden structure surrounded by bushes. Elizabeth glanced over her shoulder as she drew the key from her pocket.

"You can't think how nervous I was this afternoon," she said. "I thought every moment one of those newspaper men would look in here. I—James! James! I thought I heard James in those bushes—I kept heading them away. Once I thought it was all up." She unlocked the door. "One of them was about a yard from the window, just going to look in. Thank goodness, a bee stung him at the psychological moment, and—— Oh!"

"What's the matter?"

"Come and get a banana."

They walked to the house. On the way Elizabeth stopped.

"Why, you haven't had any dinner either!" she said.

"Never mind me," said Bill, "I can wait. Let's get this thing finished first."

"You really are a sport, Mr. Chalmers," said Elizabeth gratefully. "It would kill me to wait a minute. I shan't feel happy until I've got it over. Will you stay here while I go up and see that Nutty's safe in his room?" she added as they entered the house.

She stopped abruptly. A feline howl had broken the stillness of the night, followed instantly by a sharp report.

"What was that?"

"It sounded like a car backfiring."

"No, it was a shot. One of the neighbors, I expect. You can hear miles away on a night like this. I suppose a cat

"I've Been Interviewing Reporters. The Place is Alive With Them"

was after his chickens. Thank goodness, James isn't a pirate cat. Wait while I go up and see Nutty."

She was gone only a moment.

"It's all right," she said. "I peeped in. He's doing deep-breathing exercises at his window, which looks out the other way. Come along."

When they reached the outhouse they found the door open.

"Did you do that?" said Elizabeth. "Did you leave it open?"

"No."

"I don't remember doing it myself. It must have swung open. Well, this saves us a walk. He'll have gone."

"Better take a look round, what?"

"Yes, I suppose so; but he's sure not to be there. Have you a match?"

Bill struck one and held it up.

"Good Lord!"

The match went out.

"What is it? What has happened?"

Bill was fumbling for another match.

"There's something on the floor. It looks like—I thought for a minute ——" The small flame shot out of the gloom, flickered, then burned with a steady glow. Bill stooped, bending over something on the ground. The match burned down.

Bill's voice came out of the darkness:

"I say, you were right about that noise. It was a shot. The poor little chap's down there on the floor with a hole in him the size of my fist."

Dudley Moved Through the Wood as Inakily as He Could

XVII

BOYHOOD, like measles, is one of those complaints which a man should catch young and have done with, for when it comes in middle life it is apt to be serious. Dudley Pickering had escaped boyhood at the time when his contemporaries were contracting it. It is true that for a few years after leaving the cradle he had exhibited a certain immatureness, but as soon as he put on knickerbockers and began to go about a little he outgrew all that. He avoided altogether the chaotic period which usually lies between the years of ten and fourteen. At ten he was a thoughtful and sober-minded young man, at fourteen almost an old fogy.

A love for machinery, developing early, helped the steadying process. While other boys were breaking windows or laying the foundations for home runs and flying tackles that would afterward enable them to pass with credit through college, Dudley Pickering was scrutinizing engines, studying textbooks, talking on terms of grave equality with mechanicians.

And now—thirty-odd years overdue—boyhood had come upon him. As he examined the revolver in his bedroom wild and unfamiliar emotions seethed within him. He did not realize it, but they were the emotions which should have come to him thirty years before and driven him out to hunt Indians in the garden. An imagination which might well have become atrophied through disuse had him as thoroughly in its control as ever he had had his Pickering Giant.

He believed almost with devoutness in the plot which he had detected for the spoliation of Lord Wetherby's summer home, that plot of which he held Lord Dawlish to be the mainspring. And it must be admitted that circumstances had combined to help his belief. If the atmosphere in which he was moving was not sinister then there was no meaning in the word.

Summer homes had been burgled, there was no getting away from that—half a dozen at least in the past two months. He was a stranger in the locality, so had no means of knowing that summer homes were always burgled on Long Island every year, as regularly as the coming of the mosquito and the advent of the jellyfish. It was one of the local industries. People left summer homes lying about loose in lonely spots, and you just naturally got in through the cellar window. Such was the Long Islander's simple creed.

This created in Mr. Pickering's mind an atmosphere of burglary, a receptiveness, as it were, toward burglars as phenomena, and the extremely peculiar behavior of the person whom in his thoughts he always referred to as The Man crystallized it. He had seen The Man hanging about, peering in at windows. He had shouted "Hi!" and The Man had run. The Man had got into the house under the pretense of being a friend of Claire's. At the suggestion that he should meet Claire he had dashed away in a panic. And Claire, both then and later, had denied absolutely any knowledge of him.

As for the apparently blameless beekeeping that was going on at the place where he lived, that was easily discounted. Mr. Pickering had heard somewhere or read somewhere—he rather thought that it was in those interesting but disturbing chronicles of Raffles—that the first thing an intelligent burglar did was to assume some open and innocent occupation to avert possible inquiry into his real mode of life. Mr. Pickering did not put it so to himself, for he was rarely slangy even in thought, but what he felt was that he had caught The Man and his confederate with the goods. He had it on them.

If Mr. Pickering had had his boyhood at the proper time and finished with it, he would no doubt have acted otherwise than he did. He would have contented himself with conducting a war of defense. He would have notified the police, and considered that all that remained for him personally to do was to stay in his room at night with his revolver. But boys will be boys. The only course that seemed to him in any way satisfactory in this his hour of rejuvenation was to visit the bee farm, the hotbed of crime, and keep an eye on it. He wanted to go there and prowl.

He did not anticipate any definite outcome of his visit. In his boyish, elemental way he just wanted to take a revolver and a pocketful of cartridges, and prowl.

It was a great night for prowling. A moon, so little less than full that the eye could barely detect its slight tendency to become concave, shone serenely, creating a desirable combination of black shadows where the prowler might hide, and great stretches of light in which the prowlee might reveal his wickedness without disguise. Mr. Pickering walked briskly along the road, then less briskly as he drew nearer the farm. An opportune belt of shrubs that ran from the gate adjoining the road to a point not far from the house gave him just the cover he needed. He slipped into this belt of shrubs and began to work his way through them.

Like generals, authors, artists and others who, after planning broad effects, have to get down to the detail work, he found that this was where his troubles began. He had conceived the journey through the shrubbery in rather an airy mood. He thought he would just go through the shrubbery. He had not taken into account the branches, the thorns, the occasional unexpected holes, and he was both warm and disheveled when he reached the end of it and found himself out in the open within a short distance of what he recognized as beehives. It was not for some time that he was able to give that selfless attention to exterior objects which is the prowler's chief asset. For quite a while the only thought of which he was conscious was that what he needed most was a cold drink and a cold bath. Then, with a return to clear-headedness, he realized that he was standing out in the open, visible from three sides to anyone who might be in the vicinity, and he withdrew into the shrubbery. He was not fond of the shrubbery, but it was a splendid place to withdraw into. It swallowed you up.

This was the last move of the first part of Mr. Pickering's active campaign. He stayed where he was, in the middle of a bush, and waited for the enemy to do something What he expected him to do he did not know. The subconscious thought that animated him was that on a night like this something was bound to happen sooner or later. Just such a thought on similarly stimulating nights had animated men of his acquaintance thirty years ago, men who were as elderly and stolid and unadventurous now as Mr. Pickering had been then. He would have resented the suggestion profoundly, but the truth of the matter was that Dudley Pickering, after a late start, had begun to play Indians.

Nothing happened for a long time—for such a long time that, in spite of the ferment within him, Mr. Pickering almost began to believe that nothing would happen. The moon shone with unutterable calm. The crickets and the tree frogs performed their interminable duet, apparently unconscious that they were attacking it in different keys—a fact that, after a while, began to infuriate Mr. Pickering. Mosquitoes added their reedy tenor to the concert. A twig on which he was standing snapped with a report like a pistol. The moon went on shining.

Away in the distance a dog began to howl. An automobile passed in the road. For a few moments Mr. Pickering was able to occupy himself pleasantly with speculations as to its make; and then he became aware that something was walking down the back of his neck just beyond the point where his fingers could reach it. Discomfort enveloped Mr. Pickering. At various times by day he had seen long-winged black creatures with slim waists and unpleasant faces. Could it be one of these? Or a caterpillar? Or—and the maddening thing was that he did not dare to slap at it, for who knew what desperate characters the sound might not attract?

Well, it wasn't stinging him; that was something.

A second howling dog joined the first one. A wave of sadness was apparently afflicting the canine population of the district to-night.

Mr. Pickering's vitality began to ebb. He was aging, and imagination slackened its grip. And then, just as he had begun to contemplate the possibility of abandoning the whole adventure and returning home, he was jerked back to boyhood again by the sound of voices.

He shrank farther back into the bushes. A man—The Man—was approaching, accompanied by his female associate. They passed so close to him that he could have stretched out a hand and touched them.

The female associate was speaking, and her first words set all Mr. Pickering's suspicions dancing a dance of triumph. As has been said, he was a man who rarely thought in slang, but if he had been, he would have told himself at that moment that he had had the right dope. The girl gave herself away with her opening sentence.

"You can't think how nervous I was this afternoon," he heard her say. She had a soft, pleasant voice; but soft, pleasant voices may be the vehicles for conveying criminal thoughts. "I thought every moment one of those newspaper men would look in here."

Where was here? Ah, that outhouse! Mr. Pickering had had his suspicions of that outhouse already. It was one of those structures that look at you furtively as if something were hiding in them.

"James! James! I thought I heard James in those bushes."

The girl was looking straight at the spot occupied by Mr. Pickering, and it had been the start caused by her first words and the resultant rustle of branches that had directed her attention to him. He froze. The danger passed. She went on speaking. Mr. Pickering pondered on James. Who was James? Another of the gang, of course. How many of them were there?

"Once I thought it was all up. One of them was about a yard from the window, just going to look in."

Mr. Pickering thrilled. There was something hidden in the outhouse, then! Swag?

"Thank goodness, a bee stung him at the psychological moment, and—Oh!"

She stopped and The Man spoke:

"What's the matter?"

It interested Mr. Pickering that The Man retained his English accent even when talking privately with his associates. For practice, no doubt.

"Come and get a banana," said the girl. And they went off together in the direction of the house, leaving Mr. Pickering bewildered. Why a banana? Was it a slang term of the underworld for a pistol? It must be that.

But he had no time for speculation. Now was his chance, the only chance he would ever get of looking into that outhouse and finding out its mysterious contents. He had seen the girl unlock the door. A few steps would take him there. All it needed was nerve. With a strong effort Mr. Pickering succeeded in obtaining the nerve. He burst from his bush and trotted to the outhouse door, opened it and looked in. And at that moment something touched his leg.

At the right time and in the right frame of mind man is capable of stoic endurances that excite wonder and admiration. Mr. Pickering was no weakling. He had once upset his automobile in a ditch, and had waited for twenty minutes until help came to relieve a broken arm, and he had done it without a murmur. But on the present occasion there was a difference. His mind was not adjusted for the occurrence. There are times when it is unseasonable to touch a man on the leg. This was a moment when it was unseasonable in the case of Mr. Pickering. He bounded silently into the air, his whole being rent asunder as by a cataclysm.

He had been holding his revolver in his hand as a protection against nameless terrors, and as he leaped he pulled the trigger. Then with the automatic instinct for self-preservation he sprang back into the bushes, and began to push his way through them until he had reached a safe distance from the danger zone.

James, the cat, meanwhile, hurt at the manner in which his friendly move had been received, had taken refuge on the outhouse roof. He mewed complainingly, a puzzled note in his voice. Mr. Pickering's behavior had been one of those things that no fellow can understand. The whole thing seemed inexplicable to James.

XVIII

LORD DAWLISH stood in the doorway of the outhouse, holding the body of Eustace gingerly by the tail. It was a solemn moment. There was no room for doubt as to the completeness of the extinction of Lady Wetherby's pet.

Dudley Pickering's bullet had done its lethal work. Eustace's adventurous career was over. He was through.

Elizabeth's mouth was trembling, and she looked very white in the moonlight. Being naturally soft-hearted she deplored the tragedy for its own sake; and she was also, though not lacking in courage, decidedly upset by the discovery that some person unknown had been roaming her premises with a firearm.

"Oh, Bill!" she said. Then: "Poor little chap!" And then: "Who could have done it?"

Lord Dawlish did not answer. His whole mind was occupied at the moment with the contemplation of the fact that she had called him Bill. Then he realized that she had spoken three times and expected a reply.

"Who could have done it?"

Bill pondered. Never a quick thinker, the question found him unprepared.

"Some fellow, I expect," he said at last brightly. "Got in, don't you know, and then his pistol went off by accident."

"But what was he doing with a pistol?"

Bill looked a little puzzled at this.

"Why, he would have a pistol, wouldn't he? I thought everybody had over here."

Except for what he had been able to observe during the brief period of his present visit, Lord Dawlish's knowledge of the United States had been derived from the American plays which he had seen in London, and in these chappies were producing revolvers all the time. He had got the impression that a revolver was as much a part of the ordinary well-dressed man's equipment in the United States as a collar.

"I think it was a burglar," said Elizabeth. "There have been a lot of burglaries down here this summer."

"Would a burglar burgle the outhouse? Rummy idea, rather, what? Not much sense in it. I think it must have been a tramp. I expect tramps are always popping about and nosing into all sorts of extraordinary places, you know."

"He must have been standing quite close to us while we were talking," said Elizabeth with a shiver.

Bill looked about him. Everywhere was peace. No sinister sounds competed with the croaking of the tree frogs. No alien figures infested the landscape. The only alien figure, that of Mr. Pickering, was wedged into a bush, invisible to the naked eye.

"He's gone now, at any rate," he said. "What are we going to do?"

Elizabeth gave another shiver as she glanced hurriedly at the deceased. After life's fitful fever Eustace slept well, but he was not looking his best.

"With—it?" she said.

"I say," advised Bill, "I shouldn't call him 'it,' don't you know. It sort of rubs it in. Why not 'him'? I suppose we had better bury him. Have you a spade anywhere handy?"

"There isn't a spade on the place."

Bill looked thoughtful.

"It takes weeks to make a hole with anything else, you know," he said. "When I was a kid a friend of mine bet me I wouldn't dig my way through to China with a pocket knife. It was an awful frost. I tried for a couple of days, and broke the knife and didn't get anywhere near China." He laid the remains on the grass and surveyed them meditatively. "This is what fellows always run up against in the detective novels—What to Do With the Body. They manage the murder part of it all right, and then stub their toes on the body problem."

"I wish you wouldn't talk as if we had done a murder."

"I feel as if we had, don't you?"

"Exactly."

"I read a story once where a fellow slugged somebody and melted the corpse down in a bathtub with sulphuric ——"

"Stop! You're making me sick!"

"Only a suggestion, don't you know," said Bill apologetically.

"Well, suggest something else then."

"How about leaving him on Lady Wetherby's doorstep? See what I mean—let them take him in with the morning milk? Or, if you would rather, ring the bell and go away and—you don't think much of it?"

"I simply haven't the nerve to do anything so risky."

"Oh, I would do it. There would be no need for you to come."

"I wouldn't dream of deserting you."

"That's awfully good of you."

"Besides, I'm not going to be left alone to-night until I can jump into my little white bed and pull the clothes over my head. I'm scared. I'm just boneless with fright. And I wouldn't go anywhere near Lady Wetherby's doorstep with it."

"Him."

"It's no use, I can't think of it as 'him.' It's no good asking me to."

Bill frowned thoughtfully.

"I read a story once where two chappies wanted to get rid of a body. They put it inside a fellow's piano."

"You do seem to have read the most horrible sort of books."

"I rather like a bit of blood with my fiction," said Bill. "What about this piano scheme I read about?"

"People only have talking machines in these parts."

"I read a story ——"

"Let's try to forget the stories you've read. Suggest something of your own."

"Well, could we dissect the little chap?"

"Dissect him?"

"And bury him in the cellar, you know. Fellows do it to their wives."

Elizabeth shuddered.

"Try again," she said.

"Well, the only other thing I can think of is to take him into the woods and leave him there. It's a pity we can't let Lady Wetherby know where he is; she seems rather keen on him. But I suppose the main point is to get rid of him."

"I know how we can do both. That's a good idea of yours about the woods. They are part of Lady Wetherby's property. I used to wander about there in the spring when the house was empty. There's a sort of shack in the middle of them. I shouldn't think anybody ever went there—it's a deserted sort of place. We could leave him there, and then—well, we might write Lady Wetherby a letter or something. We could think out that part afterward."

"It's the best thing we've thought of. You really want to come?"

"If you attempt to leave here without me I shall scream. Let's be starting."

Bill picked Eustace up by his convenient tail.

"I read a story once," he said, "where a fellow was lugging a corpse through a wood, when suddenly ——"

"Stop right there," said Elizabeth firmly.

During the conversation just recorded Dudley Pickering had been keeping a watchful eye on Bill and Elizabeth from the interior of a bush. His was not the ideal position for espionage, for he was too far off to hear what they said, and the light was too dim to enable him to see what it was that Bill was holding. It looked to Mr. Pickering like a sack or bag of some sort. As time went by he became convinced that it was a sack, limp and empty at present but destined later to receive and bulge with what he believed was technically known as the swag. When the two objects of his vigilance concluded their lengthy consultation and moved off in the direction of Lady Wetherby's woods, any doubts he may have had as to whether they were the criminals he had suspected them of being were dispersed. The whole thing worked out logically.

The Man, having spied out the land in his two visits to Lady Wetherby's house, was now about to break in. His accomplice would stand by with the sack. With a beating heart Mr. Pickering gripped his revolver and moved round in the shadow of the shrubbery till he came to the gate, when he was just in time to see the guilty couple disappear into the woods. He followed them. He was glad to get on the move again. While he had been wedged into the bush quite a lot of the bush had been wedged into him. Something sharp had pressed against the calf of his leg and he had been pinched in a number of tender places. And he was convinced that one more of God's unpleasant creatures had got down the back of his neck.

Dudley Pickering moved through the wood as snakily as he could. Nature had shaped him more for stability than for snakiness, but he did his best. He tingled with the excitement of the chase, and endeavored to creep through the undergrowth like one of those intelligent Indians of whom he had read so many years before in the pages of Mr. Fenimore Cooper. In those days Dudley Pickering had not thought very highly of Fenimore Cooper, holding his work deficient in serious and scientific

"Oh, Bill! Who Could Have Done It?"

(Continued on Page 36

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PHILADELPHIA, JANUARY 1, 1916

Freedom of Debate

THE Senate is fearfully given to loquacity. If quite half that is said there were left unsaid; if debate were so limited that no member rose to speak unless he had something really pertinent to say, and was then obliged to say it as compactly as possible—just as a competent writer, with a given space at his disposal, strives to make every inch of it count—the Upper Chamber would be a decidedly more useful body than it is. For one thing, its debates, being worth reading, would be read—which they are not at all now.

But measures of immediate importance are no longer debated in the House. Caucus decides upon them and allows members five minutes each—mainly for the purpose of sticking something in the Record to be franked to constituents.

Cloture in the Senate opens a wide temptation for Caucus to apply the same procedure in that body, with every detail arranged before debate begins and the debate itself a mere side show for the gallery. Perhaps that would make for greater efficiency in legislation; but what on earth would be the use of two houses of Congress? If Caucus is to do it all, why go to the foolish expense and bother of registering its will in two places?

In the opinion of good judges the European war has somewhat revived the almost extinct prestige of the British House of Lords. Conduct of the war has been really debated in that body and some very pertinent things have been made public thereby.

The Senate grossly abuses its privilege of debate, but the House has virtually lost that privilege; and there may be many times when real parliamentary debate is highly useful. We are more doubtful about cloture in the Senate than we used to be. There is a certain absurdity in calling upon all the congressional districts and the states to select with great care gentlemen who shall represent them in the national council, but who must be gagged before they can be trusted to proceed with the national business.

If a cloture rule can be devised that will compel some rational economy in debate and prevent mere factious personal filibustering, without essentially gagging the Senate, it will perhaps be worth while; but that is not so easy as it looks at first glance. As for a gagged Senate, it should, of course, be abolished forthwith.

The Shipping Question

THERE is so much persistent mendacity about this shipping business that the simple statement of a few plain facts may be useful. Our case is that of the farmer who deliberates about buying the adjoining eighty. The whole question is whether a given investment is likely to prove more profitable than some other investment.

Never having made that particular investment we have, of course, never derived a profit from it; but we have never actually lost anything, because all our money has been fully employed in other investments. If the United States had a bigger merchant marine in this extraordinary juncture it would be making a high profit from it. If it had bought the Transvaal gold mines when England bought them it would also have derived a very high profit from them; but you do not find anybody weeping over the money the country lost by not buying those mines.

Figuring the ocean freight on both imports to the United States and exports from the United States, and saying we "lose" the total, is, of course, the plainest mendacity—as though we always paid the freight both ways and foreigners were always mysteriously absolved from that burden.

No merchant marine we could possibly acquire would carry more than a minor fraction of the shipments to and from this country, because in normal times the great merchant fleets of England, Germany, France, and so on, would compete for the business until they got their share of it. So in any event we should be losing a great lot of money to foreign shipowners.

By "losing" subsidy advocates mean paying foreign shipowners for a service rendered—which is no more a loss than it is a loss to pay Germany for potash or France for lace. In either case we get value received for our money.

We believe the time is at hand to consider seriously whether we should not invest in that adjoining eighty. But let us talk sense about it.

A Judicial Temperament

THE finest thing going in American politics just now is Justice Hughes' refusal to head the Republican ticket in 1916. No other name that is likely to head the ticket would be more acceptable to voters of an independent turn, who mostly decide presidential elections nowadays. But no doubt Mr. Hughes knows there is only small likelihood of the election's turning on whether his name or some other heads the ticket. No doubt he knows, too, there is small likelihood of its making any material difference to the country whether a Republican wins or not. Party managers, naturally anxious for the surest shot in sight, their own prestige for four years being more or less at stake, would like to see him nominated. But there is no national need of any sacrifice.

It would be something of a sacrifice, for it would make a bad precedent. In spite of the respect in which Justice Hughes is held, it would put a finger mark of party politics on the Supreme Court. His popularity would make the precedent all the more objectionable. One of the least welcome things we can think of would be a Supreme Court with a swarm of presidential bees buzzing round its judicial bonnets. No member can resign from the bench to run for the presidency without suggesting that picture.

An occasion might demand it. If Lincoln were a justice and the situation that of 1860, we should say he ought to run. Nothing even faintly resembling that exigency is in sight. It is fine for a man, in given circumstances, to hold himself aloof as Justice Hughes does. It encourages one concerning politics in general.

City Borrowing

MORE municipal bonds were issued and sold in the United States in 1914—which contained five months of European war, you remember—than in any previous year. And in 1915, which was all war, municipal borrowings were about equal to the preceding year. Complete returns, not yet available, may show a new high record. The recorded output to this writing is decidedly greater than in any full year except 1914—exceeding four hundred and twenty-five million dollars.

Usually municipal bonds are issued for permanent improvements, which could be deferred in a pinch and which yield no tangible returns on the investment, but involve greater outlays for upkeep. This is an interesting indication, therefore, that we have paid no attention to the war except as here and there we have been obliged to. We have gone on spending wherever funds were available quite as though Europe were at peace.

Every other indication we know of points to the same conclusion. Probably it would be difficult to find a solitary instance of economy voluntarily practiced in view of the situation across the Atlantic. Of course if the notion that war might involve the United States were taken seriously there would be some indication of its having been considered.

Building operations in cities of the United States are now being undertaken on quite as great a scale as before the war. The total contemplated expenditure for 1915 will about equal that of the year before.

Except politically, we are paying precious little attention to the possibility of war.

National Park Service

A VERY simple bill to unify the management of the national parks will come before Congress this winter. It provides for a bureau in the Department of the Interior, in charge of a director who shall receive six thousand dollars a year, with such clerical, technical and other assistance as the Secretary of the Interior deems necessary; and for an advisory board of three members, to serve without pay, on whom the director may call for engineering, landscaping and like advice.

There are twelve national parks, besides some thirty national monuments. Each of them is appropriated for and managed separately. Something over a year ago the superintendent of Yosemite Park was an army officer. A movement of troops ordered by the War Department would have taken him away, and there was nobody to take his place. An electric-power concern, with a concession in Sequoia Park, wished to make a change in its installation. Nobody in the Interior Department, three thousand miles distant, knew whether this change ought to be permitted or not, nor was there an expert available to send there. Problems of engineering and of landscaping, the right solution of which requires the best expert advice, are continually arising in the various parks. It would be rather extravagant for any one park, operated as a separate unit, to maintain a staff adequate to deal with these problems, and under the present system, with each park appropriated for and managed separately, there can be little cooperation. But one staff under a unified management could serve all the parks.

President Taft, Secretary Fisher and Secretary Lane heartily indorsed a unified park management such as this bill proposes to create, for the new bureau would have all the parks and monuments under its charge. The chief obstacle seems to have been merely congressional carelessness; but the national parks are too valuable a possession to be careless about. We trust the present Congress will see it that way.

The Asylum Business

THE number of people in the United States who would remove the bar to Asiatic immigration is, we believe, relatively small. No doubt a big majority would say that Chinese and Japanese should be excluded—or very much restricted—because millions of laborers who are willing to work for less than the American wage scale could hardly come in here without lowering the condition of the resident labor with which they competed.

Now if we are in the asylum business that is all wrong. If we have a mission to provide better opportunities for those who are ill-conditioned at home, then obviously we can best fulfill that mission by offering our opportunities to those who are worst-conditioned and can profit most by them. One does not start an orphan asylum to shelter well-to-do children. Of course, practically, we have never been in the asylum business, but have only speciously pretended to be. We have always excluded those whose presence we judged likely to be injurious to us.

It is in the light of that policy that immigration as the European war affects it must be considered. The war has pretty comprehensively confounded the prophecies made regarding it. As an economic critic observed, it is a kind of fourth dimension in human affairs, which we have not known how to reckon on. But if there is any such poverty and industrial depression in Europe after the war as the prophets foresee, then immigration must be restricted.

The first means of restricting it, of course, is the literacy test, which three Congresses have adopted and three Presidents vetoed for quite inconclusive reasons. Obviously tremendous pressure is exerted at the White House to keep this restriction off the statute books; but the action of three different Congresses is pretty conclusive proof that public opinion steadily supports it.

Giving

THERE are two ways of reacting to the fearful sum of human suffering entailed by the war: One consists of expressing sympathy with the suffering and abhorrence of those we judge proximately responsible for it. The other consists of drawing a check or digging up a bank note for the relief fund. Broadly speaking, we mostly take it out in the former method. Belgium, for example, is immeasurably rich in American sympathy. If the banks would accept that as collateral she could pay any ransom Germany might choose to ask and have a great surplus wherewith to resuscitate her trodden industries.

Of cash and its equivalents the amount she has received, when compared with the wealth of the United States, hardly suggests that we are in danger of letting our emotions betray us into poverty.

The real giving has been largely by those for whom it involves no other real difference than writing one name on a piece of paper rather than another, their own wants being amply provided for in either case. Giving away anything that one really wants one's self, except to a person for whom one has an intimate personal attachment, appears unnatural. As a matter of fact, it is practiced mostly by the poor, who often do give literally off their own backs and their own meagerly supplied dinner tables. Perhaps this shows a lack of understanding that accounts for their being poor.

Running a Town With a Club

By James H. Collins

IN MINNEAPOLIS they have an interesting way of running the town. Without changing the political scheme of the city government to any extent, as some other American cities do when they want better administration, they have backed up their little old last year's government, and also the common or garden variety of politician, with some of the business and technical ability that runs other things—factories, stores, railroads, exchanges, and so on.

Several other cities are on the same track, but Minneapolis seems to have been at it longer and to have gone farther in drawing lay helpers into city administration. About every other fellow you meet there is apt to be carrying round a chunk of the actual administration. He may be a corporation president with a big chunk, or a chauffeur with a small one. The small chunks are often more important than the big ones, and in everything Minneapolis gets results with an intelligence and thoroughness and good nature very refreshing in these complex days, when running a town is such a superheated sort of business.

The way it all started was this:

About ten or twelve years ago, when every town in the United States was organizing an advertising club, a few men in Minneapolis who work at advertising for a living got together and formed a Publicity Club on the usual lines. Their idea was to meet from time to time as craftsmen and discuss technical matters for their own improvement.

From the very start, however, all Minneapolis seemed bound to misunderstand that organization. It thought that a Publicity Club must be something to boom the town. The real advertising men found, to their astonishment, that every other business man wanted to join. Merchants, manufacturers, bankers, brokers and salaried men poured in, full of enthusiasm for what they assumed was the Big Idea, to make the old town hum—which had not been the idea at all!

Before the advertising men realized what was happening, their modest Publicity Club had appointed committees to secure new industries, to entertain conventions, to increase trade, and to advertise Minneapolis to the rest of the world. Noonday meetings of the club also became very popular, and members of this overgrown technical society would drop work for an hour and flock to hear any good speaker from the outside who had something to say.

Eventually the real advertising men had to organize another club for themselves, a little one of a hundred members, confined strictly to technical matters. And eventually, too, the old Publicity Club became so large that a better organization was needed, and it was transformed to the present Minneapolis Civic and Commerce Association. This is known as the C. & C., for short, and it is a big business club, in which center most of the progressive thought and voluntary service that make Minneapolis what it is.

Civic Activities

TWO of the old club's characteristics have survived. One is the committee. There never was such a town as Minneapolis for committees. Out of a total membership of three thousand in the C. & C. fully six hundred serve on committees, giving their time and expert service free to the community, attending to all sorts of public affairs, big and small. The noonday-meeting habit has also persisted. Business men in Minneapolis are as eager as the Athenians to hear some new thing, and it is no trick at all to get five or six hundred of them out for a luncheon meeting if they can listen to a speaker who will instruct or inspire them.

The C. & C. is a Chamber of Commerce plus. Its membership includes not only business men but teachers, doctors, labor leaders, clerks, chauffeurs, and every other element of the community that is representative and upon which things can be built. It has a yearly revenue of a hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars to pay its own expenses, raised from members' dues. Each member pays dues according to the rough value of the organization to himself. A big wholesaler, constantly selling goods to hundreds of buyers who are brought to Minneapolis by the C. & C., can naturally pay more than the small retailer with a modest turnover, while the public-service corporation profits more directly than the proprietor of, say, two or three taxicabs. So each pays what seems right and the dues run from ten dollars a year up to as much as five thousand dollars. But big dues do not mean big influence, for the ten-dollar member has one vote and his say-so, and the five-thousand-dollar member has no more.

This organization is a clearing house for the ability and public spirit of the town. It brings able men together in community service, keeps them at work, and backs them up with expert assistance.

Government in American cities is not all it might be; yet the worst-managed city has among its business and professional men enough technical ability to run a community ten times the size if it could ever be hitched to the town. A few of these men could tackle the job single-handed, for they already handle affairs just as large and complicated. Hundreds of other men could deal with portions of the community's work, get tremendous fun out of it, and would serve for nothing and grow in the doing. The chief shortcoming of American city government seems to be that few of these men are enlisted; but in Minneapolis they have found out how to accomplish this.

Almost any American city can be roused to spurts of public enterprise—building an exposition, landing a convention, or putting a lot of high-class energy behind some spectacular project for a short time. It is not so easy to keep up the pace and attend to minor details.

Minneapolis started off with the usual Whoop-la! The Publicity Club went in for brass-band boosting stunts, and these were exceedingly useful in rousing interest and getting men to work for the town. But Minneapolis has always had a strong streak of New England in its make-up, and before the first enthusiasm had a chance to die down there were solid citizens on the committees, appraising values, separating the substance from the fireworks and laying out the future in a shrewd Yankee way.

For example, one of the first committees was that organized to secure conventions. This is about the first activity of every community when it wakes up—it goes after conventions. If you want to advertise your town, what is more attractive than to do so by inviting the stranger to come and see it for himself, paying his own expenses and leaving money with the merchants and hotels? And there are so many conventions! It is estimated that the American public spends as much every year in conventions as it does for automobiles—four hundred million dollars; and this represents about twenty thousand gatherings of one sort or another.

Entertaining Conventions on a Business Basis

MINNEAPOLIS went after the conventions and got them. It went after size and number first, and succeeded so well that to-day it is one of perhaps six or eight cities in the United States which entertain as many as a hundred gatherings yearly. But the solid, calculating citizens on committees soon learned that the famous big conventions, for which other cities fought and which filled the town with crowds, banners and noise, were not necessarily the most desirable. Far better results followed smaller, quiet conventions of business and professional men. Soon Minneapolis was able to formulate an ideal convention and go after it, and this may be described as one of about five hundred visitors, comfortably filling the hotels without overcrowding, just about large enough to entertain intelligently without upsetting everyday affairs, and bringing merchants, manufacturers, bankers, technical men and other people of some caliber in real contact with Minneapolis.

About the time when many a city would have been dropping the convention activities, having lost enthusiasm, Minneapolis began studying the cost of getting and entertaining visitors, with a view to putting the business on a permanent basis. One other city, by long experience and good sense, had brought this cost down to one-half of one per cent of the money left in town by a convention, which was regarded as high efficiency.

Minneapolis has succeeded in bringing this down to one-fifth of one per cent by intensive committee work. Before the town goes after a convention at all, the committee finds and organizes a Minneapolis center of interest. If it happens to be a gathering of business men that is to be invited, there must be a local nucleus of men in that particular line of business who can be made the medium for extending the invitation and acting as hosts. This cuts expenses by making money go farthest and also assures the visitors a meeting that is worth while.

In Minneapolis, too, they are very skillful in utilizing what might be called convention by-products. This is an excellent illustration of the work done by subcommittees, over a period

(Concluded on Page 25)

"Here, See If You Can Quiet the Brat!"

A Year's Growth in Good Will

A year ago this time Dodge Brothers enjoyed an enviable reputation as manufacturers of a very large volume of motor car parts.

This reputation aroused extraordinary expectations on the part of the public, when it was announced that they would build a motor car. Thousands of dealers were eager to represent them. Thousands of orders were placed by individual buyers.

But as manufacturers of motor cars Dodge Brothers were still on trial at the bar of public opinion.

The car as a car was an unknown quantity.

In January, 1915, a few of the cars began to be shipped from the factory; and a few individual good opinions began to be formed.

The growth of this volume of good opinion was in exact ratio, at first, to the growth of the volume of production.

But not many weeks had passed before the reputation of the car outstripped the capacity to produce.

The good news of its performance travelled faster than the supply—in sixty days' time there was a waiting list in all parts of the country.

Substantially the same state of affairs has existed ever since, and exists today, in spite of largely increased production.

There is a very pronounced and definite public opinion now in this country concerning Dodge Brothers car.

Nearly every man or woman you meet has a clear-cut idea of the kind of a car it is.

How friendly and how favorable that idea is you probably know so well that it is not necessary to go into details.

In twelve months' time the American people have bought more than thirty-five million dollars' worth of Dodge Brothers cars.

This is a notable record for one year even in an industry which has been marked by many amazing achievements. For a first year, it stands absolutely unique and alone.

But the sales growth, to our way of thinking, is as nothing in importance, compared to the growth of a very favorable public opinion concerning the merits of the car.

This phase of the year's work is very gratifying to Dodge Brothers and to their representatives everywhere.

It goes without saying that Dodge Brothers will never do anything, or permit anything to be done, which might jeopardize the standing of the car with the American public.

DODGE BROTHERS, DETROIT

The price of the Touring Car or Roadster, complete, is $785 (f. o. b. Detroit)
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RUNNING A TOWN WITH A CLUB

(Concluded from Page 23)

of years, looking after little details, organizing information and raking territory with a fine-tooth comb.

The committee seeking new enterprises for Minneapolis finds that a cutlery manufacturer contemplates moving his factory or establishing a Western branch. A dozen cities in the Central West have laid before him general information showing what they have to offer in the way of labor, market and transportation. The convention committee has lately entertained a big hardware association. Each hardware dealer in the territory served by Minneapolis has been made to feel at home in the town during convention week, coming in contact with business men, and after he got back home has received cordial letters from time to time, to let him know that he is remembered and appreciated.

The committee working to land that cutlery plant organizes some team play with the committee that entertained the hardware convention. Letters are sent to the hardware men asking about the turnover of goods throughout the Northwest for such a factory, and asking for their coöperation in bringing it to Minneapolis. Presently the cutlery manufacturer has laid before him definite figures showing possible trade awaiting him in Minneapolis territory.

The association spends most of its revenues for departments, under paid secretaries, which coördinate volunteer service and make it count. There is a traffic bureau, a municipal research bureau, and so on, each in charge of a man trained to that job and with a reputation for it made elsewhere. The whole is managed by a general secretary. This central organization welds the committees together, inspires them, helps them, and is a sort of factory that takes public spirit as raw material and turns it into useful community service. It has many interesting features in itself, but only a couple of examples can be given.

For instance, there are no office hours. Employees come down in the morning and go home at night without time clock or schedule, and this freedom extends even to the office boy. If the latter was out late at night, and feels that a little extra sleep the next morning will help him do a better day's work, he comes a little late. It sounds anarchistic, but operates beautifully. The interest of employees in their duties often leads them to work overtime and come down Sundays. Only one precaution is taken—that of selecting high-grade people as employees. The new office boy is told he can begin training for the general secretaryship the day he starts; and if he does not manifest that kind of ambition he is dropped.

Minneapolis Housing Work

Then there is the school for speakers. Experts always dread speechifying and seldom do it well. At the same time there is a constant public demand for talks by experts. People want to hear what they think and have ascertained, and it helps forward projects to have them speak at miscellaneous gatherings. So a school for speakers has been started by the association. Several times a month the department heads and their assistants assemble and one of their number delivers a formal talk on his own work. Usually it is some phase about which he means to speak in public shortly. He does his best; and then his associates discuss the speech, picking out strong and weak points, indicating matters that might be made clearer and helping him generally. This also helps them, and the school is making good speakers of the whole staff.

The C. & C. has all sorts of major and minor community improvements going on all the time, from making Minneapolis a seaport to reducing needless noise. Most of the work is done through committees; but committees differ widely in their enthusiasm and energy, and wise supervision plays the greatest possible part in making things move.

It is often said: "Oh, business men cannot be interested in anything outside their own business." In Minneapolis that has been found untrue—they can be put to work for the community; but there are definite ways of doing it.

Every business man has two great interests. One is his business and the other his home. The latter is always biggest, of course—his home and his family are the reasons for his business. Anything that will make home a better place to live in enlists his cooperation—better schools, better streets, better transit, better surroundings, better social life. The greater his interest in his business the keener his interest in the community, for good business nowadays means improving the homes of his employees as well as the particular neighborhood where he himself happens to live.

These things being so, the men who conduct the work of the C. & C. understand that enlisting business men in community improvements is a matter of putting projects before them clearly, right side up, in a practical way, and showing them what they can do. The Minneapolis housing code is a fine example of how it works.

In the first place, a student in the University of Minnesota, which is in Minneapolis, wrote a thesis. His subject was housing, something about which few people in that locality had ever heard up to that time. For a year he worked on the tenements, tabulating the dark rooms, the bedrooms where shifts of lodgers slept, bathrooms used as kitchens, inadequate privies, contaminated water supplies—in a word, all the regular old slum stuff, so often used by the reformer and muckraker. When he had his facts he wrote his thesis, and the thesis attracted the attention of a few people who had never suspected their nice, clean city of possessing slums.

Correcting Slum Evils

"Can such things be in Minneapolis?" they asked, astonished. A little investigation showed that they could be, and actually were; the nice, clean city had a number of vigorous young slum centers ready to grow up with the town.

So definite plans were laid through the C. & C. to present these facts right side up. A committee was appointed, with architects, builders and other experts serving, and after they had verified the facts and taken some pictures of housing evils a meeting was held to lay the information before the town. Some opposition was anticipated, for the audience included landlords and real-estate men; but as the unpleasant pictures were thrown on the screen, showing families living in dark basements, children with only ash piles for a playground, and whole tenements taking their drinking water from unsafe wells, hostility died away. People were profoundly touched with pity. They could not say socialism, because there were some of the solidest business men in town on the committee.

"What is the remedy?" they asked. "Show us the practical thing to do." Landlords and real-estate men were as anxious as anybody to bring about better conditions.

This led to a committee on housing and town planning. It demonstrated that slum evils came from lax housing laws and letting the town just grow, like Topsy, when it needed living quarters for a thousand new families every month. A lot of hard work naturally went into this code and many conflicting views and interests had to be harmonized.

Suddenly, while the committee was working on its code, the Socialist Party acted in a way that promised to block the project. A bill providing for the adoption of a rival code was introduced in the Board of Aldermen, which, though it was tabled, indicated that not everybody in Minneapolis had the facts straight.

Members of the committee went after the Socialists to find out what they wanted or were trying to accomplish; and after considerable difficulty they succeeded in locating their leader. It seems that the Socialists, seeing landlords and real-estate men on the committee, had assumed that the new housing code would be planned for the benefit of capitalists; so they were "agin it" on general principles, and had introduced a code of their own. This code had been hurriedly copied from one made for another city. The man who had originally drawn that code was a member of the housing committee. From his technical knowledge of housing he was able to show the Socialists that it would be a mighty poor fit for Minneapolis; and presently, by straight man-to-man talks and good understanding, the Socialists were won over and one of their men joined the housing committee.

And this Socialist member was a dandy! A carpenter, working for day's wages, he came to committee meetings in his flannel shirt and gave hours upon hours of his time in the evenings, with architects, builders, real-estate men and landlords, discussing the provisions of the new code. He knew housing codes all over the world, because indignation over the evils permitted scamp builders in houses he worked on had led him to study housing codes to see what could be done to strengthen the laws. Business men on that committee soon learned to have the utmost respect for his knowledge, sense and ability.

Finally the code was all settled, drawn and ready for the legislature. Everybody expected that passing it would be a matter of routine; but unforeseen opposition arose. It was small opposition, afraid to come out into the open; but it should have been taken into account. The code failed to reach the legislature in time for passage on the last day, and it is believed there was political trickery.

All that work gone for nothing! The committee and the friends of better housing were naturally downcast; but here is where the trained men on the association staff came in to show victory in the apparent defeat.

"Why be downcast?" asked the general secretary. "It's true the code didn't pass; but the code is really an incident. Don't you see that your work has led several hundred public-spirited citizens to study housing and understand what is needed? That is the main thing, and in due time a proper housing code will grow out of it. Getting people aroused and informed is the real issue."

They regard the C. & C. as a man-making organization, not one for making codes and laws. If it can organize and develop men the men will make the laws. This philosophy is very sustaining in defeat.

Three years ago the aldermen of Minneapolis would hardly have listened to advice from architects and real-estate men on the revision of the building code. They would have deemed them self-interested. But through the C. & C. there has been built up a committee admittedly so fair and capable that to-day it is revising that code at the request of the aldermen.

A new bridge was to be built across the river. The aldermen had in mind an ordinary railroad trestle, ugly in every way. A C. & C. committee asked for a good-looking bridge and, when the request was ignored, offered to furnish the designs. Eventually thirty thousand dollars was spent for designs by a good firm, and now the concrete bridge is going up—a real beauty.

Helping the Politicians

Of course politicians are constantly being muckraked in Minneapolis. Newspapers and grand juries investigate them periodically and discover awful things they have done in the past, but overlook what they are doing right now. The C. & C., however, has special facilities for keeping track of what politicians are doing to-day and helping them to do it more efficiently.

Perhaps the politician is head of a city department. As a politician he wants to make a good showing in office, so he can be reëlected or reappointed; but maybe he is not well posted on the latest methods of organization, management and office routine. The C. & C. studies his office, makes practical suggestions, devises a new system for him. Very often it is able to link up the old civil-service employees under him and bring out a lot of wasted ability and energy. Civil-service employees in a city department are popularly supposed to be fellows incapable of holding better jobs. Actually many of them are doing real executive work for clerks' salaries, and will accomplish more if given a chance to make improvements and see their efforts leading up to promotion.

When the department gets results these are credited to its head and he is permitted to cash in on reëlection. Even if the department head loses at the polls, or is swept out by a change of administration, general standards in civil service have been raised and something permanent is gained. That is the way they get better city government in Minneapolis—by making better politicians.

This big business club looked into the schools of Minneapolis to find out why boys and girls were not better fitted for business life. That is a familiar question everywhere, but few communities seem to get much below the surface in investigating it. The reason boys and girls were not ready to take up special work in business concerns after leaving the public schools of Minneapolis is about the reason everywhere—because not nearly enough money is spent on public schools to turn out a first-rate human product. People always think of school expenditures in millions of dollars and marvel at the totals; but the average spent on the individual child in Minneapolis is only forty-five dollars a year for everything, and only seven hundred dollars a child for a complete course, from kindergarten through high school.

Minneapolis has a new school to train people for work. It is called the Dunwoody Institute and began with an endowment of several million dollars, left by a wealthy citizen. At this writing the institute owns not a foot of land or a building, yet is giving business courses to fourteen hundred students. The first step in getting it started was to call a first-rate technical-education man from the East and tell him in general terms what was wanted—a better kind of worker for the industries of Minneapolis.

Fifty different courses have already been laid out to meet the needs of the man in overalls.

Plenty of Money for Art

Years ago, back in the eighties, a few picture lovers brought together a small collection of art objects, putting them on exhibition in one room of a central building. There the collection grew by purchase, gifts and loans. Several years ago, when the old quarters were to be torn down, a committee was appointed to finance a new building. A canvass of possibilities indicated that fifty thousand dollars would put up an ample structure. That seemed a large sum of money to raise.

The first gift to the art institute was ten acres of land in the city—an old homestead that the owner did not wish to see built over, for sentimental reasons, and was willing to donate for an art institute if a worthy building could be erected on it. This site was valued at a quarter of a million dollars and nothing less than a half-million-dollar building was appropriate. Another citizen offered one hundred thousand dollars provided four hundred thousand could be raised elsewhere.

A big dinner was planned. Down in Chicago there is a bank in which most Minneapolis concerns carry an account. The president of this bank is also president of the Chicago Art Institute. Two hundred Minneapolis business men were asked to meet the Chicago bank president at dinner and turned out enthusiastically, having no idea of the real purpose. The Chicago man rose and talked about the practical business value of the art institute to his city—how it had improved and increased industries.

Then the director of the Chicago institute talked about the education and pleasure derived from art by the public. A Minneapolis speaker followed, suggesting that it would be a grand thing if their city had such an institution. The audience was growing interested. When a speaker rose and announced the gift of four city blocks for a site it grew warm. When the hundred-thousand-dollar gift for a building was announced it became enthusiastic. After that it only remained to head a subscription list with additional donations of sixty thousand dollars—cash secured in advance through a private canvass—and the men at that dinner gave the remaining three hundred and forty thousand dollars needed that night.

Minneapolis has strong civic spirit because, through organization and skilful direction, it has taken the plain, every-day human spirit found among people everywhere, and put it at work. The outcome is a community that instantly impresses the stranger in outstanding matters, and which, when examined closely for little details, is found to be all of a piece.

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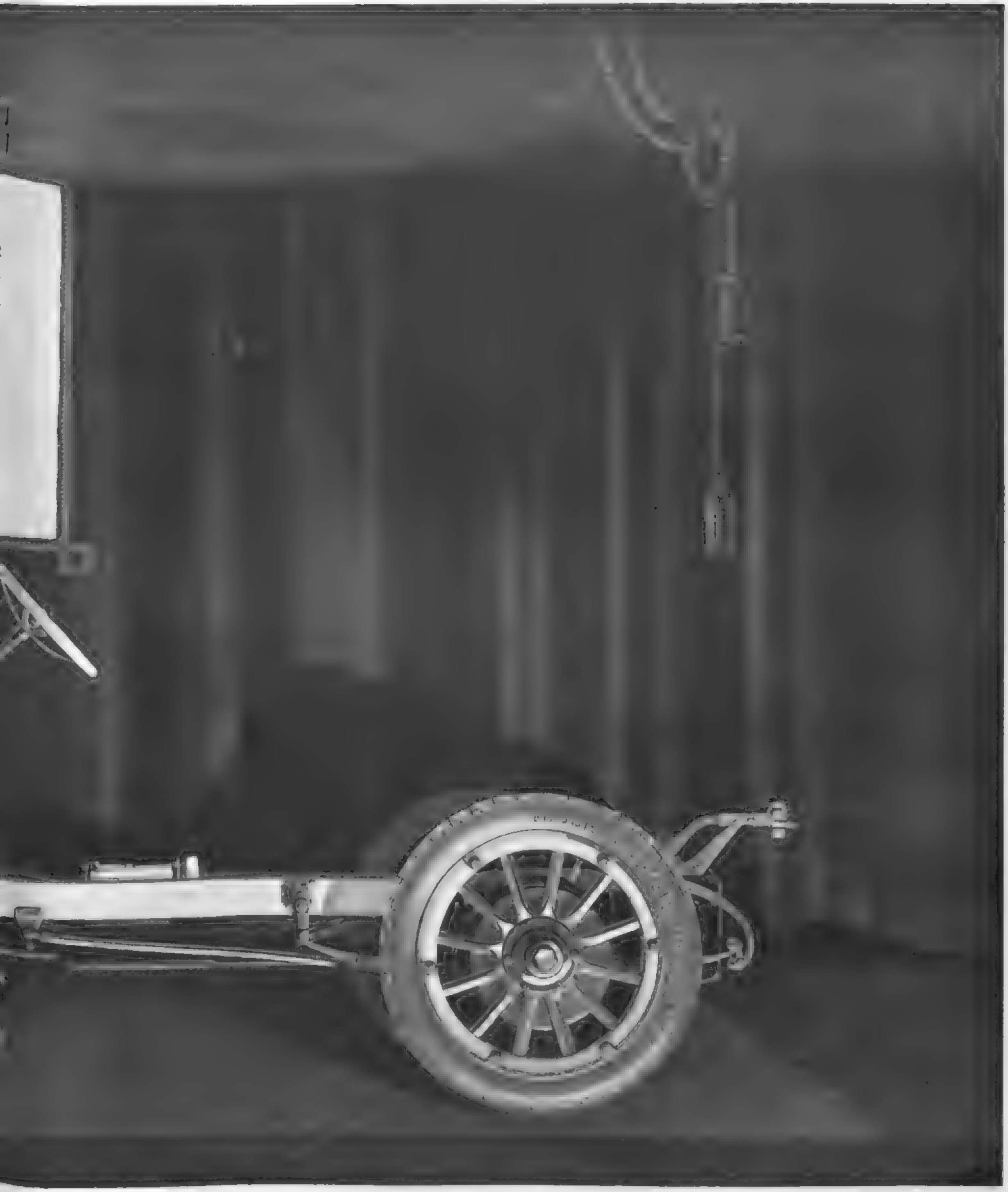

SHOOTING OFF THE SOLID

(Continued from Page 14)

My hand groped for the arch of this stone roof. The walls of the unseen cavern rushed forward as if to crush my ribs into the narrow quarters of some natural tomb.

The escape of air continued—a prolonged and venomous hiss.

As the palm of my hand encountered rock I felt as if buried alive, like the Arabian spouse—as if buried so deep that almost a man might think he would escape the eye of God himself. It was the stuff of nightmares.

The nerves in my finger ends seemed to receive from the stone the awful menace of "the solid." I had a vision of that preposterous pillar supporting nothing. I felt like an insect crushed through a crack in the kitchen floor.

Some subterranean watercourse, I reflected, might have deposited between layers in the rock a film of mud or moisture. This—this—this might be the moment of partition.

In this moment without rays the sun was in fact gilding the mountain top two thousand feet in a direct line over my head.

Was light believable?

Oscar produced it.

We had squirmed our way into a rough-hewn cave, a sort of wizard's laughing place, its jagged roof sparkling in a thousand colors blended by black art.

I lit my lamp from Oscar's.

On all sides the greasy stone exhibited copper glance in gray-green botches. Above, the sparkle of bornite, a peacock blue and the lighter blue of azurite. All these are copper-bearing ores.

Whence come these rare deposits, these unsunned heaps? Their genesis puzzles the geologist. By some it is contended that they are deposited in the veins by ascending waters, condensed from the steamy center of the earth. By others the credit is given to meteoric or descending waters. But whether "airs from heaven or blasts from hell" make riches is uncertain.

The rock at this depth has the coloring of magic. Nature is here surprised, her flank torn. In a lump of ore the size of your head there seem to be packed together the stony seedlings of a new planet. This rock differs from surface rock as deep-sea fish differ from their brethren of shallow waters.

There are many methods of mining. There is the method known as top slicing, by which pillars are gradually robbed until a section of roof tumbles in. This sounds more dangerous than it really is. Stoping—that is to say, excavating the ore from the vein—is of two kinds, underhand and overhand. Underhand stoping starts above and works down. Overhand stoping starts below and works up. It was this sort of stoping on which Oscar was engaged. If the ground is soft the stope must be filled with square sets as it enlarges. These are timbers in the form of skeleton cubes built up like blocks to fill the cavity. Through these hollow cubes the ore falls as it is shot off, is shoveled into chutes, and waste fills up the spaces between the timbers. But if the ground is hard, stoping may proceed without timbers.

Grilling Work in the Stope

Oscar and I were working in this sort of hard rock stope. It was reputed the richest in the mine, and it had been coming up from the fourteenth level for four years. All below this wooden flooring had been filled in with rubble, or "gob."

Operating without timbers, it was necessary to let the blasted rock stand in a heap high enough to allow of the machine drill's reaching the roof.

There it stood on a great pyramid of ore in the middle of the cave—an ugly shell, running oil, perched on the arm of a great iron upright, or jack. This jack was wedged between the roof and a platform of timbers built on top of the ore.

Beyond this again, in the wall to the left, was a black hole having about the bore of a coast-defense gun. This hole communicated with the level above. It was called a raise, and had inside it a chain of wooden ladders. I was relieved to see that this was a two-way cavern. Even if the crevice at my back should close, all was not lost.

The first task of a miner, on reaching his stope, is to "bar down"—that is, to pry loose with a pinch bar such pieces of rock in the roof as have been jarred, but not detached, by the blasts of the preceding shift.

This barring down is very hard work. It must be done with arms uplifted, head tilted back. The blood runs out of your arms, the ache becomes intolerable. If you are forced to bar down for a whole shift, as is often the case, this flaming torment in your arms is sure to rob you of sleep later. Yet the miner faces a lifetime of this sort of thing. Is it worth while to pass this lifetime in sleeplessness and arm ache for the sake of saving it?

What are you saving?

The tendency of the miner is to shirk this barring down. Therefore the company has a rule that if a miner is found working under an unsafe roof he shall be discharged.

Thus the miner does to save his pay day what he would not do to save his life.

This is especially true of the old-timer. He is the dangerous man. The long lease he has had of life has taught him to discount perils. The bright face of danger has grown dim in many glooms. The shadows are ever at his back. He reposes in them.

Most men confront known dangers calmly. The miner, habituated to the dark and to a legion of unknown chances, fears the light. In a place where all is unknown it is the known which stirs his imagination.

There was a certain vast stope whose roof, an acre in extent, ever and again let down rock in casual half-ton consignments. Men were killed. Still, others were found to work the stope.

The Ask-No-Questions Law

The company, thinking to let in light, established an arc light in the center of this treacherous ceiling. But the first shift coming down after this light had been installed fled the stope. They were staggered by visibilities. The company was forced to remove the light. It then had no trouble in finding men to work the stope again.

But most usually fatal accidents are caused by individual carelessness. The company may lay down rules; the men must enforce them.

There are careful men and there are careless men. And in each man there is a careful time and a careless time, determined by his moods, by the rise and fall of bodily vigor. The tides of caution have a high and a low water mark.

A chain is no stronger than its weakest link. The caution of ninety-nine men avails nothing against the carelessness of one man. The safety of a stope, of a whole level, of the mine itself, may turn on a single act of its most irresponsible employee.

It would seem, therefore, if only for the good of the men themselves, that the company, in hiring men, should be allowed—nay, forced—to bend searching scrutiny on their character and references. But by a statute of Arizona it is a felony to inquire for references. It is a jail offense to ask a man where he was last employed. On hearing these fateful words the man applying for work may go out and come back with a policeman.

The company's one resource is to try a man for one shift. If he blows up a handful of his brother workmen, this is proof that he is incompetent. He may then be fired without legal risk to the company. The next employer of the man may not inquire into this transaction—indeed, will never learn of it.

This law was enacted to counteract the evil of blacklisting men as between companies.

Out of the frying pan into the fire!

Oscar's bar rang against the roof. Here it was solid; there it gave back a hollow sound.

"We'll go on top if the shifter finds us working under that."

It must be teased down—to gratify a whim of the company's.

"It looks pretty good now."

This empty ceremony concluded, the roof sound, Oscar adjusted his drill, while I turned my attention to the iron buggy and began "putting the rocks in the box." This is, to slide the ore down a wooden chute which communicated with ore cars on the fourteenth level, two hundred feet below.

I was a mucker; my shovel, a muckstick. In my home town a mucker is a small boy who throws stones at you in summer and snowballs in winter. Words, like men, are affected by a change of climate. In Arizona a mucker is a sober citizen who deserves well of the republic. His work has a bearing on those yet unborn. His words are winged. When his muckstick brings up against a joint in the wooden flooring, they are, to quote a famous critic, "beautiful but ineffectual angels beating their wings in a luminous void in vain."

A luminous void!

How better describe that great, murky cavern, a hundred feet long, whose walls were lost in the gloom, dissolved, as if riding on the slope of some black night—a gloom pierced by one white ray of light which fell on the greasy iron jack supporting the drill, and on the glittering, half-naked body of the cave man there.

The lucky Swede, his legs twisted round the cylindrical arm of the jack, hammered, cursed, hammered, cursed, hammered. His drills had stuck in the rock; he beat them with a slippery wrench, or spanner. He was a gargoyle come to life, its imaginary torments suddenly become real.

The stope was full of the fine-spun smoke of hot oil; full of fiery particles of copper spurting from under my maul as I broke up the larger lumps of ore. These particles bit the flesh, blinded the unwary eye. They stung like hornets. They shone on points of the rock with lingering violet rays.

The racket of the drill, which began with the purr of a sewing machine, became infernal—a prolonged, shattering stutter. Sparks and water ran together out of the hole; the water ran as red as blood; it was like sinking a probe into a living organism. Weird boomings rolled up out of the furry wooden chute; also another noise, perhaps the beating of a giant churn drill. Ever and anon more remote and more mystifying sounds. "The earth is rude, silent, incomprehensible at first." But it has voices.

And these voices, falling on the ear like muffled thunder, are incomprehensible as well. I mucked.

The ideal mucker would have the jaw of a lion, the back of a buffalo, the heart of an ox, the patience of an ass, the eye of a gazelle, the brain of a sheep.

"All rocks break easily in one direction."

This is quoted from Le Conte on Geology. But Le Conte had never tackled a muckheap.

There are rocks that are as solid as the National City Bank. There are rocks that have been conceived and cradled down there in the dark expressly to blight the body and confound the soul of the mucker.

Ready for Dynamite

It is even contended in certain quarters that rocks have sex. Beyond question vast struggles, earth strains prolonged between mighty antagonists, rude embraces as rudely shattered, are a part of subterranean history. The dog-eared stone pages of this history which the mucker thumbs daily are swarming with this tale of sharp rebellions, faults, fallings away, terrible silent treasons. Rocks may be broken and again mended, they may be wounded and again healed. They are seamed and scarred, they are upon the rack and are subjected to the tortures of Nature's thumbscrews. They fall by the treachery of vast underlying conspiracies begun against them, it may be, in Devonian time.

On the whole I incline to the theory that rocks have sex. There are women on whom no impression can be made. So there are rocks of this nature. The maul falls, and falls in vain.

"It is time to eat," said Oscar.

He had no watch. How did he know?

He had developed a marvelous instinct for measuring the passage of time. In the brains of men who labor with the hands time is like an increasing weight laid on nicely adjusted scales. When the beam tips, then it is "that time."

Men who work at a job requiring the use of the brain become absorbed, they are worked out of the clutch of time. But to men who work with the body time is a monster, it is a siege by blind devils, an iron ring closing on the ego, a leaden vise in which they are caught and squeezed until their eyes pop out and their ribs cave in.

"Is it that time?"

Poco tempo. In a little while.

Even this little while is an oppression. The contest between man and this ropy serpent, time, looping about his body is unequal. Yet he is never quite strangulated. Not by time.

As soon as I had eaten I returned to the job. Make no mistake, however: this was not excess of zeal. The fact is I was cold—"cold as a dog" is the mine simile.

This cold is an admirable thing from the corporation's point of view. When you stop work you are cold, in certain stopes. To warm up you must go to work again. To be cold is a condition more abhorred than to be tired, as any dog will testify.

The cold is thus a sort of automatic jigger boss. It has no pay day. Nevertheless, it does a day's work—many of them in one day. It is always at your back in the cool stopes. If for one moment you rest upon your muckstick, the cold lays a ghostly finger on your spine.

We had worked from 7.30 in the morning until 11.30. We had taken from 11.30 to 12.00 to eat, on the company's time. At 2.30 we were near the end. The old-timer threw down his drills, knocked the wedges away from the jack and fetched dynamite in a gunny sack. It seemed to me that he slung this dynamite round like some poor orphan child.

He dried his holes with a blowpipe—he had put in five six-foot holes—he slit the greasy yellow cartridges of dynamite with a dull knife, and rammed them in, two by two, using a spongy wooden stick.

"Pung! Pung!"

He made a cut in each fuse, at differing lengths, thus timing his shots.

All was now ready, and the lucky Swede took a pinch of Copenhagen.

The Adventures of Oscar

We sat together on a piece of lagging, waiting for "that time." The lamps were burning low. Oscar's head fell forward. His shoulders were planted against a dusty pine pillar. He was like sorrowful Cassim in the robber's cave vainly trying to recall the "Open Sesame." Overhead the unequal arches of the cave, dog-toothed like the nave of a cathedral, gave rise to jagged shadows that looked solid as the stone itself. The leaky airpipe hissed in its dark corner. Over my head I heard the faint "Put, put, put" of a Burleigh drill, the vibration sliding through some joint or fissure in the rock. It was like the effort of an imprisoned goblin to work free. The far end of this stope, lost in black shadow, appeared to open out, revealing night itself.

What a tomb! If a jesting earthquake should close both openings at once——

I looked at Oscar. He was breathing deep. His arm was smeared as with blood to the elbow; his legs were muddy, the kneecaps shining green with copper glance, his hobnailed boots wrinkled and crusted, his great bare chest striped with sweat.

Suddenly he raised his head and said in a mournful voice:

"Have I told you that I am an infidel?"

"No."

"Yes. I have read the Bible seven times. It is all foolishness, from Lot's wife on."

"You ought to believe in the devil, if not in God. We are coming closer to hell, shift by shift."

"You will hear people tell you that. But I am an old-timer. I have worked deep. If there was such a place I would know about it. I have worked in drifts where the water boiled under my feet—bubbled. We used to boil eggs in it, boy."

"How did you keep your feet cool?"

His golden tooth gleamed.

"We shoveled cracked ice in at the tops of our shoes. There were planks to walk on of course. We were six men on a drill, see, working crews of two, fifteen minutes on and half an hour off. The helper had two hoses, and he played one on my body and one on mine, all while I was drilling. Then I would raise my arms, and he would shoot water under my armpits where the hair was burning me. It was raining on us hot from the roof too. The gas was bad in there, too, after the shots. What with that hot rain, and the air out of the blower pinching a man's lungs together—that air was foul with gas from rotting timbers, understand—it was a hot drift."

"Where did you rest up then?"

"Little wooden crib back out of the drift. They called that the doghouse. There was a cold shower, and a fan, and a tub with a block of ice in it. That was a shivering place, that doghouse. When I was in the drift I was hoping for the doghouse. Then I got into the doghouse, and I'm a son of

a gun if I wasn't thinking about the drift again. If a man could shovel ore with a teaspoon down there, his first shift, he was a good man."

The lucky Swede took another pinch of Copenhagen.

"If there was such a place as hell I would know it," he said dictatorially. "Nobody has been any deeper than I have. And I tell you there is no such place. It is a hatched-up story."

A shot reverberated through the mine. It was three-fifteen.

Oscar jumped up.

"Time to spit 'em."

The fuses hung down in graceful curves, immaculate white bellcords that were going to summon shattering fiends in another moment.

Oscar and I put our lamps simultaneously to two fuse ends. They spit viperously. Both lamps went out.

The stope was all one beautiful blue-green hiss.

We had no matches. We must cup the palm of the hand over the reflector of the carbide lamp, allow gas to collect, and ignite it by a spark produced by bearing down sharply on a little wheel fixed to the rim of the reflector.

It was a moment wherein, as lawyers say, time was of the essence. An electric impulse titillated in my heels. I wanted to remove, to depart, or, as Mark Twain would have said, to shove out.

Fuse tests posted on the wall of the dynamite house stated that this fuse would burn from forty-two to forty-six seconds to the foot. The fuses were six feet long. We had, therefore, something like four minutes' clearance.

In four minutes a well-conditioned man can run nearly a mile. But this is no consolation to a man standing stock still, with his hand over a reflector collecting gas.

If the spark should fail?

This was one of those situations where time and eternity—time the radiant, familiar friend, eternity the mysterious and cloud-capped stranger—meet to try conclusions.

Time won. The lights sprang out together. Oscar lit the remaining fuses.

"Time to go?" I inquired.

"Time to go," said Oscar. "By the manway."

The air hose hissed angrily, coiling down out of the manway. This manway was pitched at an angle of eighty degrees. Seizing the airpipe, I went up hand over hand until I had come level with the bottom ladder. I scraped my kneecaps, I raked my spine, I knocked my head against a knuckle of stone. I spilled hot water out of my lamp.

I was a young man in a hurry.

Oscar came behind. It seemed as if those first two fuses must surely now be near journey's end. We had touched them off in some preceding century. The act was shrouded in the mist which attends the memory of very old men.

Imprisoned by an Ore Car

Ladder by ladder we squirmed through that raise.

At the top a wooden flap was laid across, situated between tracks on which the ore cars ran. Now when I tried to lift this flap it yielded four or five inches, then rapped against some hard object.

My heart stopped.

Some Bohunk, some mooning foreign idiot, had moved an ore car exactly over this opening. The carelessness of this act, coming at a moment when blasting was about to begin, gave added proof that the safety of a given miner does not depend on his own caution alone, but on the caution of the least cautious of his fellow workmen.

There seemed a horrible urgency in this affair. The first shot would set up an air compression which would shake us down from that ladder like fleas out of a blanket. The second shot would pulverize us.

Thrusting my arm out I closed my hand on some iron part of the underbody of this car, and shoved and shoved in vain.

"It's full of ore."

I heard Oscar's breath whistle in his throat. "Let me at it."

In vain.

Surely four minutes had passed. Would we hear the explosion even? Or pass, with merely the extinction of all sensation, by means of a blow never felt?

We had the idea of yelling at the same time. Our voices streamed out of that lidded hole—no bigger than a manhole in a sidewalk—and the sound rang in the drift above.

There seemed to be no breath stirring there, no step, no echo of a step. We could hear nothing. But suddenly the ore car rolled away, and a blue-eyed Serbian stood blinking at us as we shot out like twin projectiles.

A cool air current touched us, clearing our eyes.

"Watch the other hole," said Oscar. "Let nobody down, not even the big boss."

Stumbling down the track, I glared into that yawning throat which had swallowed me earlier.

And now, to my disgust, a half hour seemed to go by before the first shot came. All that bustle in the manway had been a matter of seconds—seconds comprising eons. I began to believe that, after all, those shots were misfires, every one, when, to my surprise again, the first one came, like a blow on the cheek, like a puff from giant lungs, like the angry bellow of a thwarted mine god. It blew out my lamp, contracted my ribs, flushed the skin.

With the fifth shot I lit my lamp again. From the back of that stone maw was issuing a tongue of black vapor, like a fang. This tongue became a rising and enveloping blackness. Film on film, like black flames out of Tartarus, it wavered up that rocky slope. And at the same time, like a Plutonian aftermath of the shift's end, it crept out of all the drifts and stopes where blasting had been done, its tentacles seeking every cranny. This fog was like the ghost of a devilfish dipped in ink.

Back to Daylight

All over the mine these boomings and shudderings, remote and near. The dust at the mouth of drifts sprang back and forth strongly six or seven times with the strictness of a piston. It was a subterranean assault, causing an undulation of the massive rock, a shattering of planes, an oscillation of the air, a staggering of the inmost heart of that rifled mountain, which was as wormy, with men's borings, as a ship's biscuit.

And this is "shooting off the solid."

Dynamite fog had filled all the passages in the mine. Men looked more goblinlike than ever. Darting their lights hither and yon, they gathered in this acrid gloom.

A red incandescent overhead threw a fiend's light on haggard faces.

"Motor's coming!"

We swarmed aboard.

At the cage a rush to be among the first twenty-seven.

Oscar and I made the top deck.

"All hands face toward the boarding house," he said.

The lucky Swede had the hot bowl of his pipe hidden in the palm of his hand.

"This is yer partner's time of day," said a voice.

Oscar grinned.

"This is the sweetest puff of all," he said.

He was an old-timer. It pleased him to contemplate this rule of the company against smoking in the shaft.

The cage swooped up, surge on surge. And for a second time all men were thinking of the cable and the dogs, those unreliable reservists.

"She's sure hopping crow to-night," said an anxious voice.

I looked past the iron bonnet. Infinite night—the blackness of the tomb, pierced by one faint, steadfast star. The rays of this feeble star were white. They burned bravely. This was the collar of the shaft. This was daylight.

The cage shivered against the guideposts. The star grew in splendor; suddenly it was shorn of its rays and became an astonishing small blot of intense whiteness, an amazing rectangle incredibly far off. My neck ached. This blot grew in the eye. I ducked my head under the bonnet because the cage was just then producing a death rattle in the throat of the pit.

With the effect of flashlight the cage shot up among the muddy beams of the gallows frame. The air dashed in our faces like cold water, heavy and fluid. This was the warm Arizona afternoon. The yellow sun fell through the skin in javelins of light.

Deck by deck the men poured out of the cage—wringing wet, gaunt, heavy-breathing, mud-incrusted, eager for the boarding house.

I will conclude by adapting one of Oliver Wendell Holmes' cautions:

A good miner should be careful in the selection of his ancestors.

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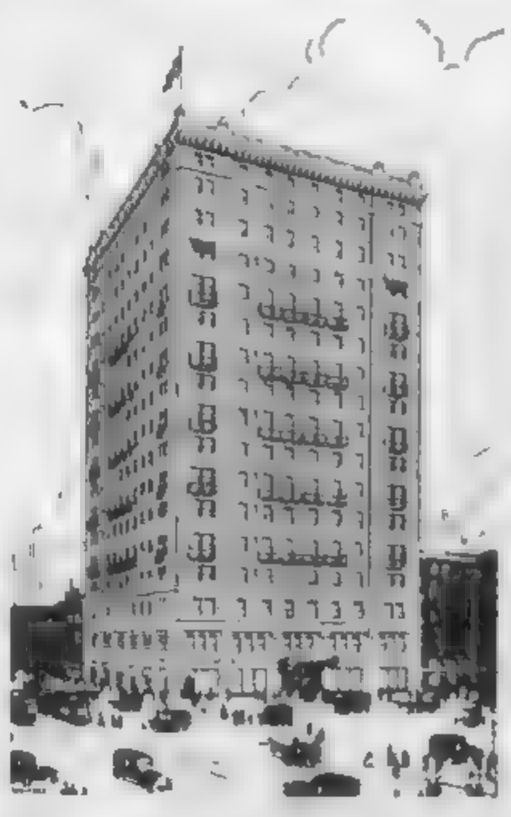

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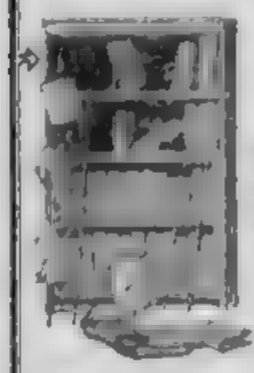

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COMMON SENSE ABOUT PREPAREDNESS

(Continued from Page 9)

officers from our privates. A West Point diploma confers on an officer a brand of army aristocracy. It is, of course, an artificial aristocracy. Congressmen have grown so tired of the jealousies arising from West Point and Annapolis appointments that in most districts the matter is left to a competitive examination, wherein the son of the humblest laborer is as likely to "get in" as the son of the proudest aristocrat. Four years of West Point, and the ditch-digger's son stands a wide gulf apart from the wheat-shoveler's son, brought up next door, who has happened to enlist as a private. It is true that the trained and experienced West Pointer who has kept garrison in the Far West, hunted Igorrotes in the Philippines and governed towns in the Southern Islands gets over a deal of that. Veterans of our Philippine War testify that the recent volunteer appointment was often far more an aristocrat than the old regular. Parvenus become everywhere more insistent on their position than the established. But the rule holds, nevertheless, and for proof consider the furore just before this war when a son of a post tailor got an appointment to West Point. He had served common soldiers—that was the trouble. And yet the present head of the French Army is the son of a cooper and a vinedresser!

Without question much of our trouble in getting enlistments for the regular army is due to this system. The Briton of humble occupation has been brought up to regard himself as "lower class." He accepts cheerfully a position of social inferiority—he even expects it, and feels lost unless some gentleman is exalted above him. When he enters the army he needs no change of attitude at all.

Caste in the Army

The average American of humble occupation has been brought up to regard himself as the equal of anyone. He hates any position in life which marks him off as socially inferior. How many native white Americans are working at domestic service? For an American to enter the army—it is a big change. Tell him that he will do better on the whole at soldiering than at common labor, and he will answer in effect that he is no man's lackey. To create real enthusiasm for the army we need to study the French system. It is true that conscription, as practiced by the French, has been a great leveler. There, of recent years, no able-bodied young man has been exempt. The son of the richest or the noblest man in France, if he have not chosen the profession of officer, has had to do his two years of service in the ranks with the son of his butler, his butcher or his tenant. But even without this, the French, having a passion for equality, would probably have found some other way to keep the system democratic. It is true also that the French are a homogeneous people, all much alike in their ways and the cut of their ideas, while we are of all sorts. But I am not advocating the adoption of the French system *in toto*—only an adaptation suited to our national character, which is still democratic.

Everyone who has seen the British struggle along toward efficiency knows that the great need of an unmilitary nation thrust suddenly into war is officers, officers and yet more officers. Omit fancy work and cut out useless drill, just as the French have done and the British are doing, and private soldiers can be licked into working shape very quickly—six months is an estimated time. The process probably could be hurried with Americans, who are the quickest people in the world to get a new idea. But with officers it is different. No longer is uneducated, natural leadership enough. It has become a highly technical profession, like engineering or medicine. One of the early tragedies of the war was the slaughter of those fine young British subalterns, sent out with only a few months' training, and incompetent even to guard their own lives. They were by nature highly intelligent men, as intelligent as any corresponding class in the world, but ignorant—just ignorant.

I remember overhearing the remarks of a British lieutenant-colonel commanding a reserve battalion raised and officered since the war began, and now, eight months later, "going into it." The colonel, as his face, his bearing and his service ribbons showed, was an experienced old fighter.

"God help this battalion if Major Blank and Captain Dash and I get killed," he said. "The rest are clever enough—oh, yes! But you can't put an old head on young shoulders and you can't make an officer in a year—indeed you can't."

In any army scheme, it seems to most observers of the European conflict, a large reserve of trained officers is the vital point next, perhaps, to munitions. Enlarge West Point, create another West Point—all that is good; but better would be an extension of the service-college idea by which we may make our new officers from men who have served in the ranks. Not only will this be an incentive toward enlistment but it should be a grand leveler. For by the time such a system is working, the "ranks" will be in the majority among our officers; and every man who shoulders a rifle in the ranks will be a potential ranker. He is now, for that matter, but not to such a degree as to count for much in breaking down our aristocratic army system.

When one comes to treat fairly the subject of the militia he puts himself in great peril of unpopularity. It is the way of the soldier, amateur or professional, to make his own arm of the service his idol; and the officers of our state troops resent criticism. Yet the sooner we replace the militia in its present form, the better for national defense. To get teamwork into a national army needs uniformity, not only of equipment and arms but also of training. Forty-eight states do the training just now, and in most diverse fashion. Our militia law belongs to the eighteenth century. It is impossible, except by evading the Constitution, to gather the militia of two or three states for those maneuvers which are as necessary to an army as signal practice to a football team.

Yet even that is not the greatest trouble. Interest in war belongs mainly to the so-called upper classes, as the late experience of England proves. And most of those among us who are preparing for war do not generally understand the bitter prejudice against the militia among the labor-union men.

It goes without saying that we cannot prepare efficiently if we alienate a class of the population so intensely important as organized labor. If we retain the militia system the only sensible procedure will be to separate it entirely from police duties. To do this, however, we must reckon with forty-eight states, each having its own laws and its own ways.

A national army is only one-half efficient without practice in maneuvers. For to reach real efficiency there must be a trained general staff. That general-staff system, worked out through many annual maneuvers, is the keynote of German and French efficiency. The Battle of the Masurian Lakes and equally the Battle of the Marne had been fought on paper years before; when the time for action came the generals in command put into practice strategy and tactics that had been tested in old maneuvers.

No Time for Haphazard Methods

Now, to a general staff a mobilized army is as a laboratory to a chemist. The higher officers learn their trade at maneuvers. Whatever form our citizen soldiery is to take, it must be easily mobilizable—which means that the militia system, as it now stands, will not do.

The day of haphazard methods in an army at war passed with Napoleon. The day of haphazard methods in a nation at war passed with the great struggle of 1914, 1915 and—God forbid!—1916. The new form of the disease of war eats into every fiber and cell of the body politic. Experts and specialists are necessary as never before. So far one great superiority of the Germans over the British has been their free use of trained civilian specialists in activities connected with the army. The British War Office, in the beginning, was guiding and directing some highly technical processes of manufacture with politicians who had no education for the job; while the Germans' Great Staff had selected from the empire the civilian experts who knew those jobs best, gave them minor commissions and set them to work.

A reminiscence of the Commission for Relief in Belgium illustrates this point. At a certain stage of the work Belgium and Northern France were divided into fifteen food districts. It was agreed that an American and a German should have joint charge of these districts. "What kind of job is it going to be?" the Germans asked the commission. "A business job mainly," was the answer. "We have large funds to handle." Three days later there arrived fifteen German captains, each one in peace time a banker, and each speaking fluent French. These men had served their time as conscript privates; they could, therefore, fit themselves into a military system. They were, in short, chosen as the best available men for this particular job—as specialists.

We must find ways to supplement our regular army bureaus by specialists, not only because they are best suited to their jobs but because they will be always a check on the natural conservatism of soldiers. All or nearly all the devices that have revolutionized the mechanical side of warfare, such as the submarine, the torpedo, the aëroplane, even the one-man machine gun, were American inventions. All or nearly all of these were first offered to our army, were declined, and were then taken up abroad. If report be true the one-man machine gun, invented by an officer of the United States Army, could get no recognition at home. In this light Secretary Daniels' board of invention is not a newspaper joke, but a reaching out toward a most useful principle. True, the Germans and any other conscript people possess one advantage over us in this regard: most of their men have served from six months to two years in the ranks; the specialist has, therefore, no trouble in accommodating himself to army ways. How to fit in our own specialists is our own problem.

The Factor of Social Teamwork

These are only a few matters of detail. Behind this detail lies a larger aspect of preparedness. Germany, which has been setting the pace on the material side of this war, did not prepare in a military sense alone. Before her early rush, which nearly swept the world off its feet, went forty years of general social teamwork. She had coördinated her society to get the greatest results with the smallest effort. Her peace preparation blended with her war preparation, so that it is hard, in many instances, to say which was which. Let me set myself straight with my reader at this point. I am not pro-German. But when this war is over competition will force the other European nations to imitate German methods, as those nations had already begun to imitate them before the war. This has been defined as a war between efficiency and liberty. How to get efficiency without losing liberty—that will be the problem for France and England as soon as the guns of Armageddon are silent.

We must follow, too, or find ourselves, in the end, hopelessly distanced. For we have understood the principle of national teamwork less than any other civilized nation, even England. Since modern warfare blends with industry so that there is a borderland where the two are indistinguishable, industrial and social teamwork is as vitally, though not so obviously, necessary to national defense as the training of officers or the manufacture of great guns that shoot two leagues. We must find why our insurance costs six or seven times as much as European insurance, and correct that. We must make some provision to keep down senseless unemployment, so that the vitality of our workers will not be drained by periods of privation, their working habit destroyed by periods of idleness. We must find why our manufacturers cannot compete at the same price of production with foreign manufacturers in the European market, and teach them how to adapt our ways to outlander ways. The socialization of the world is the single thing that one may now prophesy with any certainty concerning the future.

This may involve a change in some of our methods, in many of our ways of thinking and even in most of our ways of government. Our hidebound, eighteenth-century attitude toward the doctrine of states rights must go into the discard. We have had an example recently of how muddle-headedness concerning states rights may put stumbling blocks along the way which we must travel.

The Department of the Interior, through infinite struggle, managed some years ago to withdraw from entry most of the unused water-power sites. This was done, not for ourselves but for our children. When coal gives out, as it must some time, water power, so far as we know now, will be the only power. But it has also its immediate importance. Nitrogen is the great fertilizer and also the great basis of explosives. It does not occur freely in the geology of the United States. We get our supply from Chile. The Chilean beds must be worked out some day; and in case of war Chile might be cut off from the United States. There is another way, perfectly practical, to get this precious element—extract it from the air by electricity. For this process water power furnishes the necessary abundant, cheap, steady current.

So the Secretary of the Interior, as a preliminary to starting the nitrogen industry, introduces a bill for the leasing of power sites. It provides that the Government shall own these sites perpetually, but shall lease them for such a long term as will give capital security for its investment. And what happens? A congress of protest meets in the West. A few of the delegates, doubtless, were gentlemen with an ax to grind; but most of them protested because this measure, perhaps vitally necessary to both our industrial and our military future, was a violation of states rights!

If we are to keep up we must play the long, long game—again as Germany has done and as England is beginning to do. We cannot leave such a vital issue as the tariff to the compromises between senators fighting for protected wool in the Northwest and protected steel in the East and protected textiles in the South. We cannot leave a thing so vital to national defense as the location of our army posts and navy yards to the whims of local interest. We need, in all these things, to get the best experts we can find, to make sure that they are disinterested and to follow their advice.

It must be a long game, played sometimes not for immediate results but for results twenty years hence. The bigger the man, the farther ahead he plans. The hobo laborer thinks only of to-morrow, while the captain of industry is looking for results ten years from now. So it is and shall be with nations.

The Shortage of Ships

How short our national sight may be has proof, I think, in the furore over the Seamen's Bill. American shipping is at low-water mark; everyone knows that. And in case of war we are going to need auxiliary shipping in unconceived quantities of tonnage. England, I understand, is using in her military and naval activities twenty-five hundred merchant ships. The navy estimated last year that if war were declared immediately we should need more than a million tons of shipping. We were short in many classes of necessary ships. Take the item of "scout-cruisers." These are fast auxiliaries transformed from passenger vessels. In the Spanish War, Atlantic liners, the St. Paul and the St. Louis, rechristened the Harvard and the Yale, were our star scouts; also they were very good for their time. Seventeen years have elapsed. Not a fighting vessel which served at Santiago or Manila Bay would have gone on the first line in event of a war in 1915, and few of them are now afloat. But the best and fastest converted scout-cruisers at our command are still the St. Paul and the St. Louis! Once they were as fast as the fastest contemporary cruiser. Now the slowest tub of a second-line battleship could run them down. And this one fact states the naval problem of the merchant marine.

The American has abandoned the sea; that is why before the war we neither built, owned nor ran enough deep-water shipping to make our flag more than a curiosity in foreign ports. It has been the rule of shipping in all centuries—the rule, indeed, of all industries—that the race which makes the machine is the race which runs the machine. We shall get shipping when we get American boys to go to sea again. The white man, all over the world, is tending to stick to the land, leaving the rough work of seamanship to the Oriental. The British admit that if this war had waited ten years they would have had trouble in manning their auxiliary fleet with British subjects, so fast has the trend of their labor turned landward. The Germans have kept their new merchant shipping manned with German subjects by encouraging, by virtually compelling, inlanders to take to the water; the old seafaring population drops away as the landlubbers come in, to give up the vocation in their turn. We have only anticipated a world-wide antipathy of the European peoples.

The reason seems very plain: A century and a half ago labor was almost in servitude. The craftsman of the land, in the course of a century, struggled out of his shackles. The sailor did not. He still works in modified slavery. The very wages remain almost what they were. Andrew Furuseth, champion of the seamen, says that from the imperfect data in hand it appears that the wages of a seaman have increased only twenty-five or fifty per cent since 1820, say; while those of a carpenter have increased five hundred per cent. The seaman is usually bound to his ship in port, notwithstanding that one reason of a young man for taking to sea is the desire to visit foreign ports. "Do you know why I deserted the first time?" says Furuseth. "I wanted to see the Tower of London. I had been three times in the Port of the Thames before that, and had never been let off my ship." Now it is true that a ship is a little separate kingdom, and crews must be kept in hand. But it is also true that white men will desert the sea more and more, so long as seafaring continues to be a dog's life while conditions of employment on land steadily improve.

The Seamen's Act

From the standpoint of commerce alone it would make little difference whether our new merchant marine were manned by Americans or by Lascars, Japanese and Chinese. But from the standpoint of national defense it makes a great deal of difference. Though we increased our merchant marine by ten and twenty times, every ship in our service might be needed in time of war—probably would be needed. And we could not afford to trust colliers, auxiliary scouts, hospital ships and transports to crews of Orientals owing us no allegiance. To build a merchant marine is to the interest of the nation's commerce, but to man it with natives is to the interest of the whole people.

The personnel of the merchant marine, in the seafaring nations, works in and out with the personnel of the navy. We, who have no deep-sea-faring class, recruit our bluejackets from the interior and train them to the sea. The process seems to be satisfactory, but it has not been tested under battle conditions. The Spanish War is not a real criterion. It stands to reason that men bred in the atmosphere of the sea should make the best seamen for a navy, just as men like the Cossacks and the Western cowboys, brought up in the saddle, make the best cavalry. And the English are proving the point. Though we do not know all the details of their campaign against submarines, we know enough to be sure that it has been supremely clever. They have no single trick; they have many, all invented since the war began by men who are masters of the sea because they have known it from childhood.

I cite only one item. To get your submarine you must first find her. The British have for this purpose two mechanical devices, the aeroplane and the telephonic detector, and one human device, the eye. An expert British seaman can follow the course of a submarine by the track which she makes on the surface of the waves. No landsman's eye could distinguish that mark on tossing waters. It takes a vision which has always seen more of water than of land. This is only one of the ways where inbred seamanship counts for more than mere training. It is the difference between being a rider and being a horseman, between being a marksman and being a shot.

The Seamen's Act is mainly an attempt to get American men back to the ocean by making the ocean "livable" for able-bodied seamen. We are talking of keeping the merchant marine which the war has thrust on us, of making a new beginning; and this is really an endeavor to start us right. It may not work, but it is important enough to deserve a fair trial. Yet how the ship-owning interests howl! What a fuss over the two or three Pacific ships which, unable to sail with Chinese crews, will not sail at all! Because we are Americans, and because the American game in public affairs has always been a very short game, none has looked at this question in the light of the shifting years to come.

The Guarantee

Equip opposite wheels—at the same time—one with a Goodyear S-V, one with any other standard truck tire of like rated size, bought in the open market.

If the Goodyear S-V fails to cost less per mile than the other, we will refund you its full purchase price—making the Goodyear S-V free.

GOODYEAR SV TIRE

No Need to Take Chances on Truck Tires

Do you really want to eliminate the element of chance in choosing tires for your trucks?

You can adopt one of two definite, decisive ways of doing it.

You can get the word of some business friend who has tested the S-V Goodyear against other tires on opposite sides of the same truck.

Or—you can make the test yourself on your own truck, and prove conclusively that the S-V shows a lower cost per mile.

Surely there is too much at stake to leave the choice of truck tires to chance.

In everything else you buy there is one product which is superior to all others, isn't there?

If the S-V Goodyear furnishes that superiority and saving in truck tires—surely it is worth your while to know it.

Only one truck tire—the S-V—has offered to prove its value beyond all doubt.

That offer is still wide open—though the need of it is rapidly passing away as city after city is convinced that the S-V *does* cost less per mile.

The S-V guarantee, as shown in the box above, will be given you in writing, upon application. Any Goodyear Branch will gladly give you any information you may desire.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company

AKRON, OHIO

GOODYEAR
AKRON
TRUCK TIRES

We Now Present a Marvel Motor in the

Hudson Super-Six

Patented by Hudson
December 28, 1915

Officially Breaking All Stock Car Records up to 100 Miles. Also All Stock Car Records for Quick Acceleration—Under A. A. A. Supervision

100 miles in 80 minutes, 21.4 seconds, averaging 74.67 miles per hour, with driver and passenger.
The previous best record of 72.49 was made by a car with more cylinders, more cylinder capacity and driver only.

75.69 miles in one hour with driver and passenger.
During this trial speed laps were made at 76.75 miles per hour.

70.74 miles in one hour, carrying 5 passengers, with top and windshield up.
The previous best record for stock car similarly equipped was made by a car with more cylinders, more cylinder capacity, and with only two passengers.

From standing start to 50 miles an hour in 16.2 seconds. This stock car was driven 1350 miles at speed exceeding 70 miles an hour without discoverable wear on any part.
All the above Hudson records were made with the same stock car, using the same motor, at Sheepshead Bay Speedway in November, under American Automobile Association supervision.

The most powerful motor per cubic inch displacement which the world has known.

Mark what these achievements mean.

No other stock car, in all the world's records, has done what this car has done.

This is not a mere new model with minor refinements, but an epoch-making car.

Even the rumor has for months kept Motordom on edge. But the wildest rumor was tame compared with truth. The Super-Six begins a revolution.

Note first that this change comes at the zenith of our success.

Only last fall a new-model Hudson won a new empire for us. It doubled our sales, and made a new record for fine cars.

We stopped that model in the height of demand, losing thousands of sales. We spent $1,500,000 to again double production. We committed ourselves, on materials, etc., for $42,000,000 worth of new-type cars. All because of what we now announce.

A GREATER HUDSON

On June 28, 1915, we applied for patent on the Super-Six. It was issued on December 28th.

The claims we made were startling. They meant an almost twice-better Hudson. They meant reduced vibration in seemingly impossible degree.

They meant an increase of 50 per cent in possible motor speed. They meant an addition of 80 per cent to our power, without added size or cylinders.

They would give a new meaning to flexibility, silence and ease of control. It was clear that such a motor was bound to supersede the best types in existence.

CLAIMS PROVED TRUE

Those claims were based on shop tests. Now, after months of road tests, we pronounce them true.

We compared the Super-Six with our old Six, with results told on next page.

We built and bought Eights to compare with it. Then we built and bought V-type Twelves. We were, by the way, among the first to test out these types in cars.

We convinced ourselves in a hundred ways that this new motor would dominate the field. Then we abandoned forever the old-type Six, and all idea of an Eight or a Twelve.

ALSO A SUPER-CAR

In the months between every detail of the car has been raised to this motor standard.

We designed a new body with larger room and with perfect flowing lines. We built it with the double-cowl—in two compartments, each with a rounded dash. The finest grain leather is employed in the upholstery. The new windshield is slanted. There are disappearing seats in the tonneau.

We called in famous coach builders, experts and artists. And we gave them free hand to reach luxury's limit in the bodies for the Super-Six.

You will see that they did it. There's no need to argue that. A single glance at this new car will impress its superb distinction.

Hudson Power Increased 80%

To 76 Horsepower—Without Added Size or Cylinders

Three years ago, when Hudson engineers brought out the Light Six, it was welcomed as the ideal car.

A smaller bore and longer stroke lightened engine parts immensely. That lightness reduced vibration. The engine was a marvel for high speed, economy, flexibility and power.

That motor very quickly drove heavy Sixes out. It became the pattern type. In two years it multiplied Hudson prestige and quadrupled Hudson production.

BETTERED 80 PER CENT

Let us compare that Hudson Six-40 with the present Super-Six.

That motor speed capacity is now increased 50 per cent.

The Six-40, at high speed, delivered 42 horsepower. *The Super-Six delivers 76 horsepower.*

Yet both engines are Sixes. The cylinder size is identical. No extra cylinders, size or complications. That increase in horsepower of 80 per cent shows the saving in vibration.

The Six-40 has made 55 miles per hour. The Super-Six has made 100 miles at an average speed of 74.67 miles per hour—a stock car, under American Automobile Association supervision. That breaks every record on stock cars, with engines of any type. It has also broken all official records in quick acceleration.

Mark those comparisons. And remember that the Hudson Six-40 was the leading high-grade Six.

THE MEANING OF SPEED

A motor-car engine is measured by its possible high speed. That signifies lack of vibration. And swift revolution is the only way to high power combined with lightness and flexibility.

High speed in a motor means vast reserve power. It means ability to creep on high gear, to pick up quickly, to mount hills without effort, to avoid changing gears, and to speed.

All that pertains to luxury of motion depends on a high-speed vibrationless motor. That is what is accomplished in the Super-Six in a degree heretofore unknown.

A block's ride in this car will prove it. Severe tests will lead you to marvel. Comparison with any car of any type will wipe out any question of this new car's supremacy. It is too vast to dispute.

MORE FINE CARS NOW

This Super-Six will appeal to fine-car buyers. We believe, too, it will multiply their numbers.

The price, despite this luxury, is but $1375. That's because we shall build this season 42 million dollars' worth.

Many a man who thinks of $1000 will pay the difference for the Super-Six. And he will save it in engine wear and fuel.

The Super-Six is resistless. Its distinction, its beauty, its feel, its power, speed and flexibility will delight every motor-car lover. The man who gets it will have all that any man can get.

Hudson Dealers Have It Now on Show
Ask for the Super-Six Catalog—Just Out

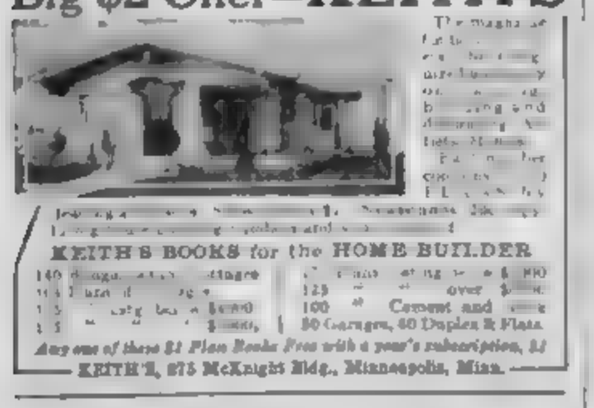
HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY, Detroit, Michigan

The Hudson Super-Six
$1375

Hudson Super-Six with 7-Passenger Phaeton Body—$1375, f. o. b. Detroit. Also Built as a Roadster, a Cabriolet, a Touring Sedan, a Limousine and a Town Car.

$1 DOWN

Big $2 Offer—KEITH'S



ASK FOR and GET
HORLICK'S
THE ORIGINAL
MALTED MILK
Cheap substitutes cost YOU same price.

interest; but now it seemed to him that there had been something in the man after all, and he resolved to get some of his books and go over them again. He wished he had read them more carefully at the time, for they doubtless contained much information and many hints which would have come in handy just now. He seemed, for example, to recall characters in them who had the knack of going through forests without letting a single twig crack beneath their feet. Probably the author had told you how this was done. In his unenlightened state it was beyond Mr. Pickering. The wood seemed carpeted with twigs. Whenever he stepped he trod on one, and whenever he trod on one it cracked beneath his feet. There were moments when he felt gloomily that he might just as well be firing a machine gun.

Bill, meanwhile, Elizabeth following close behind him, was plowing his way onward. From time to time he would turn to administer some encouraging remark, for it had come home to him by now that encouraging remarks were what she needed very much in the present crisis of her affairs. She was showing him a new and hitherto unsuspected side of her character. The Elizabeth whom he had known—the valiant, self-reliant Elizabeth—had gone, leaving in her stead someone softer, more appealing, more approachable. It was this that was filling him with strange emotions as he led the way to their destination.

He was becoming more and more conscious of a sense of being drawn very near to Elizabeth, of a desire to soothe, comfort and protect her. It was as if to-night he had discovered the missing key to a puzzle or the missing element in some chemical combination. Like most big men, his mind was essentially a protective mind; weakness drew out the best that was in him. And it was only to-night that Elizabeth had given any sign of having any weakness in her composition. That clear vision which had come to him on his long walk came again now, that vivid conviction that she was the only girl in the world for him.

He was debating within himself the advisability of trying to find words to express this sentiment, when Mr. Pickering, the modern Chingachgook, trod on another twig in the background and Elizabeth stopped abruptly with a little cry.

"What was that?" she demanded.

Bill had heard a noise too. It was impossible to be within a dozen yards of Mr. Pickering, when on the trail, and not hear a noise. The suspicion that someone was following them did not come to him, for he was a man rather of common sense than of imagination, and common sense was asking him bluntly why the deuce anybody should want to tramp after them through a wood at that time of night. He caught the note of panic in Elizabeth's voice, and was soothing her.

"It was just a branch breaking. You hear all sorts of rum noises in a wood."

"I believe it's the man with the pistol following us!"

"Nonsense. Why should he? Silly thing to do!" He spoke almost severely.

"Look!" cried Elizabeth.

"What?"

"I saw someone dodge behind that tree."

"You mustn't let yourself imagine things. Buck up!"

"I can't buck up. I'm scared."

"Which tree did you think you saw someone dodge behind?"

"That big one there."

UNEASY MONEY

(Continued from Page 21)

"Well, listen: I'll go back and ——"

"If you leave me for an instant I shall die in agonies." She gulped. "I never knew I was such a coward before. I'm just a worm."

"Nonsense. This sort of thing might frighten anyone. I read a story once ——"

"Don't!"

Bill found that his heart had suddenly begun to beat with unaccustomed rapidity. The desire to soothe, comfort and protect Elizabeth became the immediate ambition of his life. It was very dark where they stood. The moonlight, which fell in little patches round them, did not penetrate the thicket which they had entered. He could hardly see her. He was merely aware of her as a presence, an appealing and feminine presence. An excellent idea occurred to him.

"Hold my hand," he said.

It was what he would have said to a frightened child, and there was much of the frightened child about Elizabeth then. The Eustace mystery had given her a shock which subsequent events had done nothing to dispel, and she had lost that jauntiness and self-confidence which was her natural armor against the more ordinary happenings of life.

Something small and soft slid gratefully into his palm, and there was silence for a space. Bill said nothing. Elizabeth said nothing. And Mr. Pickering had stopped treading on twigs. The faintest of night breezes ruffled the treetops above them. The moonbeams filtered through the branches. He held her hand tightly.

"Better?"

"Much."

The breeze died away. Not a leaf stirred. The wood was very still. Somewhere on a bough a bird moved drowsily. "All right?"

"Yes."

And then something happened—something shattering, disintegrating. It was only a pheasant, but it sounded like the end of the world. It rose at their feet with a rattle that filled the universe, and for a moment all was black confusion. And when that moment had passed it became apparent to Bill that his arm was round Elizabeth, that she was sobbing helplessly and that he was kissing her. Somebody was talking very rapidly in a low voice.

He found that it was himself.

"Elizabeth!"

There was something wonderful about the name, a sort of music. This was odd, because the name, as a name, was far from being a favorite of his. Until that moment childish associations had prejudiced him against it. It had been inextricably involved in his mind with an atmosphere of stuffy schoolrooms and general misery, for it had been his misfortune that his budding mind was constitutionally incapable of remembering who had been queen of England at the time of the Spanish Armada—a fact that had caused a good deal of friction with a rather sharp-tempered governess. But now it seemed the only possible name for a girl to have, the only label that could even remotely suggest those feminine charms which he found in this girl beside him. There was poetry in every syllable of it. It was like one of those deep chords which fill the hearer with vague yearnings for strange and beautiful things. He asked for nothing better than to stand here repeating it.

"Elizabeth!"

"Bill, dear!"

That sounded good too. There was music in "Bill" when properly spoken. The reason why all the other Bills in the world had got the impression that it was a prosaic sort of name was that there was only one girl in existence capable of speaking it properly, and she was not for them.

"Bill, are you really fond of me?"

"Fond of you!"

She gave a sigh. "You're so splendid!"

Bill was staggered. These were strange words. He had never thought much of himself. He had always looked on himself as rather a chump—well-meaning, perhaps, but an awful ass. It seemed incredible that anyone—and Elizabeth of all people—could look on him as splendid.

And yet the very fact that she had said it gave it a plausible sort of sound. It shook his convictions. Splendid! Was he? By Jove, perhaps he was, what? Rum idea, but it grew on a chap. Filled with a novel feeling of exaltation, he kissed Elizabeth eleven times in rapid succession.

He felt devilish fit. He would have liked to run a mile or two and jump a few gates. He wished five or six starving beggars would come along; it would be pleasant to give the poor blighters money. It was too much to expect at that time of night, of course, but it would be rather jolly if Jess Willard would roll up and try to pick a quarrel. He would show him something. He felt grand and strong and full of beans. What a ripping thing life was when you came to think of it.

"This," he said, "is perfectly extraordinary!" And time stood still.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

IF I WERE BOSS

(Continued from Page 7)

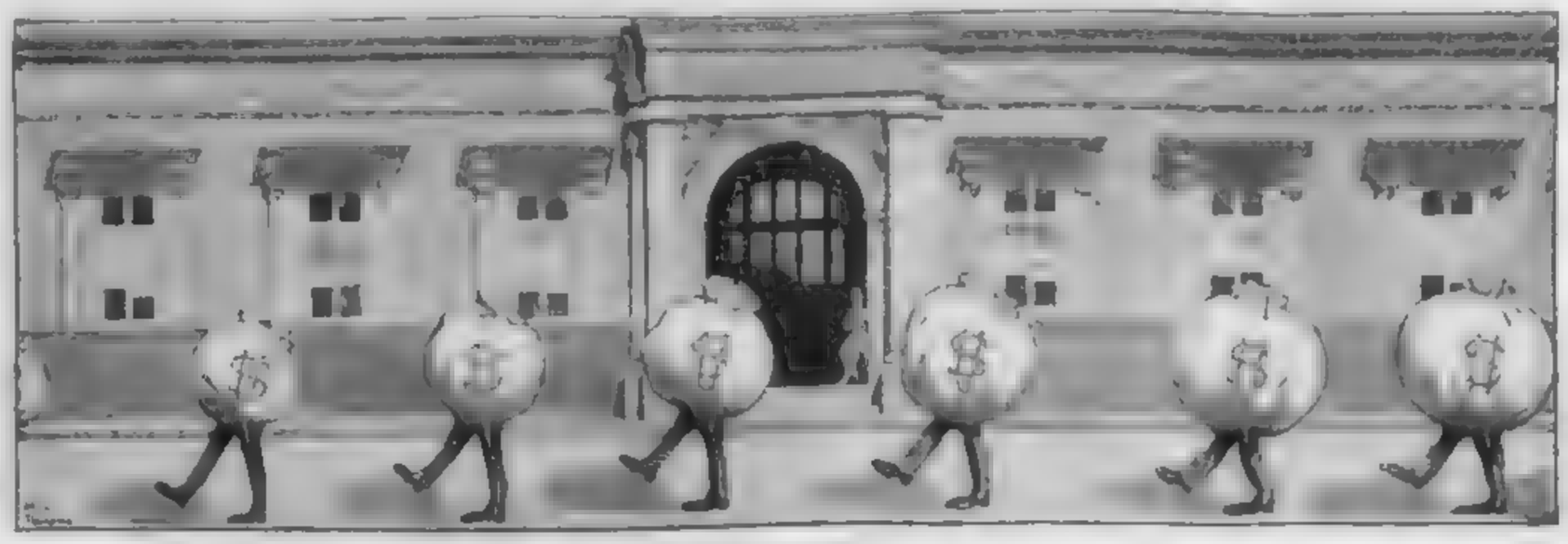
She was sure he was joking, but still you never could tell, and her pretty little cousin was perniciously attractive to men, though she was such a fool and—— And Agnes meekly perched upon Charley's knee, while he grinned in masculine triumph and said blandly:

"Well, it's nothing much except that you're now sitting on the knee of the sales-manager of the Greene-Slosson Company, and I go to work February first at two thousand per for a starter!"

"Oh, darling, then we can have the little house——"

"Yessir, everything from the kitchen stove to the perambulator. Now see the girl blush! Oh, I'm just as excited as you are. I got to joke about it or I'd blubber like a kid! We'll have a real front yard with trees and grass and everything, and we'll sit there evenings, and there'll never be any more troubles. And when I'm in the firm—— Oh, I'm just crazy, thinking of all the wonderful things we've got coming! Let me kiss you right there on that funny flat place beside your temple. Oh, say, forgot to tell you Slosson warned me to keep up discipline. Can you beat that! I guess I know what I want. I'm going to give the boys a square deal, lay my cards right down on the table, let 'em call me by my first name and work with them. If I were Slosson I'd do the same thing even then. Gosh, isn't it all wonderful!"

(TO BE CONCLUDED)



DELCO

ELECTRIC CRANKING LIGHTING IGNITION

HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY
DETROIT, MICH. U.S.A.

Dayton Engineering Laboratories Co.
Dayton, Ohio.

December Third
1 9 1 5

Gentlemen:

In consideration of the fact that the Hudson car has depended upon Delco Equipment for its Cranking, Lighting and Ignition during the past three years, I feel that you will be interested in a brief report of some tests just completed with our new "Super-Six", sanction No 869 of the American Automobile Association.

The tests were made at Sheepshead Bay Speedway under

The car used was the new "Super-Six" - a regular stock car.

Test No. 1 - Acceleration - From standing start through first and second to high gear to 50 miles per hour in 16.2 seconds - and to 60 miles per hour in 23 seconds - From 5 to 30 miles per hour in 10 seconds.

We do not believe that these records have ever been equaled by any car.

Test No. 2 - Speed - Traveled 70.74 miles in one hour with top and windshield up and with five passengers. Traveled 75.08 miles in one hour, carrying two passengers, with top folded and windshield halves in horizontal position.

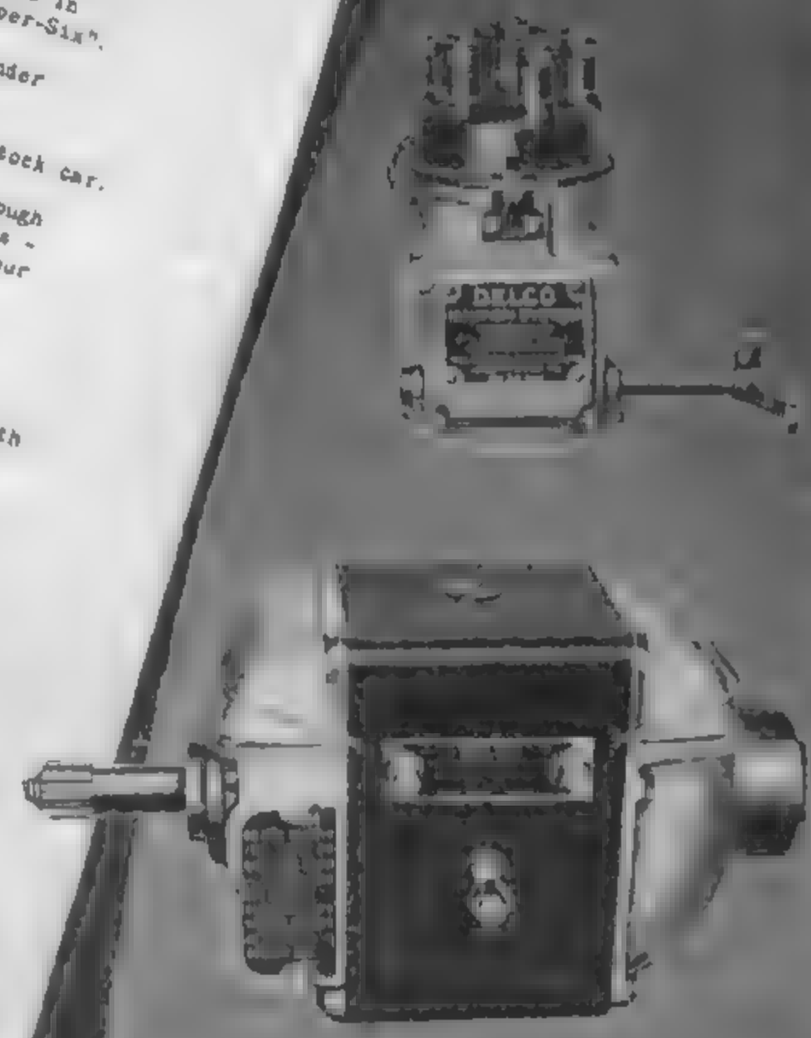
Traveled 100 miles in 80 minutes, 21.4 seconds with two passengers, top folded and windshield in horizontal position.

During the time the car was at the Speedway it traveled 1350 miles on the track at a speed of 70 miles or over, per hour.

And under these extreme conditions in all this time the Delco System never faltered.

You are certainly to be congratulated upon the design and development of a system that will stand up under such severe strain and do its part in the accomplishment of such remarkable results.

Very truly yours,
HUDSON MOTOR CAR CO.
Howard E. Coffin



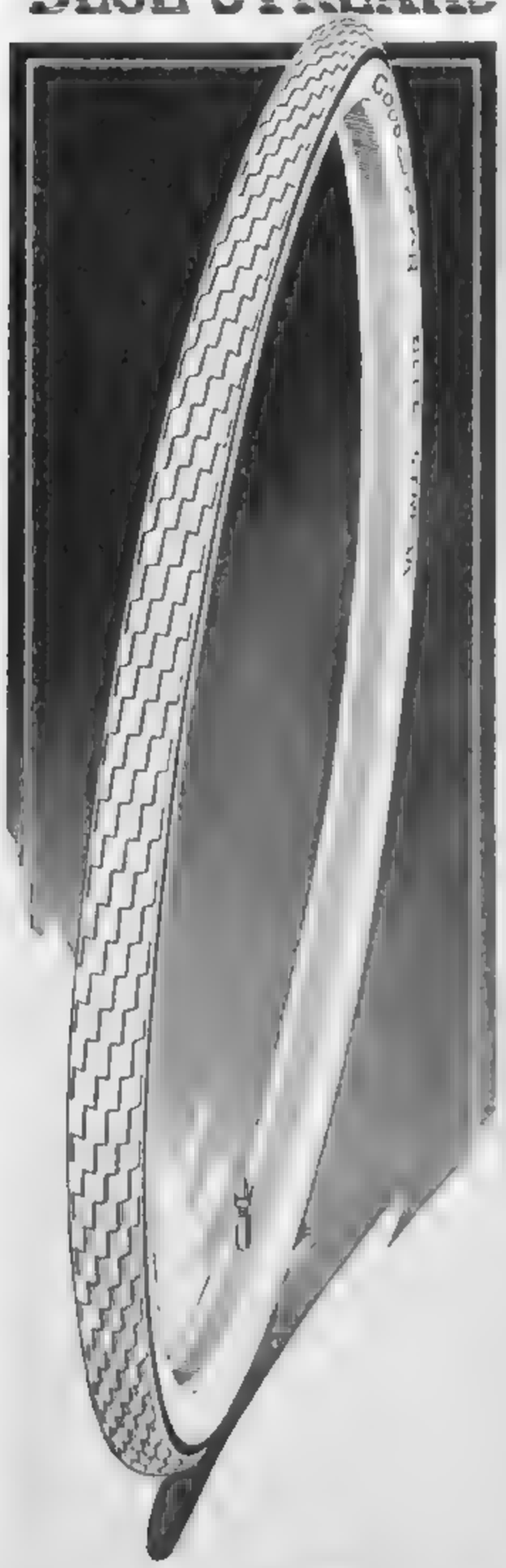
AGAIN Delco ignition has demonstrated its marvelous efficiency under continued strain and its equally marvelous flexibility in supplying the most effective spark at all speeds.

The above letter from Mr. Coffin, one of the foremost automobile engineers in America, tells its own story.

It is not a testimonial—it is simply an engineer's report of a most remarkable performance.

The Dayton Engineering Laboratories Company, Dayton, Ohio

BLUE STREAKS



GOODYEAR
AKRON
Blue Streak
Bicycle Tires

Now Cost But $2.50 Each

Instead of paying $4 to $6 each for bicycle tires, you can now buy Goodyear non-skid Blue Streaks for $2.50.

To the dealer and the manufacturer, this better, more economical tire means a long step toward their goal of 1,000,000 new bicycles in 1916. For more men and women, more boys and girls, will ride.

No maker can employ better equipment or materials; none can go further in scientific tests or practical tire experience, than Goodyear.

So why pay more than $2.50?

Over seven thousand dealers carry Goodyear non-skid Blue Streaks in stock. Any dealer can get them for you direct from any Goodyear branch.

It is folly to pay more, when $2.50 buys the Blue Streak—guaranteed by Goodyear to the dealer and the rider.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company
Akron, Ohio

WHAT IS COMING

(Concluded from Page 4)

hand there are a considerable number of men in positions of especial influence and power who will certainly resist the arrangements that are essential to its establishment.

But does this exhaust the question, and must we conclude that mankind is doomed to a perpetual futile struggling of states and nations and peoples, breaking ever and again into war? The answer to that would probably be "Yes" if it were not for the progress of war. War is continually becoming more scientific, more destructive, more coldly logical, more intolerant of non-combatants and more exhausting of every kind of property. There is every reason to believe that it will continue to intensify these characteristics. By doing so it may presently bring about a state of affairs that will supply just the lacking elements that are needed for the development of a world peace. I would venture to suggest that the present war is doing so now—that it is producing changes in men's minds that may presently give us both the needed energy and the needed organization from which a world direction may develop.

The first, most distinctive thing about this conflict is the exceptionally searching way in which it attacks human happiness. No war has ever destroyed happiness so widely. It has not only killed and wounded an unprecedented proportion of the male population of all the combatant nations, but it has also destroyed wealth beyond precedent. It has also destroyed freedom—of movement, of speech, of economic enterprise. Hardly anyone alive has escaped the worry of it and the threat of it. It has left scarcely a life untouched, and made scarcely a life happier. There is a limit to the principle that "everybody's business is nobody's business." The establishment of a World State, which was interesting only to a few cranks and visionaries before the war, is now the lively interest of a very great number of people. They inquire about it; they have become accessible to ideas about it.

When the World Awakes

Peace organization seems, indeed, to be following the lines of public sanitation. Everybody in England, for example, was bored by the discussion of sanitation—until the great cholera epidemic. Everybody thought public health a very desirable thing, but nobody thought it intensely and overridingly desirable. Then the interest in sanitation grew lively, and people exerted themselves to create responsible organizations. Crimes of violence again were neglected in the great cities of Europe until the danger grew to dimensions that evolved the police. There come occasions when the normal concentration of an individual upon his own immediate concerns becomes impossible; as, for instance, when a man who is stocktaking in his business premises discovers that the house next door is on fire. A great many people who have never troubled their heads about anything but their own purely personal and selfish interests are now realizing that quite a multitude of houses about them are ablaze, and that the fire is spreading.

That is one change the war will bring about that will make for world peace—a quickened general interest in its possibility. Another is the certainty that this war will increase the number of devoted and fanatic characters available for disinterested effort. Whatever other outcome this war may have, it means that there lies ahead a period of extreme economic and political dislocation. The credit system has been strained and will be strained, and will need unprecedented readjustments. In the past such phases of uncertainty, sudden impoverishment and disorder as certainly lie ahead of us have meant for a considerable number of minds a release—or, if you prefer it, a flight—from the habitual and selfish. Types of intense religiosity, of devotion and of endeavor are let loose, and there will be much more likelihood that we may presently find, what it is impossible to find now, a number of devoted men and women ready to give their whole lives, with a quasi-religious enthusiasm, to this great task of peace establishment, finding in such impersonal work a refuge from the disappointments, limitations, losses and sorrows of their personal life—a refuge we need but little in more settled and more prosperous periods. They will be but the outstanding individuals in a very universal quickening. And simultaneously with this quickening of the general imagination by experience, there are certain other developments in progress that point very clearly to a change under the pressure of this war of just those institutions of nationality, kingship, diplomacy and interstate competition that have hitherto stood most effectually in the way of a world pacification. The considerations that seem to point to this change are very convincing to my mind.

The real operating cause that is, I believe, going to break down the deadlock that has hitherto made a supreme court and a federal government for the world at large a dream lies in just that possibility of an "inconclusive peace" which so many people seem to dread. Germany, I believe, is going to be beaten but not completely crushed by this war; she is going to be left militarist and united with Austria and Hungary and unchanged in her essential nature, and out of that state of affairs comes, I believe, the hope for an ultimate confederation of the nations of the earth. Because in the face of a league of the Central European powers attempting recuperation, cherishing revenge, dreaming of a renewal of the struggle, it becomes impossible for the British, the French, the Belgians, Russians, Italians or Japanese to think any longer of settling their differences by war among themselves. To do so will mean the creation of opportunity for the complete reinstatement of German militarism. It will open the door for a conclusive German hegemony. Now, however clumsy and confused the diplomacy of these present Allies may be, challenged constantly, as it is, by democracy and hampered by a free, venal and irresponsible press in at least three of their countries, the necessity they will be under will be so urgent and so evident that it is impossible to imagine that they will not set up some permanent organ for the direction and coördination of their joint international relationships.

It may be a queerly constituted body at first; it may be of a merely diplomatic pretension; it may be called a congress or any old name of that sort, but essentially its business will be to conduct a joint fiscal, military and naval policy; to keep the peace in the Balkans and Asia; to establish a relationship with China, and organize joint and several arbitration arrangements with America. And it must develop something more sure and swift than our present diplomacy. One of its chief concerns will be the right of way through the Bosporus and the Dardanelles, and the watching of the forces that stir up conflict in the Balkans and the Levant. It must have unity enough for that; it must be much more than a mere leisurely, unauthoritative conference of representatives.

The Nucleus of the World State

For precisely similar reasons it seems to me incredible that the two great Central European powers should ever fall into sustained conflict again with each other. They, too, will be forced to create some overriding body to prevent so suicidal a possibility. America, too, it may be, will develop some Pan-American equivalent. Probably the hundred millions of Latin America may achieve a method of unity, and then deal on equal terms with the present United States. The thing has been ably advocated already in South America. Whatever appearances of separate sovereignties are kept up after the war, the practical outcome of the struggle, therefore, is quite likely to be this, that there will be only three great World Powers left, the anti-German Allies, the allied Central European, the Pan-Americans. And it is to be noted that whatever the constituents of these three powers may be, none of them are likely to be monarchies. They may include monarchies, as England includes dukedoms. But they will be overriding alliances, not overriding rulers.

I leave it to the mathematician to work out exactly how much the chances of conflict are diminished when there are practically only three powers in the world instead of some scores. And these new powers will be in certain respects unlike any existing European "states." None of the three powers will be small or homogeneous enough to serve dynastic ambitions, embody a national or racial *Kultur*, or fall into the grip of any group of financial enterprises. They will be more comprehensive, less romantic and more businesslike altogether. They will be, to use a phrase suggested a year or so ago, "Great States." And the war threat between the three will be so plain and definite, the issues will be so lifted out of the spheres of merely personal ambition and national feeling, that I do not see why the negotiating means, the standing conference, of the three should not ultimately become the needed nucleus of the World State for which at present we search the world in vain.

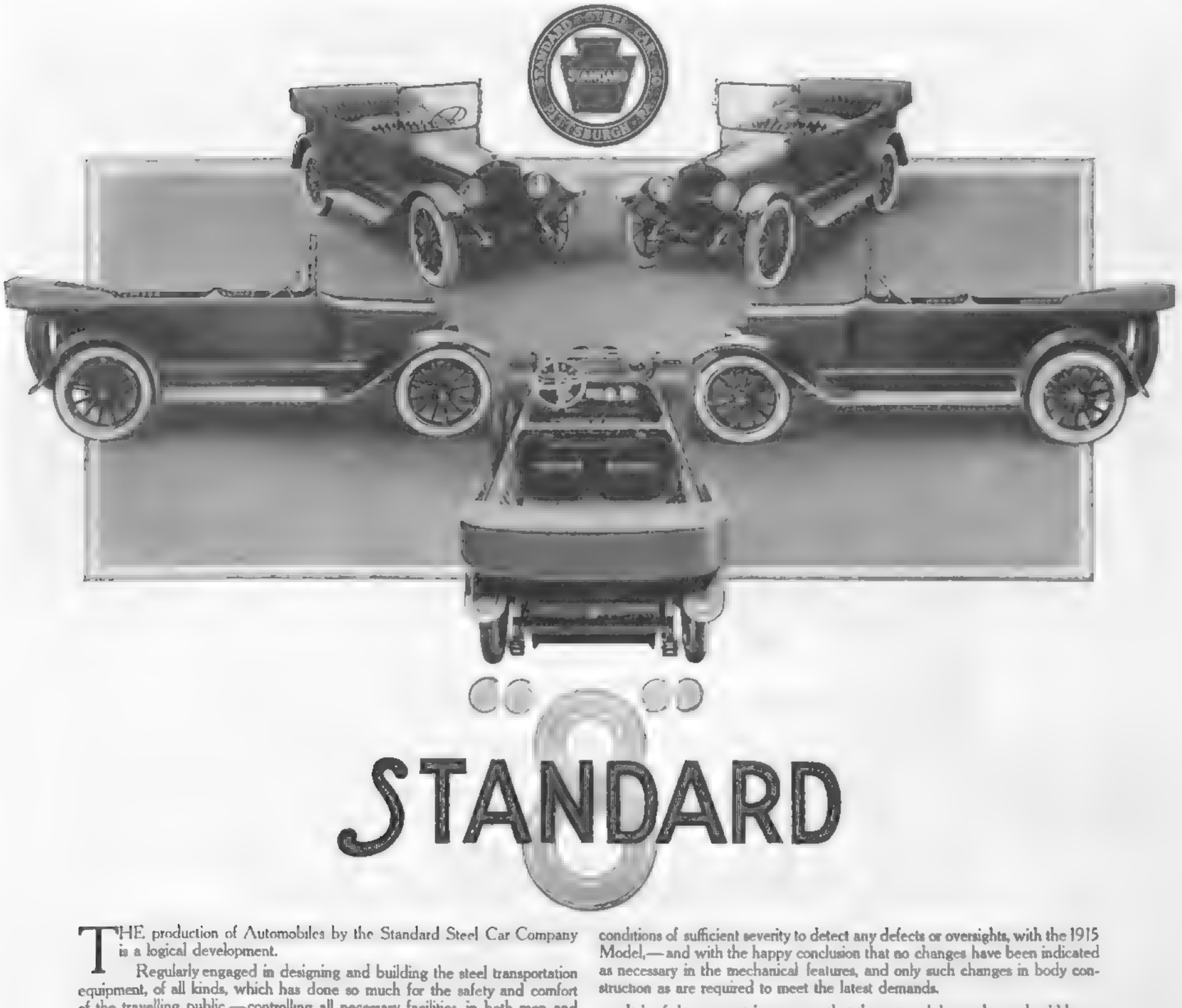
Preliminary Exploration

There are more ways than one to the World State; and this second possibility of a post-war conference and a conference of the Allies growing almost unawares into a pacific organization of the world, since it goes on directly from existing institutions, since it has none of the quality of a clean break with the past which the idea of an immediate World State and *Pax Mundi* involves, and more particularly since it neither abolishes nor has in it anything to shock fundamentally the princes, the diplomatists, the lawyers, the statesmen and politicians, the nationalists and suspicious people, since it gives them years in which to change and die out and reappear in new forms, and since at the same time it will command the support of every intelligent human being who gets his mind clear enough from his circumstances to understand its import, is a far more credible hope than the hope of anything coming *de novo* out of Hague Foundations or the manifest logic of war.

But, of course, there weighs against these hopes the possibility that the Allied powers are too various in their nature, too biased, too feeble intellectually and imaginatively, to hold together and maintain any institution for coöperation. The British press may be too silly not to foster irritation and suspicion; we may get Carsonism on a larger scale trading on the resuscitation of dying habits; the British and Russian diplomatists may play annoying tricks upon one another by sheer force of habit. There may be many troubles of that sort. Even then I do not see that the hope of an ultimate world peace vanishes. But it will be a Roman world peace, made in Germany, and there will have to be several more great wars before it is established. Germany is too homogeneous yet to have begun the lesson of compromise and the renunciation of the dream of national conquest. The Germans are a national, not an imperial people. France has learned that through suffering, and Britain and Russia because for two centuries they have been imperial and not national systems. The German conception of world peace is as yet a conception of German ascendancy. The Allied conception becomes perforce one of mutual toleration.

But I will not press this inquiry farther now. It is, as I said at the beginning, a preliminary exploration of one of the great questions with which I propose to play in these articles. The possibility I have sketched is the one that most commends itself to me as probable. After a more detailed examination of the big operating forces at present working in the world, we may be in a position to revise these suggestions with a greater confidence, and draw our net of probabilities a little tighter.

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of articles by Mr. H. G. Wells. The second will appear in an early number.



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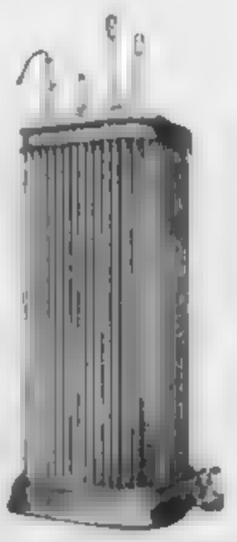

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THE CAMERA MAN

(Continued from Page 12)

bottom of the ship—and hot! Hell wasn't ever goin' to be any hotter than they were by the time they got down into the Gulf of Mexico.

In two weeks, or three maybe, they steamed into somewhere or other and he had to go ashore. And he jumped aboard a train, and there met up with a traveling salesman and the little plate-cutter. It was him who told him about this revolutionary hero Valina having a half-million dollars or so in gold in a safe in a baggage car hitched up to a locomotive with steam up for his get-away any minute. "If I wasn't an honest man I'd get into that treasure car somehow and cut a hole in that safe with my little plate-cutter and get that half million," said the traveling salesman.

They'd had a few gin and beers together at way stations along the road, when the traveling salesman took a fit in the sun and died; and after they'd buried him, why he just naturally fell heir to the plate-cutter in the little green box. And there he was now on the road to Valina, and five minutes in that baggage car was all he wanted. And as for the locomotive for the get-away, why he used to fire on a locomotive on the Erie one time!

"But have another beer and keep all that to yourself," he says. And I did; and we climbed aboard the flat car after all the rock was heaved off and started for Marreon, which is where Valina was.

But no sooner do we hop off the train in Marreon than a thin, bow-legged party with a sword and a pair of epaulettes clinging to the shoulders of his pyjama uniform steps up and asks my friend Bill what he's got in the box. And he's so slow thinking up a good excuse that they're sure it's some kind of an infernal machine, and so they slap him into jail. There are a lot of other prisoners in the same jail, but they're saving 'em to be shot later, so they put him in a room by himself.

While they are on the way with me for Valina himself to look me over, who should come along but Piper, the war correspondent I'd met at Porto Bello.

"I'll bring this Americano to the general," he says to the party with the sword, who says all right and turns me over to Piper.

"You seem to be in right up here," I said.

"I am," he said. "I'm the general's press agent, the man that's making him famous in the United States and other outlying districts."

"And what kind is he?" I ask.

"Oh-h," says Piper, "he's still got the notion that the first duty of a patriot in power is to get rid of every enemy he ever had. He used to shoot them from behind hedges and doby walls one at a time himself, but now he lines them up against a blank wall and has a firing squad click them off a dozen at a lick. Where'd you come from last? Did you get to Mendez?"

I tell him. And he says: "I was afraid you'd come from there, so I grabbed you off. Now don't on your life, when I bring you in to Valina, tell him you've been with Mendez' crowd. You do and it'll be a handkerchief, if you want to make use of it to put over your eyes, and taps for you just before sundown."

I went with Piper up and down a couple of streets, through a bright-lit doorway, then through a long hall and into a marble-paved room, where at a long table in the middle was a game of roulette going on. Besides the big roulette table there was a crap table with a cement wall about a foot high round it. They were rolling the dice up against the wall and letting them bounce back onto the cement bed. There was another crap table, and another roulette table, and two other tables with games going on that I hadn't time to catch on to, when I notices a man in uniform peeking out from behind a grill and selling chips to players coming into the game and redeeming chips from players getting through. He didn't redeem many while I watched. The general had a half-interest in the gambling house, Piper explained. The man behind the grill was the general's paymaster.

By and by Piper brought me into the office back of the grill to meet the great Liberator, who is sitting comfortably in an easy-chair. He is a good-sized, heavy-built *hombre*, with oily-black hair and a scraggy mustache, who bowed as though he was glad to see me when Piper introduced me, and at the same time looking me over. Piper introduces me then to his paymaster, Captain Vicente, who is the man in uniform at the grill, and who I see from behind is small and flat-shouldered; and he is starting to give me a polite wave of one hand but not finishing up the wave, because just then a yellow hand slips a stack of gold coins through the wicket and Captain Vicente has to hurry to take the coins and slip out a few stacks of chips in their place.

"It is his second thousand of pesos, general, within the hour," said the captain when he turned round again.

"Two thousand!" The general bounced up out of his armchair to have a peek through the grill. "Who is he, Vicente?"

"That is Perez, the merchant who sells panama hats to the American tourists."

"Oh," said the general, "it is not surprising—two thousand pesos in one hour. But make a note of his name, Vicente, and together you and I shall call upon him tomorrow. He may present me with the profit of a few more hats—who knows?"

He turns then to me and asks what I'm after, and I tell him to make photographs. Piper then tells him I am the greatest, the most famous, the most wonderful camera operator in the business; and I explain to him in my best spiggity how my company had sent me at enormous expense to take moving pictures of himself and his noble army, and how we intended to make his face as familiar to the people of the great United States as the face of—well, Charlie Chaplin.

"Shap-lin, bah!" he says. "Who is Shaplin?" So I changed Chaplin to Mary Pickford; and he, understanding she is only a woman, looks more pleased; and tells me to go ahead, but he must see the pictures before I send them off.

"How can you keep yourself hooked up to that grafter and faker?" I ask Piper after we come away.

And he says: "I didn't come down to this country to make people over. Besides, how'm I going to change him over? Besides again, he pays me a thousand pesos Mex a month; and you can't tell—he may come through. Just as big fakers have made names before him. And if he does come through there's no telling ——? Being on the spot at the right time is the main thing when it comes to pulling off the big job—and I'm going to stay on the spot."

Next day I took a strip of Valina waving his sword and looking backward on horseback in grand old movie style, and when I rigged up a projector and showed it to him he detailed a squad to see that I wasn't interrupted in my great work of making more pictures of him.

And I take another little reel of him charging at the head of his troops. He had a big black horse, and the big loafer could ride. After he'd seen this picture on the screen I told Piper in confidence for Piper to tell him in confidence, which Piper does with a few decorations of his own, that when the American people see that film unrolling before their very eyes he could go up to the United States and get naturalized and be elected President. The amount of salve those headline performers will absorb if you massage it in right—it's the limit. "So!" says Valina to that, and looks as if he didn't know but he could go up and be elected President of the United States.

A few days after that we heard how old Mendez had shot fifty of Valina's men he had taken prisoners, saying they had once been in his army and so were traitors. Which stirred our Liberator up. And when a crowd of his men next day grabbed off an advance guard of Mendez, he orders them taken with the twenty-odd he had herded up in jail and stood against a wall, ten at a time, and shot.

And when they're all ready for the shooting I'm all ready to make pictures of it. I get the first squad of ten as they march up, and the firing squad with loaded rifles aiming, and the firing and the ten prisoners falling every which way after the volley. And Valina smiles at me and asks if they will be good pictures.

I get the second ten the same way—the standing of them up against the wall, the aiming, the volley, and the dead dropping every which way after it. And I'm getting ready to get the third ten marching up, when I feel some one's eyes on me, and I look up and in the line is Murphy Guerrero. He looks at me as if he is going to speak, and when he does I say to myself: "If he

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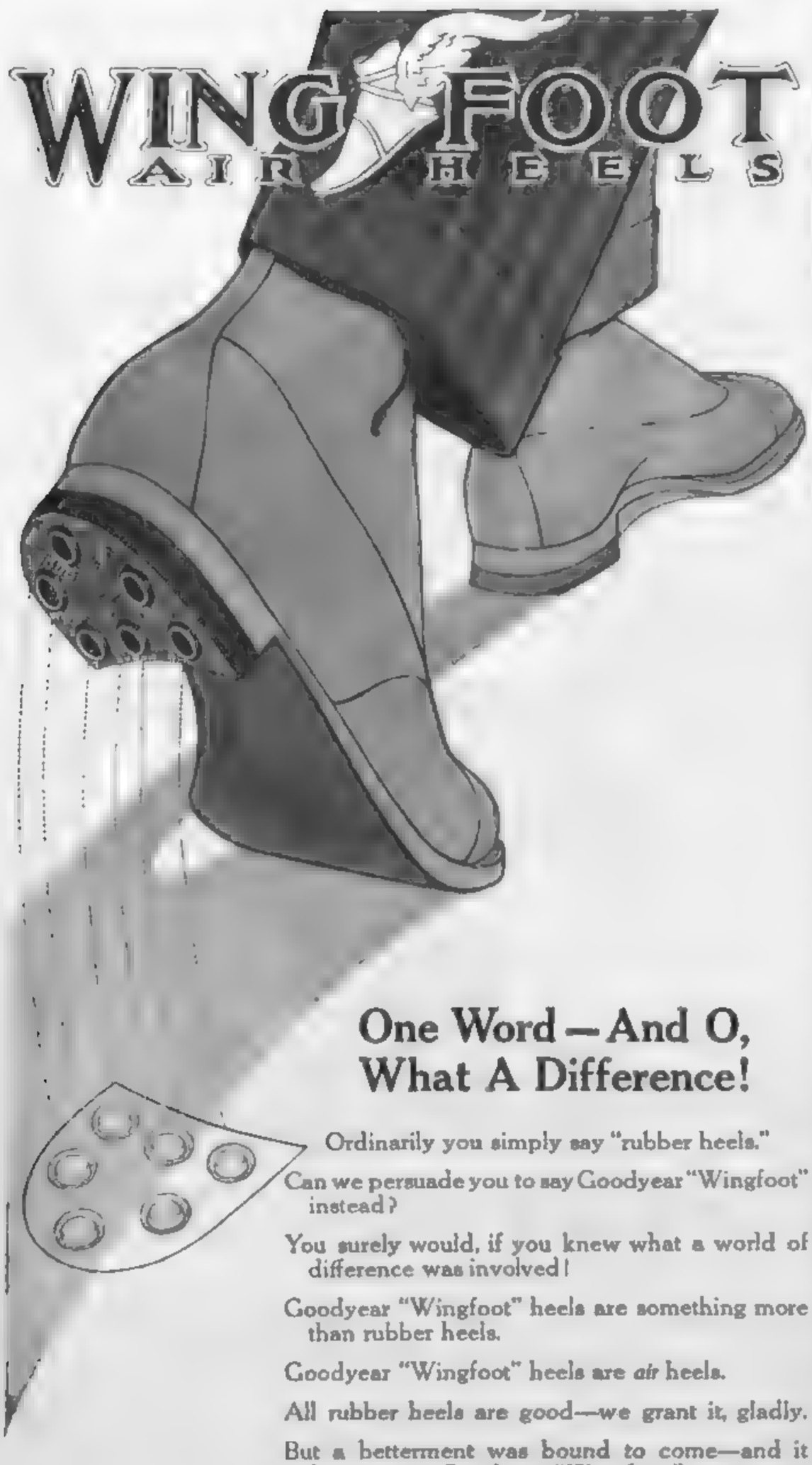

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does I'm gone!" and I looked hard but not friendly-like at him. And without looking at me again he starts to get out the makes and roll a cigarette, all with one hand, his other being held by a slim figure which I see after another look is our dog-robber, who doesn't even see me he's so busy looking at Murph.

They pass on with the others to the death line, Murphy looking down on the cigarette he's rolling, and wetting it and lighting it, and throwing back his head and blowing the smoke through his nose at the firing squad. And while they're standing there waiting to be shot, a padre comes hurrying up and asks which of the prisoners was it sent for him. And Murph flicks away his cigarette and says he did, and he takes the dog-robber's hand in his and says they wanted to be married before they died. And the dog-robber takes off his high, cone-shaped hat and I see what I suppose I ought to have guessed before: she's no boy but a girl—a woman—and when she lets her black hair come down it falls to her waist. It was that made my brain take the last quick jump. I stepped over to Valina, who was looking—everybody was looking—at the dog-robber.

"General," I said, "a word, please. And you too, Piper"—he's standing behind Valina. "Listen: I'm going to explain to the general what a chance he's got. Let me take pictures of him pardoning this line of prisoners after capturing them. Think what a showing it will make for him in the moving pictures in the United States—The Merciful Conqueror sparing his prisoners after they were justly condemned to death!" And between us we explained it to Valina. And he begins to see it. "Good! Arrange it immediately!" he says to me.

I explain that I want to make a good job of it and so will need the clear morning light. It is then pretty well on in the afternoon. "In the morning, then," he says. "Afterward I will shoot them." All this time his eyes had never left the dog-robber, who by this time is married to Murphy. "Bring that one here to me," says Valina.

She was brought to him, she looking back all the time at Murphy. And Valina looked her over and ordered her to be taken to his headquarters; and they take her off.

Up to that time Murphy had been the pure spig, that no matter what was done to him he wasn't going to let anybody see he was worried. But from pure spig he changed—like that—to pure Irish. He took a couple of steps past the guards and made a running long dive for Valina. The guards couldn't shoot without shooting their own if they missed Murph. Valina, who was looking after the dog-robber, turned round when he heard everybody yelling, just in time to run his throat into Murph's fingers. Murphy weighed nearly two hundred pounds and he'd come on like a locomotive, arms and fingers stretched out before him. Bam! went the back of Valina's head—he hit the ground so quick.

I saw Valina reach for his automatic even while his eyes were popping, and as he does I jump on top of Murphy, reach under him, slip Valina's pistol from its holster, and then with Piper and four or five others pull Murphy off.

Valina, when he got his breath, looks for his pistol. I passed it over to him, but emptying the magazine behind my back before passing it. He put it to Murphy's head and snapped the trigger. Nothing happened. He pulled it again. Nothing.

"What is this!" he roared at me.

"So he could not shoot you if he took it from me," I said. "He is very strong." He called for another pistol. Before it could be handed him I said: "Do you forget, general, that he is to be pardoned for the pictures? Afterward you could torture him," I suggested, whereupon he stopped for a second.

"Good!" he said. "That is better"; and he motioned then to take Murphy off to jail.

After supper that night I go down to a café where Valina likes to loaf, a place where girls came out and sang and danced to the music of a harp, three violins and a fellow who had to have a drink of pulque every ten minutes while he is playing the piano.

"Music, song, wine, the dance," thinks I—"the big squash will be in good humor." And he was. Drinking and eating with his paymaster Vicente and a few others of his staff, he was telling them what he was going to do with the prisoner who had tried to kill him. "I will cut off the soles of his feet and march him for two hours on hot sand before I shall shoot him," he was saying. "And as for his woman——"

I broke in on him to say that I would like to say a word for the release of my compatriot—the man with the green box—and call his attention at the same time to the fact that so far the infernal machine in the green box had blown up nobody. "I shall not release him," said Valina. "And I may shoot him later also." But at last he gives me the pass to the jail to see him.

I thanked him humbly and went then to where Piper has his office in Valina's official residence. It is a big doby house, painted purple and green outside, with two soldiers on guard at the door; and inside is a *patio* filled with cast-off uniforms, busted rifles and empty bottles of ketchup and cans of beef and tomatoes. It had a wide marble staircase going up to Piper's office on the top—the third—floor. Just across the wide hall from Piper's office was a closed door.

"It's in there," says Piper, when he sees me looking, "that the general has his living quarters, where he entertains whatever lady he's last taken up with—or, if they insist, is married to. He's married to five or six in different cities now."

"And is one in there now?" I ask.

"Why, of course—that one he grabbed out of the death line this afternoon."

Piper is at work on a masterpiece on the noble clemency of the great Liberator. "It'll go great," he said, "with your moving pictures of it. If only you could rig it up so somebody could read it out to the audience while they're looking at your moving pictures ——! Get away from there," yelled Piper, "or it'll be all off with you!"

I'd walked across the hall and was trying the door to Valina's private quarters. It was locked. "You sure she's in there?" I asked, coming back to him.

"Sure. I was sitting here when they put her in there."

"And when will Valina be back here?"

"Oh, a few good drinks down to that music hall and his satellites telling him what a wonder he is, and then he'll come on up here. I'm hurrying up this clemency story"—Piper never stops pounding away on his typewriter all the time he's talking—"to have it ready for him to O K."

"Piper," I says then, and folds my arms under my coat and takes a seat on the end of the desk—"Piper, there isn't going to be any movies of any clemency scene in the morning," I said, "and before the noble general returns let me tell you something" And I tells him the story of Murphy and the dog-robber, and then part, not all, of what I had in mind to do.

He takes the green shade off his eyes and sits back in his chair. After a while he says: "I'm getting my thousand pesos Mex a month here; and if Valina gets to be president I'm likely to be in his cabinet. I know he's no good, but ——"

"Piper," I said, "I hate to dim your rising star, but you and I and Murph, and even Bill, the burglar boy, we're all of us on the showdown Americans, and we'd better stay so. You'll maybe have to work a little harder for a living after it's over—that's if it isn't over for keeps before the night's out—but even so you'd better fly your flag and come along with us."

He thinks a while, looking at me, and then he says: "I'm meaning no harm to you—in fact, I'm going to save you from making a bad break for yourself and the people who are paying you good money to get pictures, for I know you can't get safe out of here; and trying it will only send you and me to a quick finish. I don't suppose by any chance"—he lets his hand glide down till it rests on the butt of his automatic pistol—"that you carry one of these things on your person. I don't see any—so I'm asking."

To which I say: "Maybe you'll notice I'm sitting with my left side pointing to you and where my right hand is under my coat. Now d'y's'pose it's a fine big automatic I've got strapped under my left arm there or would it be a package of cigarettes? A fellow knocking round the way I've been all my life, Piper, he needs to be ready for emergencies always."

"And I suppose," said Piper with almost a smile, "you'd call this an emergency?"

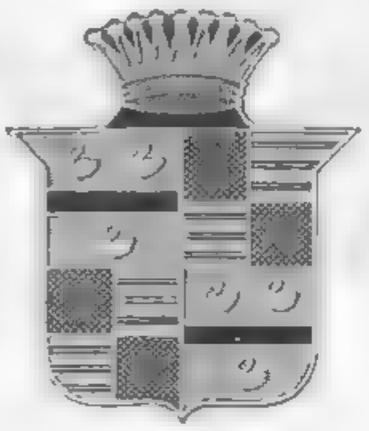
"I thought of closing the doors and windows when I first came in," I said, "so the guards down at the door wouldn't hear any shooting. We are going to be of one mind in this matter. If not——"

"If not?" he says.

"If not, then whichever of us leaves this room will leave the other dead behind him.

(Continued on Page 45)

There is a real risk in waiting too long to order your Cadillac



THE COAT OF ARMS OF ANTOINE DE LA MOTHE CADILLAC, WHO FOUNDED IN 1701, UNDER COMMISSION FROM LOUIS XIV, THE COLONY ON THE SITE WHERE NOW STANDS THE CITY OF DETROIT.

THE TYPE 53 CADILLAC CAR IS DISTINGUISHED BY THIS COAT OF ARMS MOUNTED UPON ITS RADIATOR.

EACH year we have urged the public to guard against possible disappointment.

And each year, in spite of this warning, many have had to content themselves with some other car because they could not get a Cadillac.

In spite of steady increases in production, the annual Cadillac shortage is almost a mathematical certainty.

There is every indication that the current season will see that condition materially emphasized.

There is the steady, stable, year-in-and-year-out Cadillac demand to begin with—a very large number who automatically repeat.

And then, there is the large—and steadily growing larger—element of increase in new Cadillac ownership.

This has been strikingly marked ever since the advent of the Cadillac "Eight."

Thus far its sales have reached the impressive total of more than twenty-one thousand cars, amounting in value to more than forty-seven millions of dollars.

The vogue of the Cadillac Eight has never been perceptibly checked or challenged by any other car.

True, there may have been, from time to time, cars which—in advance—gave promise of comparable charm.

But their appearance served rather to stimulate admiration for the Cadillac and to emphasize its inimitable qualities.

Cadillac prestige is based on the universal esteem for the soundness of Cadillac policies and the soundness of Cadillac principles of construction—and the feeling that the new Cadillac exemplifies the most luxurious form of motoring yet evolved.

Cadillac prestige is steadily growing greater—the Cadillac demand will go right on expanding in volume and in enthusiasm.

Therefore, when we urge you to assure yourself of Cadillac delivery, it is that you may guard against disappointment.

If you can secure a Cadillac now, protect yourself, and take it.

If you cannot do better than to arrange for delivery in a month or two, we urge you to take that precaution.

Styles and Prices

Standard seven passenger car, five passenger Salon and Roadster, $2080. Three passenger Victoria, $2400. Four passenger Coupé, $2800. Five passenger Brougham, $2950. Seven passenger Limousine, $3450. Berlin, $3600. Prices include standard equipment, F.O.B. Detroit.

Cadillac Motor Car Co, Detroit, Mich

"Buyers

at the Automobile Show will want to know

about the Bearings that are in the cars," said the engineer to the automobile manufacturer.

"This is an important question—they *should* know.

"The Ball type of Bearing has proven itself a remarkable eliminator of friction by saving wear and thereby increasing the life and efficiency of the car's entire mechanism. Furthermore, by conquering friction the Ball Bearing economizes every operating and upkeep expenditure.

"For the past two years we have been using

NEW DEPARTURE AND BALL BEARINGS

continued the engineer. "We have found them absolutely uniform in all quality essentials, and of unvarying perfection of material and precision of physical dimensions.

"As a manufacturer you will appreciate this. Listen—when I visited their great factory at Bristol, Connecticut, I learned some things that astounded me.

"The New Departure Mfg. Co. have established a truly wonderful system of exact inspection. For instance, over 12,000 different and most delicate gauges are used in the manufacture of these bearings, which literally means a practice of precision more accurate than watchwork.

"The New Departure Manufacturing Company place the broadest and most liberal warranty ever given on a motor-car component.

"As an engineer I believe it profitable that *every* prospective purchaser of an automobile should see to it that the car *he* buys is equipped with Bearings that save the power and the wear and reduce the operating cost of his machine. The company publish a booklet which every man interested in automobiles should read. I suggest you write for it. Ask for Booklet 'A.'"

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Conrad Patent Licensee
Main Office and Works, Bristol, Conn.

Hartford Division, Hartford, Connecticut.
Western Branch, Detroit, 1016–17 Ford Bldg.
British Agents, Brown Bros. Ltd., London, E. C.
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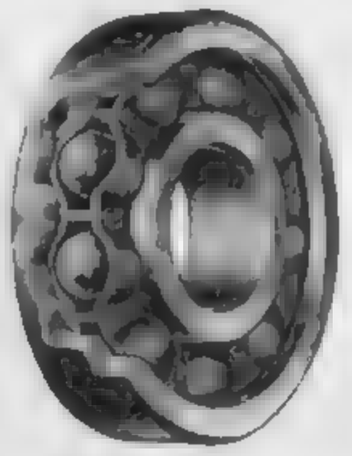
Dépôt New Departure, 16 Rue d'Armaillé, Paris

New Departure Double Row Type

A single, self-contained, "fool-proof" unit carrying *all* the loads and stresses simultaneously from *whatever* direction they may come, with equal efficiency, and reducing friction to the vanishing point.



New Departure Single Row Type

A highly perfected anti-friction Bearing for use where radial loads only are to be carried.

(Continued from Page 42)

It's a tough choice, but so it's got to be—all of us, including the burglar, or none."

"I had no idea of hurting you; I was only putting up a bluff," said Piper. "Lead the way."

The soldiers on duty at the front door of the building salute us in passing out. I led the way to the back of the building. Looking up I saw that all the top windows of the house are barred up with iron bars about six inches apart.

I picture her up there, all huddled up in terror maybe, but wide awake, I felt sure, with her eyes and ears and brain working overtime. "I'll take the loan of your pistol, Piper," I say.

"What's the matter with your own?" asks Piper.

"I'll tell you later," I says, and hauled Piper's pistol from its holster and threw it up. At the second try it goes between the bars, through the glass of one of the windows and up against the drawn lattice inside, and stays there.

"There!" I thinks. "If you're the woman I'm betting you are you'll know what to do with it when the time comes."

We hurried on, only stopping to empty the wine out of a bottle I got in a *cantina* and then filling it with gasoline from the tank of an automobile that was standing in front of the *cantina* door. When we reached the jail the outside guard was taking his ease in a cane-bottomed chair on the sidewalk at the jail gate. I show him the pass. He notices it is from the general, says "Good!" calls to somebody and opens the gate. A guard inside lets us into where our burglar friend had been languishing for eight days, and he loses no time to tell me how the bean soup they served didn't agree with him, nor the black-baked mess which they said was beans, but which he was sure was fried cockroaches. He has a lot more complaints, till I shut him off.

"I have here," I said, pulling the bottle of gasoline off my hip, "a pint of——" Before I got any further he grabs it and has a pull at it. "What in hell!" he howls, and runs round spitting like a sick cat and howling "I thought it was gin, I thought it was gin," all round the room.

"Get out your magic plate-cutter," I tell him then, "and get busy."

He poured the gasoline into the little tank in the green box, lit her up, and z-z-z the little dynamo begins to hum. He set the cutting edges against the first wrought-iron bar, and out spurts a white flame a yard long. The iron rods goes like candles before it, but by the time we have the first one cut the inside soldier, who's down the corridor a ways, gets curious and comes over and peeks in to see what's making the bright light. As he does, his nose between two bars of the door, I tap him over the head with the piece of bar we'd cut out, and he passes away—not dead, but just laid out. I reach out and take the keys from his belt, and we open the door and haul him inside.

We cut out two more bars, and then I go out to look for Murphy. He is in a room by himself. The other prisoners were in a room in the front of the jail, which won't do at all. The burglar's room looked out on a piece of waste land with no lights anywhere between the edge of the town and the railroad tracks, so we let them all out by the rear window of Bill's room where we'd cut the bars out, and away they go, slipping across the waste place like movie figures in a dark scene.

Murphy put on the uniform of the inside guard. It was tight, but he squeezed into it. Then we gagged and bound the guard with parts of Murph's old clothes, carried him to another room and locked the door on him.

We could have gone out the back window then after the other prisoners, but I wanted another uniform for what the burglar had to do, and I meant to get it off the guard who'd let us in and who was sitting all this time placidly outside the main gate in his cane-bottomed chair.

Murphy in his uniform comes out and rattles the gates. The outside guard hops up and produces the keys, and is waiting for the word. "Pass the gentleman," says Murphy in his best spig accent. The outside guard looks up at the voice, takes another look at Murphy and steps close in to look again. I see it's no time for dallying, and I reach between the bars and come down on the guard's skull with my length of iron bar.

We hauled him in after we'd taken the keys and opened the gate, and we gag and tie him and leave him beside his mate. I give his uniform to the burglar and take his revolver, same as Murphy took the other guard's, and pass it to Piper to make up for the gun I'd borrowed to throw up to the top window where the dog-robber was. The burglar I sent off then to the railroad tracks to look up the locomotive with the steam up, telling him no matter what else he did he was to keep his mouth shut. He wants to take the green box with the magic plate-cutter, but I tell him I'll take care of that, and off he goes.

All this time Murph 'd been asking me about his wife. Now on the way up to Valina's he gets after me again, and for the first time I answer him. "I'm bringing you to her," I said.

At the front entrance to Valina's residence I asked if the general was upstairs. The guards said he was, but also said he had left orders not to be disturbed. The guard smiled as he said it. "We shall go then to the Señor Piper's room," I said, and the guard saluted and passed us inside.

"Your wife," I said to Murphy, when we got to Piper's room, "is in there." And I point across the hall to the locked door.

"And Valina?" he asked.

I said I didn't know anything about Valina except what we had heard from the guards.

With his automatic in his hand he stepped across the hall and knocked at Valina's door. He knocked again. And again. Then we saw him listening, and then a few quick words and the door opened—and his wife fell into his arms.

Piper and I both ran across the hall then. "Where is he?" Murphy was asking her. She points to an inner room. We follow Murph through three gorgeously furnished rooms, and there was Valina, the upper part of him on his stomach across the bed, his legs hanging to the floor. There was a little blood, not much, on the lace spread of the bed and a bullet hole plumb between his eyes when we rolled him over. She had run to the other side of the room, she explained, and when he had leaped across at her she had shot him.

"Here's where we get busy again," I said, and turned to and burned out three more window bars with the magic plate-cutter in the green box. Then by way of a rope made of sheets and coverlets from the bed we lowered Murph and then his wife to the street at the back of the house, and then Piper's typewriter and then Piper. I hauled up the rope then and passed out by way of the front door with my green box and my camera, which I had left in Piper's room while I went to visit the jail.

I met them in the dark street back of the house and we strolled on, striving not to look in a hurry. We see a motor car in front of a drug store on a quiet street. We had to crank it up. The noise seemed to interest a man who came bouncing out of the drug store. He must have owned it, for he yelled as we went off. I wanted to tell him where he could look for his machine in, say, ten or fifteen minutes, but was afraid to. We ran to a siding down by the station, and there we found our burglar on the steps of a locomotive.

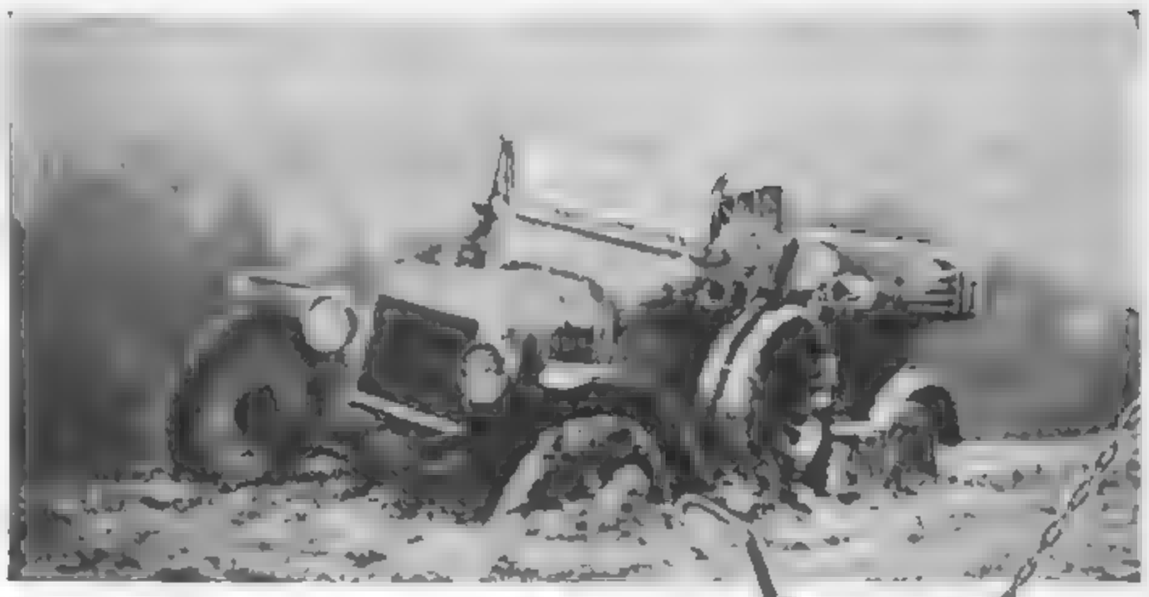
"Wait!" he says, all excited, as soon as he spies us. "I think I got my eyes on that treasure car—there's a car below with the doors locked tight and only two soldiers on guard."

"You, Bill, you get aboard!" I tell him, and borrowing Murph's gun I stick it up against his stomach.

"'Course," he says. "But if yuh didn't have that gun!"

"The first stop we come to," I say then, "beyond the danger zone and there's nothing better to do, I'll beat your head off without any gun, just to show you I can do it. But now, you Billie, go ahead and start that engine or I'll blow your head off now."

We all get aboard and away we go. I do the firing, while Piper with his typewriter lays back against the side of the cab with not a word out of him for perhaps fifteen minutes; and then he says: "And I might 'a' been Secretary of State!" After another fifteen minutes or so more he says: "And that little señorita was beginning to take notice of me!" After another while he comes out of a trance to say: "What the hell—I can go back to my old job—and be writing inside stories about this bloody country for a century to come!" And he crowds a place for his typewriter on the tool chest which ought 've been Bill's seat by the window, and begins to bang away on it as if somebody was waiting at his elbow for the copy.



Pulls You Out of Trouble

This machine would have been out in 10 minutes if the owner had had a PULL-U-OUT. Bad roads have no terrors for the motorist with a PULL-U-OUT in his tool box. When trouble comes he is independent—needs no help. If the auto turns over and some one is hurt, he doesn't have to spend precious time going for help. Little, inexpensive

Pull-U-Out

is right there on the job. In ten minutes one man and a PULL-U-OUT can pull a big machine out of mud or ditch, or right an overturned car. Just drive the three stakes in the ground, tandem fashion, leaning them *towards* the auto, hitch one chain to the stakes and the other to the auto, and turn the crank—the stakes will hold and the auto will come out. Marvelous! but true.

Every Auto Should Carry One

Touring is risky without a PULL-U-OUT. Salesmen, physicians, farmers—anyone who leaves paved streets needs a PULL-U-OUT. Even city driving is subject to collisions, overturns, etc., that PULL-U-OUT can handle quickly. Also, PULL-U-OUT chains make an ideal tow line.

Indispensable in Garages and Repair Shops

For quick, easy lifting on repair jobs, removing bodies, engines, etc., it has no equal. On the trouble car it will save time, labor, wear on tires, and do the job better.

A Wonderful New Hoist

Consists of a winding drum, lever crank, 40 ft. of steel cable, two 7 ft. chains and 3 stakes.

Weighs only 28 lbs. and goes into space 4 x 6 x 14 inches, yet it has a dead-weight lifting capacity of 3000 lbs., and will pull 100,000 lbs. on wheels. (Larger sizes have considerably greater capacity.)

Because of its light weight, great power, low cost—because it will work in any position, and pull horizontally as well as lift, and has a greater reach and more power than a chain block, PULL-U-OUT will revolutionize present methods of hoisting.

Does Jobs No Other Machine Can Do Cheapens Present Methods of Hoisting

There are hundreds of lifting and pulling jobs for which no mechanical help has heretofore been provided, such as setting boilers, shifting machinery, lowering vaults and setting stones in cemeteries, raising radiators, pulling wires thru conduits, placing telegraph poles, etc. PULL-U-OUT and one man will do jobs of this kind that now require from three to a dozen men.

In all ordinary hoisting in shops, factories, on construction jobs, etc., PULL-U-OUT will do the work quicker and better than the customary chain block. Where individual hoists are needed, PULL-U-OUT is cheap enough to supply every workman with one.

For spotting cars, stretching wire fences, pulling stumps, for painters' rigging, and hundreds of other similar jobs, PULL-U-OUT surpasses anything now in use. Tell us what lifting or pulling you do now; we will show you how PULL-U-OUT will do it better and cheaper. Don't pass this up because you are satisfied with present methods. Think how you can use PULL-U-OUT. You'll be surprised at the many things PULL-U-OUT will do that you wouldn't readily think of.

Positive Guarantee Try a PULL-U-OUT at our risk. Put it to the test. If PULL-U-OUT fails to satisfy you return it, and your money will be refunded in full. Leading dealers, everywhere, are selling PULL-U-OUT on these terms. Canadian orders promptly filled from our Canadian depot. If your dealer doesn't sell PULL-U-OUT, Write Us—Ask for Booklet.

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To Dealers: Pull U-Out is new, and certain to have an extensive sale. If you are interested in introducing a "best seller" in your City, write us for our proposition to dealers.

Attached to swinging boom for loading
Supported by a tripod of 4 x 4's. Adaptable for outdoor jobs especially
We can supply this portable crane with Pull-U-Out attached. Capacity 1 ton. Weighs only 250 lbs. Ask about it

Velie

Compare

Velie Model 22 at $1065
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COMPARE power. What better can you obtain than the Velie-Continental unit power plant—silent, supple, adequate to every road and grade?

COMPARE luxury. See and try the Velie deep-tufted genuine leather upholstery—long springs—roomy streamline body—mirror finish twenty operations deep.

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Velie quality is insured by the great manufacturing organization which has made Velie Cars synonymous with power, beauty and strength for so many years.

Velie Model 22 is furnished with both summer top and detachable winter top, complete, at $1240; four-passenger coupé, $1750; with wire wheels, $1820

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A Market for Your Spare Hours

Early in December we advertised for representatives to look after the 1916 demand for new and renewal subscriptions for *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*. Hundreds of those who responded are now at work. But we need more.

WE DESIRE agents in every town to take care of this business for us. More than a million and a half renewals for the three publications must be forwarded during the year; hundreds of thousands of new subscriptions will be sent. We will pay you liberally for looking after those in your neighborhood.

A few hours' work each week will bring you an extra five dollars. If you have more time than that, you can earn correspondingly more. We will pay you in commission and salary for whatever time you can give us. If you are going to have some spare time on your hands in 1916, let us tell you of the plan.

Agency Division, Box 213
The Curtis Publishing Company
Independence Square, Philadelphia

All this time Murph and his wife are close together and saying nothing; and I'm firing; and Bill the burglar is looking out of the cab window when Piper would let him; and we're thundering down the grade like a comet. And all we know of where we're going was that we're headed east—toward the coast. We know that because that's the only place the down grade can run to. It was about eight thousand feet high—Marreon—and we were dropping down at the rate of about a hundred feet a mile, and the safety valve was singing with the steam in her.

But nothing happened except that we made great speed, and before morning we could smell the salt air of the sea and by daylight we could see it. And pretty soon we could make out the cream and the blue and salmon color of a town shining in the sun. It wouldn't do to go running in there with a locomotive we couldn't account for; so we got out, leaving her on the track.

And no sooner were we out than the burglar lad, who'd been glaring at me sidewise all night, says: "So yuh think you can lick me, huh?" And we took our coats off and went at it, atop of a sandhill looking out on the gulf. He knew as much of boxing as he did of everything else; and I jabbed and jolted him and hooked him till he couldn't stand up—he still in his soldier pyjama uniform. He sinks down on the sand and says: "I didn't believe a man of your size living could do it. I give up."

As I go back to my coat Piper looks all round me and feels under my arms, and at last says: "And you were bluffing all that time last night about that gun strapped under your left arm?"

"Wasn't it a good time to bluff?" I answer.

We walked into the town—it was on the edge of the sea—and a couple of soldiers met us and began to ask us questions; which I shut off by asking them if they'd seen anything of a balloon. "Balloon? Balloon?" they repeated, and began to look round for it everywhere. So I explain how we were Americans, members of a meteorological party who'd been blown across the gulf on an exploring expedition, and how we had encamped on the beach for the night, leaving our balloon staked to a sandhill, and we woke up in the morning and it was gone. They were too polite to laugh out loud at us. Didn't we know that any puff of wind would pull such stakes out of a pile of sand? they asked us.

Of course we didn't know—it was our first balloon trip—and I asked them how far to Chapico. It wasn't far to Chapico, but there wasn't a train till that evening. But he had a brother, the one doing the most of the talking, and led us down to where a red and yellow little trading schooner was to anchor. We could charter her to take us to Sancruz. The wind was fair, señor.

"No, no," I said; "never again." But there was a motor boat there, and I gave the owner forty pesos to take us to Chapico.

And he did, landing us at the New York steamship dock, where I went up to see about tickets. The clerk said sixty dollars apiece for first-class to New York. Murph wanted to pay it—he had about two hundred dollars gold left in his money belt; but I wouldn't let him. He'd need that, I knew, to start housekeeping when he got home with his bride. "Then I'll pay it," says Piper, and pulls out two thousand pesos in bills. The clerk looks at it and shakes his head.

"Look here," says Piper, "up in Marreon you'll find proclamations posted on the walls, and the storekeepers who won't accept that money for the same as silver money are stood up against a wall and shot."

"I've never been in Marreon," said the clerk. "And if it is true that the Valina forces are even now retreating, it is worth ——" He shrugged his shoulders.

I got the clerk to call out the agent, and to him I said: "I have a business proposition here. My company owns a moving-picture news weekly, which they show in fourteen hundred or fourteen thousand or fourteen million—whatever it is—moving-picture houses in the United States. Now you make out passes for my friends here and I'll make out pictures of your outfit, showing all your fine wharf property, with the big steamers ready to come and go, and your fine office building in back, and any picturesque natives you want to line up for atmosphere; and that'll go right on the screen on our circuit and be seen by four or five or ten or fifteen million or billion—whatever the circular says—people in the United States. It's advertising you couldn't buy," I say, "for thousands of dollars; and all those movie audiences will look at your fine steamers and great wharf and the general *dolce far niente* background, and they'll say that must be a great country for a winter trip, and of course this must be the swell line to go by on their next vacation. And if you want," I say, "I'll throw in a close-up of you in action at your mahogany roll-top desk."

I see he liked the idea of seeing himself in the movies, and he says all right and makes out their passage tickets, first-class.

The ship steamed out with them, and with Murph went five thousand feet of good fight stuff for the old man and my recommend for a job for Murph, and I sat right here on this stringpiece and watched her same as you did sliding past the breakwater, past the reefs and out of sight into the gulf. I'd like to been going with them, but I have to stay behind to make good with the pictures for the steamship company.

Adventures? W—w—well, maybe I have—but little ones, all little ones. I've not yet met any dog-robber with a Madonna's face ready to follow me to any dead line when she didn't have to.

But it's a great little old world just the same, and what d'y'say to slipping up to the plaza and having a little sangaree and forgetting it?

OUT-MANEUVERING MAMMA

(Continued from Page 18)

Then why did I do it? Simply pure sentimental bunk. That diving trick I learned from the natives," he explained after a pause.

"All you have to do is to be there with your knife when the beggar turns over on his side. Not half so difficult as for a juggler to outline his wife with knives, and you don't hear any oh-ing and ah-ing about that! I fear you are romantic," he remarked brutally.

Rosanne opened her mouth and closed it again, gasping like a little fish. Her cheeks were a splendid crimson.

"Things like that," he went on moodily, "what do they amount to? It's not what one wishes to be praised for."

"What do you wish to be praised for?" Rosanne wanted to know, and one corner of her mouth curled upward in a smile.

"That," retorted he with a return to his stiffness, "I shall leave you to find out for yourself." And with an abrupt bow he left her.

For several days after this staggering rebuff Rosanne's outraged young pride did not permit her to be so much as aware of the diver's existence, even though several times he brushed her skirts as he strolled by in close conversation with her father. But papa was a triple-dyed democrat and would talk to a worm. It did not add to her pleasure to discover presently that Innesley was also avoiding her with equal hauteur and pride. To Rosanne this last insult was intolerable, and henceforth she obliterated him no longer but punished him whenever they met, which was about a hundred times a day, with a cool little nod of studied, impertinent politeness. The situation was not lost upon Mrs. Hazen, who watched her daughter's conduct with quiet satisfaction.

"Have you noticed," she remarked to her husband one night in the seclusion of their stateroom, "how that queer, outlandish young foreigner seems to follow Rosanne about with his eyes? She's not out of his range for a minute."

"Well," remarked Hazen cheerfully, "it's May, the open season for lovers."

"But Rosanne doesn't even look at him. And the other day I found her crying in her cabin. It's my belief the child's pining for Peter and won't acknowledge it."

Hazen arched his eyebrows. Beneath them his blue eyes were very gay.

"There's a lot of free electricity flying round loose these days," he murmured mildly.

Mrs. Hazen ignored this irrelevance.

"Why does he look so savage and scornful?" she continued. "Sometimes I think

(Continued on Page 49)

To Automobilists:

Why not pay a few cents more for brake lining and get Raybestos? It wears.

Look for Silver Edging

Brake lining WEAR

Don't mistake molehills for the *mountain*. **WEAR** is the big quality in brake lining. Safety, quick response and sure "hold" are molehill qualities compared to **WEAR.**

Most brake linings "hold"—while new. But they haven't Raybestos **WEAR.** And **WEAR** is the only quality on earth which makes brake lining safe and responsive to the last strand.

Raybestos **WEAR** comes partly from long-wearing materials. More **WEAR** is added by the Raybestos solid weaving. Still more **WEAR** results from the peculiar Raybestos hardness.

Experienced motorists know that Raybestos **WEAR** comes only in Raybestos. For the sake of **WEAR** insist upon genuine Raybestos—the original asbestos brake lining.

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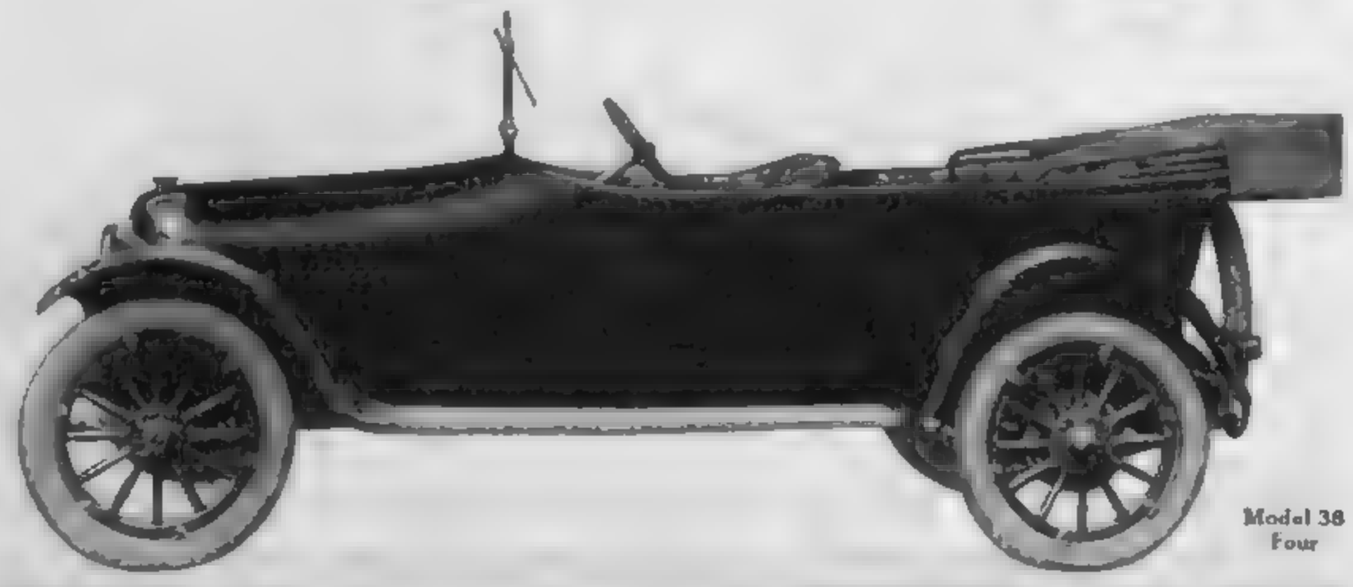

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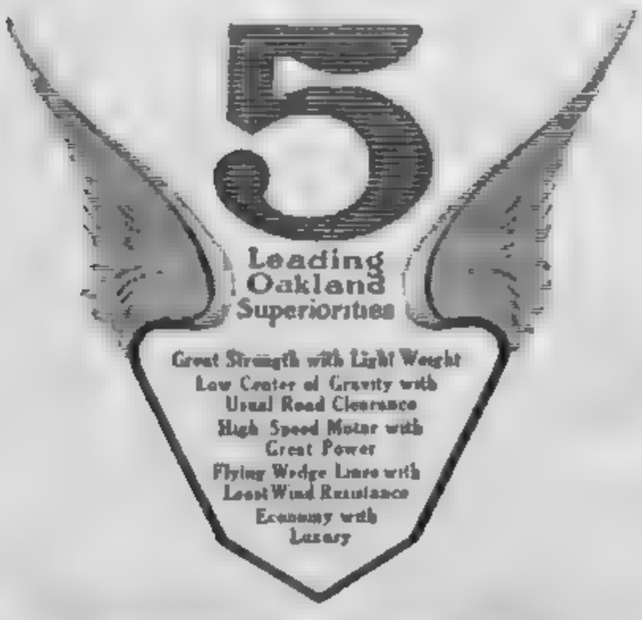
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(Continued from Page 46)

he would like to bite Rosanne in two. He seems positively to hate her prettiness."

"He was jilted," said Hazen rather shortly. "A tough experience. He told me the girl sacked him the night before the wedding. Seems her mother was misinformed as to the amount of his income. The girl quit him cold."

"Well," pronounced Mrs. Hazen placidly, "the mother was right, depend on it. What is his occupation?"

"Sheepherder, he says."

Mrs. Hazen gave a little scream.

"A sheepherder!. And casting eyes at Rosanne. What colossal impudence! Why is he permitted first-class?"

"Because his gold clinks just as well as ours, my dear," laughed papa brutally. "He's a fine young fellow," he added with sudden gravity. "Naturally he hates all womankind just now. If he knew how Rosanne had treated Peter I believe, by my soul, he'd pitch her after the shark into the sea!"

"He has no right even to look at Rosanne," fumed Mrs. Hazen. "Penniless upstart! Vulgar adventurer! I wish you'd speak to him!"

"I will," promised Hazen laughing, and he went up on deck and spoke to the vulgar adventurer until the stars paled out.

It was some ten nights after this conversation, when the ship had at last turned its nose toward Honolulu, that Rosanne leaned over the rail and watched dreamily the frothy, pale phosphorescent wake. She had gone below with the others, and then, feeling strangely restive and alive, she had muffled herself in a long, moth-gray cloak and slipped up into the shadowy stern to keep company with the stars. It was a warm, moonless night, the soft, velvety blackness overhead studded with sumptuous brilliants, big, bright and imminent. Little, caressing airs, the merest gentle wisps, came up to her like subtle exhalations from the dark, sleeping sea.

"Lovely night!" said a voice out of the gloom.

Rosanne gave a sudden start and looked up, her breath suspended. Innesley loomed close by her side.

"It seemed a pity to waste all this—this divine beauty in mere sodden sleep," he went on, striving for a casual note and failing utterly; "and so—and so I came up for a little ramble in the starlight. I did not dare hope you would be here," he added in a low voice, and looked into her downcast face.

She was silent.

"Why have you avoided me?" he asked with sudden bitterness.

"I have not avoided you."

"For two, three days now I have watched and waited, hoping for a word with you "

"How could I know that?"

"And each time you have eluded, thwarted me. Was that kind?" he demanded with mounting passion. "Was that just?"

"I must go," she murmured hurriedly. "Mother ——"

"Mother be blowed!" he said a little roughly. "I've had too much of mothers. No, no, please!" as she turned away. "Don't leave me, I beg you!" His voice was vibrant with the stress of a tense emotion. He laid a restraining hand on her arm. "I—want to talk to you. To explain things. To say good-by."

Rosanne's infirm heart lost a beat.

"You are leaving?"

"To-morrow, at Honolulu. My honeymoon is over," he added grimly. "I've got to get back to work."

"Your—honeymoon?" she whispered, whitening.

"Didn't you know I was on my honeymoon?" he asked with a harsh laugh. "Couldn't you tell by my face that I was enjoying it intensely?"

She looked at him with wide eyes. "But—but I don't understand! It's—is it a joke?"

"A grisly joke!" he jeered sardonically.

"And where is your—the girl?"

"Jilted me," he said in hard, strained tones. "Sacked me the night before the wedding."

Rosanne suppressed a sudden exclamation.

"And so I came off on my honeymoon without her. I wasn't going to be done out of both, you see. Charming, isn't it?"

"I—don't know," stammered Rosanne in faint tones. "I—I ——" She put up a very inadequate lace handkerchief and dabbed at her eyes. "You—you are do-doing th-this to mock m-me!" she sobbed in a choking voice. "F-for suh—some horrid j-joke. I s-saw you and p-papa looking across the d-deck and laughing at m-me this morning, and I knew th-then you were plotting something. But is it just? Is it k-kind?"

He looked at her in clear astonishment.

"Upon my word," he said earnestly, "I don't know in the least what you are talking about. Do you mean," he continued in rising wrath, "that I'd invent this infernal mess of mine simply as some silly jest?"

"Then you don't know about my jilting—I mean about Peter?"

His brows were drawn together in a heavy frown.

"*You?* You jilted Peter?" He gave a queer, amazed laugh.

"Papa didn't tell you?" she insisted. She was still mopping her eyes with the futile little wad of damp lace.

He shook his head.

"Then I must, I suppose." She gulped, drew a deep breath, and spoke rapidly off the top of it like a child repeating a lesson. "It was Peter. I—I jilted Peter. He was good; very, very good. Nothing at all the matter with him. And that was the trouble. I—I ——" Her voice failed.

"Yes ——?" he urged gently. For the past minute he had been holding her feverish little hand tightly clasped in his own, a fact neither of them seemed to observe.

"I—*couldn't!*" she whispered. "I was so ashamed, but I couldn't make myself feel, not a thing! It was like—it was like sawdust, dry sawdust in the mouth. It seemed to me my very pulse went slower when Peter was around. I wanted to—to love him and I tried, but it was no good. Do you remember the day you dived after the shark? As you left the rail it seemed as if my heart gave a great jerk, and then flew like a bird right out of me after you. I didn't breathe even ——" She paused and went on hurriedly. "I only mention that as an example of the way I didn't feel with Peter."

"Yes? Well, and then?"

"That's all. I ran away the day before the wedding. I didn't marry Peter."

"So you are free—and here. And I am free—and here. I begin to believe there's something in this jilting business after all. I perceive a certain wisdom, destiny, design."

His voice was warm, laughing, and his hand, which still held hers, strong and magnetic, was sending sweet, unreasonable thrills to her heart. Her whole being was flooded with a strange, wild tumult of emotion.

"I must go," she whispered. She strove weakly to release her hand.

The gray cloak slipped back, revealing her white neck and rounded, gleaming shoulders. The man gazed down at her in silence. The faint scent of her hair was in his nostrils. Her mouth, sweet as a flower, was close to his burning face.

"Rosanne!" he breathed. The thrilling pressure of his fingers increased. She swayed a little toward him. "Rosanne . . ." he whispered again.

She lifted her eyes slowly—and the next instant was in his arms. The night enveloped them with its dark, star-sown mantle. There was a breath, a soft, light sigh. Their lips met.

"Do you know," she murmured some time later, "that I don't even know your first name? You weren't on the ship's list, you see."

"Hadn't time—sailed at the very last minute. I saw the ship at the dock, took a sudden notion to clear out of the whole mess, spoke to the captain, tore home and packed my bag, rushed on board just as they were hauling in the gangplank, and here I am!"

Followed a brief intermission.

"But what is your name?" she persisted.

"Tom, Dick or Harry, what does it matter?" he asked gayly.

Rosanne reflected.

"Nothing. Just so it isn't Peter ——"

"But it is," he chuckled. "Peter is my name. That's why I was so astonished when you said you had jilted Peter."

She stared up at him, lips parted, in astonishment at the strange coincidence. Peter the second took mean advantage of her pose.

"You see," he laughed, "you were destined to marry Peter! A person can't get away from his destiny, wriggle as hard as he may. Why was I freed from a mercenary match? Why did I go down to the docks

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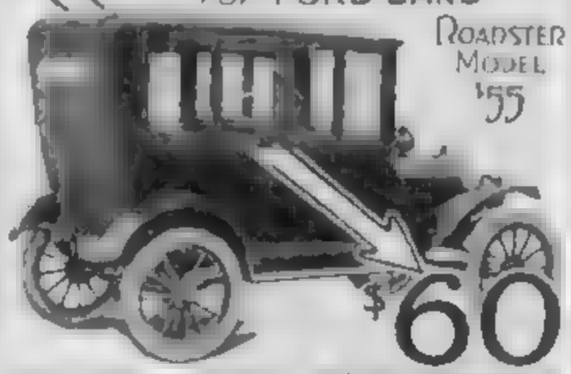

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that day? Why did I rush frantically to catch this very particular boat? Because you were fated to marry Peter."

"You've not asked me," he resumed after another scandalously long pause, "what I do for a living, and that's more important than a name."

"I know. Mamma told me."

"I'll bet she did!" he muttered savagely.

"A—a sheepherder." The word came stiffly to her lips.

"You don't like it?" he questioned quickly. His arms dropped to his sides.

"No," she admitted with candor.

"You're ashamed!" he broke out hotly. "You're ashamed to be a sheepherder's wife. Bah!" He turned from her roughly. "All women are alike."

"I can't image it somehow," murmured Rosanne. "Would you have a crook with a knot of ribbon, and a sweet little reed flute?" She gave a soft gurgle of laughter and linked her arm in his. "Poor mamma!" she said. "She'll want to clap me in irons for the rest of the trip. We'll make papa tell her, Peter."

He disengaged himself firmly. "Are you ashamed?" he insisted.

"Ashamed of what?" she parried.

"Of being poor. Of living in a small way. Of marrying a man who works with his hands."

For answer he felt her soft arms round his neck, her laughing mouth pressed close to his own.

"Dear . . ." she whispered. "Oh, my dearest! What does it matter? Do what you please—but don't dive after sharks any more!"

A few minutes later, in the deepest, blackest shadow before Rosanne's stateroom, a final tableau took place, the chief ingredients of which were silence, occasional rustlings, subdued laughter, repeated disappearances of a moth-gray cloak, and soft clucking noises, all very absurd and scandalous.

In the adjoining stateroom Mrs. Hazen, who had just snapped off the light, listened to the strange sounds with round, affrighted eyes, and at last cried out bravely:

"Who's there?"

Profound silence greeted her outcry.

At length, after a discreet pause, Hazen rose, cleared his throat with a loud "Hur-rumph! Hur-rumph!" which could easily be heard a marine block, and after a suitable silence hur-rumphed again. At length he opened the door. The dim corridor was deserted.

"What did you hear, dear?" he queried innocently.

"Why, it sounded like—it sounded extremely like a—but I dare say I was mistaken."

Whereat papa, the shocking villain, smiled to himself in the dark.

It was decided at an early morning council of three not to acquaint Mrs. Hazen with the disturbing news concerning Peter the second until after they had arrived in port and learned tidings of the first Peter, who might even then be waiting at the pier, solid, faithful and true, to meet and claim his bride. Rosanne's cheeks paled whenever she thought on this dread contingency. The final day arrived.

Mrs. Hazen, foremost in the prow, scanned eagerly through her glasses the big, gay throng lining the pierhead for some signs of her favorite candidate. But no Peter materialized. This was strange, but doubtless there were letters. In the haste and scramble of docking, mamma had accidentally on purpose lost sight of the diver. There had been something in those keen, steady, dark eyes of his lately when he turned them upon Rosanne which—however, that episode was over, and dear, faithful old Peter would soon be here! With these gratifying thoughts she repaired to her room, bathed, rested, and then sat down to a cozy tea and to enjoy Peter's letter—his last letter, which had that very moment arrived and been sent up to her room.

An hour later Hazen tapped lightly at his wife's door and was bidden to enter. Mrs. Hazen still held the communication of her favorite in a tightly clenched hand.

Hazen cleared his throat. "My dear," he began bravely, "I have some delightful news for you. Bubbles——"

"Pray don't use that foolish name," interrupted Mrs. Hazen, and the eyes she turned on him were like chilled steel.

"Rosanne," he emended imperturbably, "and young Innesley——"

"What!" she broke in angrily. "That brazen adventurer! Has he come ashore too? I thought we were rid of him."

"He and Rosanne are outside on the stairs waiting to speak to you."

"What do you mean?" gasped mamma, turning livid.

Hazen smiled rather soberly into her shallow, leaf-brown eyes.

"They will tell you what they mean."

She stared at him, stupefied. "You mean they——"

He nodded. "Exactly. You've got it," he said quietly. "They mean business, those two precious infants. I declare, it makes me young just to watch their antics together. Bertha," he began tenderly, and made as if to take her hand. She snatched it away in a rage.

"Do you mean that you would actually permit your daughter to marry a common sheepherder?" she flamed.

"He's not a common sheepherder. He's a jolly uncommon one."

The doorknob rattled suddenly and Rosanne's lustrous head appeared.

"Is the duel over?" she asked gayly. "When do the seconds appear?" She nodded to Innesley, whose look was not by many degrees as valiant as when he faced the shark, took his hand, and marched him up to her mother. "Here he is, mamma dear. You'd better make the best of him! We came terribly near eloping outright. You see, I was afraid Peter might show up."

"You won't have a chance to get entangled with Peter again," snapped mamma bitterly. "He's through with you. Read that." And she thrust the letter into Hazen's hand.

He smoothed it open, affixed his glasses leisurely and read, mumbling the phrases:

"'*Dear Mrs. Hazen:* Regret cannot be with you. . . .' Hm, hm. . . . 'Fact is, have come to agree with Miss Rosanne's decision.' . . . Does, eh? . . . 'Feel cannot make her happy.' . . . Humph! . . . 'Best thing for us to part. . . . Clash of temperaments. . . . Look at life differently. . . . Trust she has entirely recovered from her *heart-trouble!* . . . Believe me, and so forth, and so forth.' . . .

"Don't think much of that!" growled Hazen. "Waspish!" He crushed the epistle contemptuously in his hand.

But Rosanne, who had gone very pink with wounded vanity, suddenly broke out into an unsteady little crowing laugh of rapture and surprise.

"Oh, Peter," she cried, "I'm jilted too. We're even all round. Now, mamma, you can't refuse."

"Are you determined to disgrace yourself by marrying that odious person?" demanded Mrs. Hazen, choking.

"Darling mamma, yes; but explain to her, dear odious person!"

"You see, Mrs. Hazen," began Innesley very hesitantly, "the condition of sheepherders in Queensland isn't all it might be. And so a few other ranchers and I got together to see what could be done. We've been trying to give the poor beggars a fair deal, decent hours, lodgings, a living wage and all that. The upshot of it was that I offered to be a sheepherder myself for a while, just to get the game from the inside. Of course I had no notion of posing as a sheepherder when I came on board, but—well, you see I'd just come through a rather ugly experience. I was wanted for my money. And when through an error it was thought that I hadn't anything much, I was chucked out like an empty gunny bag. So after I had seen your daughter"—he sent Rosanne one of his brief, flashing smiles—"I—I decided to see just what a poor devil of a sheepherder's chance was worth. It was a test."

"Then you're not a sheepherder after all?" gasped mamma.

He shook his head.

"Sorry to disoblige."

"He's not a sheepherder, but he's the champion high diver of Australia," said Rosanne proudly. "And he's promised me not to dive after man-eating sharks any more."

"He's one of the richest young ranchers in Queensland," whispered papa craftily in Mrs. Hazen's ear; "income over half a million pounds sterling."

He hated to be commercial, but he knew his loving wife. Mrs. Hazen's face began to clear.

"Well," she said, "seeing things have gone so far——"

"She's smiling," cried Rosanne, clapping her hands. "And the preacher's been waiting downstairs for an hour. Oh, Peter, catch her quick while she smiles!"

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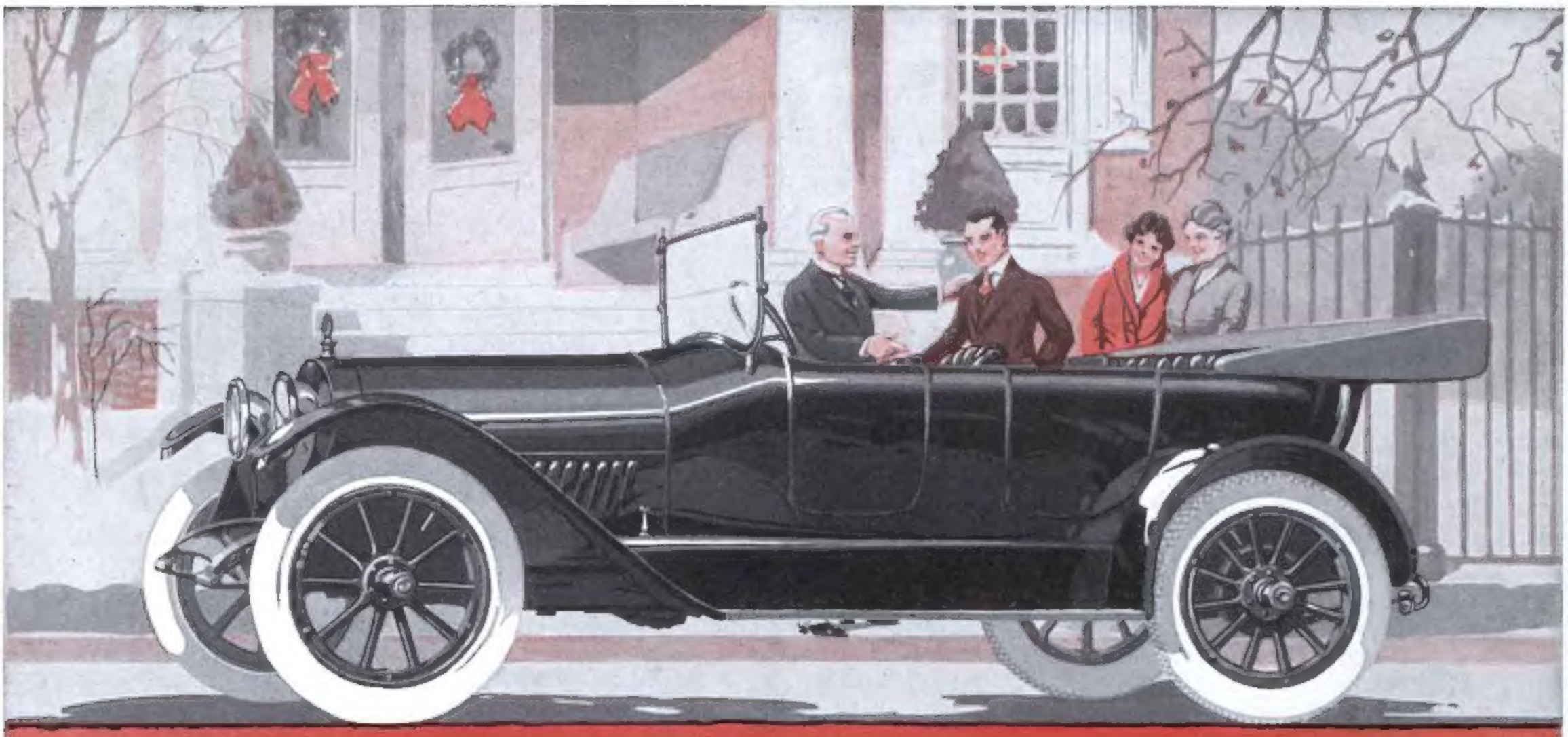

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Colgate's in great-grandfather's time

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Through all the changes which have marked the one hundred and ten years' progress of the House of Colgate one thing has remained the same—the determination to give Quality. It has been said that the name "Colgate" on toilet articles corresponds to "Sterling" on silver, because the standard of the founder has been maintained by his descendants. You may be using some of the Colgate Comforts illustrated here.

Your own dealer will gladly show his complete assortment. Our attractive booklet, "Colgate Comforts," will be sent free on request, and if you wish to enclose 4c in stamps with your letter we will send a trial size of any one of the following: Ribbon Dental Cream, Cashmere Bouquet Soap or Coleo Soap, Shaving Stick, Baby Talc Powder, Charmis Cold Cream. A trial size of Florient Perfume will be sent for 10c.

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NEW YORK

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Awarded Grand Prix, Paris, 1900